The Outlook

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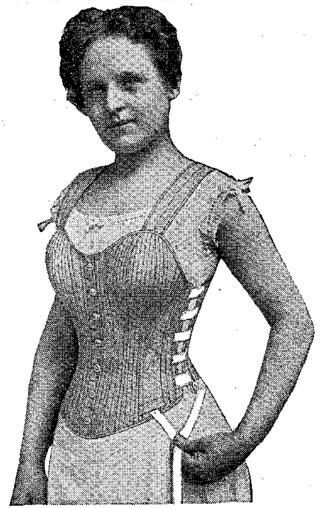

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The Outlook

Published Every Saturday

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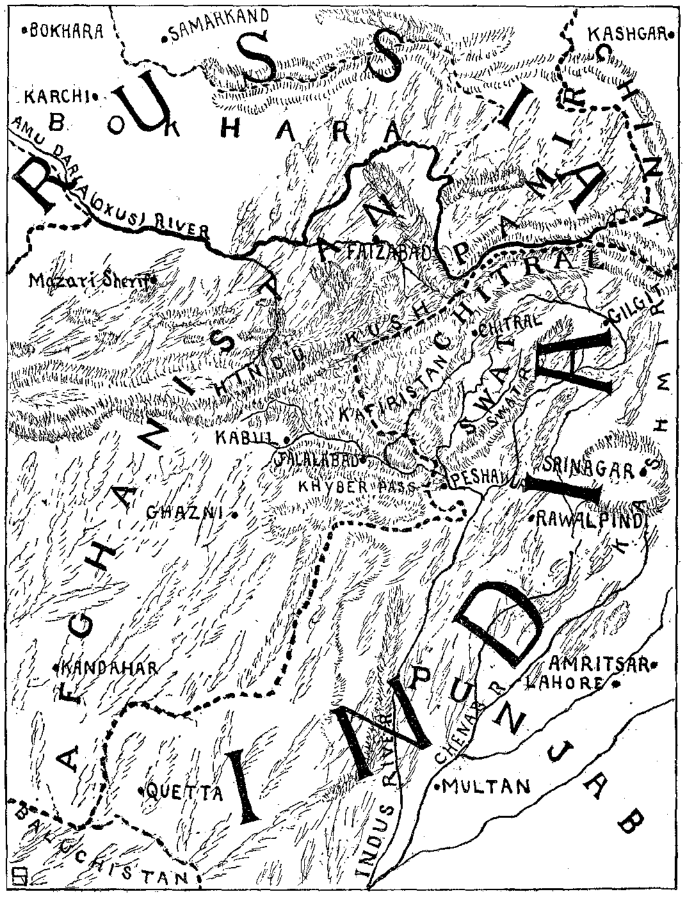
THE gateway between India and Afghanistan, and therefore the entrance to the direct route from Russia to India, is the famous Khyber Pass. Through it British armies have twice marched to Afghan wars. Near its Indian end lies the main British outpost, Peshawur; beyond its Afghan end lies Kabul; midway is Jalalabad, to which the sole surviving officer of a massacred British army escaped in 1842. The wild mountain country north and east of the pass is held by many warlike tribes, practically independent of control. In the extreme northern part of Great Britain's Indian possessions, just beyond the Swat River valley, lies Chitral, where the boundary has been lately established, not without much grumbling on the part of Russia and Afghanistan. Tribes like the Afridis and the Orakazis number many thousand fighting men. If all the tribes were to unite (a not probable event), they might perhaps put a quarter of a million of men into the field. The Afridis, now in arms, are the fiercest and wildest of the tribesmen; Great Britain claims no allegiance from them, but has tried to secure their friendship by subsidies given in return for their help in keeping open the Khyber Pass. In and near the pass have been three outposts held by British troops, chiefly natives—Forts Maude, Lundi Kotal, and Ali-Muzjid, the last close to the Indian mouth of the pass. All of these have been seized by the tribesmen, after severe fighting. At Fort Maude it was at first reported that three hundred Indian troops (Sepoys) had been killed, but later news does not confirm this report. Fort Lundi Kotal was poorly garrisoned, but a brave fight was made before it was abandoned. The fall of Fort Ali-Muzjid gives the tribesmen complete control of the Khyber Pass. This, and the facts that



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the whole country beyond the Indus is in a state of commotion and that even as far south as Quetta trouble is feared, make it certain that the British army of over 40,000 men, now concentrating in the Punjab and moving north, has serious work before it.

❀

As we have said before, absolute peace is hardly ever known in this wild borderland, but the tribes are now acting in unity of time, and the presumption is strong that they have also a unity of purpose. What is the inspiring cause of this attack upon British control of the Khyber Pass? There is no evidence, but a reasonable suspicion—reasonable because no other theory propounded fits the facts—that the Ameer of Afghanistan is at the bottom of the mischief. He stoutly denies this, but he could hardly do anything else, unless he wished to declare war. There is good reason to believe also that he has had much to do with the fanatical agitation among the Mohammedans which has been urging a holy war, and which has created even in southern India wide though repressed disaffection toward the English. Back of the Ameer in promoting fanatical agitation stands, it is believed, the Sultan of Turkey. The Sultan, the Ameer, and possibly Russia, want Great Britain to see the possibilities of hostility at a vital point in her empire, that she may not insist too strongly on a definite policy of her own in Eastern affairs. The London "Spectator" expresses a very common conviction when it says: "What we are paying for, and deserve to pay for, is our unwillingness to grasp the Turkish nettle boldly. Had it been known in India that we alone had dared to coerce the Sultan, and that he trembled at our words, we should have had no outbreak on the frontier."

❀

The visit of President Faure, of France, to the Czar Nicholas at St. Petersburg has become an event of more than ordinary importance. In the first place, it has given the Russian people a chance to display their real sympathy with a free government rather than with an autocratic monarchy. In the second place, it was the reception by the Czar of all the Russias of a non-royal person with all the ceremony due to any king. Lastly, the Emperor has at last spoken that magic word for which the French have long been eagerly waiting. Up to the present time the Czar has contented himself with references to the "friendship" between Russia and France, but in bidding good-by to the President he made use of these remarkable words: "Your stay among us creates a fresh bond between our two friendly and allied nations, which are equally resolved to contribute with all their power to the maintenance of the peace of the world." Of course M. Faure took good care to reply in the same spirit, and above all to make use of the word "allied." Referring to the prominent part taken by Russian and French sailors in founding the friendship between the two countries, he said: "They have brought outstretched hands closer together, and have enabled two united and allied nations, inspired by the same ideal of civilization, law, and justice, to come together in a loyal and most sincere embrace." During the visit of the French President the Paris newspapers had been full of disappointment at the use of no stronger word between the two rulers than "friendship," but when the reports of the last speeches reached the French capital they instantly changed their tone to one of extreme adulation and congratulation. It is undoubtedly true that the persistent wooing of Russia by France has brought about a certain reinstatement of the latter country in the family of nations, but it is also true that the material advantage has been almost entirely with the Czar's country, as recent diplomatic action in both the near and far Orient well shows.

❀

The diplomatic problem under consideration at Constantinople, although it may be no nearer solution than ever, has at least become more intelligible to the world at large the past week. Turkey has some show of precedent and reason in declining to abandon conquered territory before she is assured of the payment of a war indemnity from Greece. Her argument derives its greatest force from the fact that Greece's finances are in such a wretched condition. The Powers have been unwilling either to agree that Turkey should hold part of Thessaly as a pledge, or to compel Turkey to abandon Thessaly outright. It now appears that Great Britain has made a distinct proposition for the solution of the question. This is that the Powers should guarantee the interest on bonds to be sold by Greece to pay the indemnity, and that the Powers themselves should be in turn secured by a partial control of some part of the Greek revenues—presumably the control of import dues. It is stated that the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Constantinople has expressed its willingness to provide the cash, if such an arrangement can be made. So far as is known, the other Powers have not signified their assent to Lord Salisbury's proposition. It is reported, however, that the matter has for the present been taken out of the hands of the Ambassadors of the Powers at Constantinople, and is being discussed directly by diplomatic correspondence between the several State Departments of the great nations.

❀

The President of the Republic of Uruguay, Señor Idiarte Borda, was shot and killed on Wednesday of last week by a young revolutionist named Arredondo. Señor Borda had just left the Cathedral in Montevideo (the capital of Uruguay), after attending a special service in memory of the establishment of the Republic, just seventy-two years ago that day. The condition of things in the Republic of Uruguay is significantly indicated by the fact that London dispatches announcing the assassination of President Borda express the opinion that, atrocious as was the act, the result to Uruguay is more likely to be beneficial than the reverse. Revolution and counter-revolution form almost the normal condition of affairs in that poor and weak country. The worst of it all is that the revolutions are usually based solely on personal motives—the overthrowing of one dictator, called President, and the uplifting of another. It is even said that the party in power, of which President Borda has been the leader, was really not anxious to put down the present insurrection absolutely, because the war afforded a means for politicians to enrich themselves in various ways. More than this, it has actually been said by the correspondent of one English paper that President Borda himself was suspected of privately fomenting the revolution against his own rule in order that he might make money through a firm which was engaged in equipping the Government troops. This seems incredible, and would be absolutely incredible of almost any country. It is fair to add that other reports state that President Borda was a poor man, and one of simple habits personally. A recent proposition of an extraordinary kind was made by the leaders of the rebellion in Uruguay. It was to the effect that they would agree to lay down their arms upon the condition that the President resign, that the Congress be dissolved, and that a board of three persons should be appointed by a popular assembly to administer the Government until the next Presidential election, which will be in March of next year. Naturally, this proposition was refused. The assassin was undoubtedly one of the more violent of the revolutionaries. President Borda had twice before escaped assassination.

❀

By the death of Count Mutsu, Japan loses one of her most distinguished statesmen and the United States a faithful friend and admirer. The Count came from the old Samurai class, an aristocratic element of Japan. His first important political post was the Governorship of the province of Kobé, where he entered into close relations with Marquis Ito, the late Premier. Mutsu, Ito, and Inouye united their efforts in shaping the Empire's advancement. In 1878 Mutsu was appointed Minister to the United States, and remained here eleven years. During that period he negotiated the Mexico-Japan treaty, one of the first of the new treaties by which Japan will deal with the world after 1899. Returning to his country, he rose to the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which capacity, with Marquis Ito, he directed the policy of Japan during the Chinese war. On the part of Japan these statesmen also conducted the peace negotiations at Shimonoseki, China representative being Li Hung Chang. Though the treaty secured great political and commercial advantages to Japan, the domestic strain which arose in consequence of Russia's opposition, an opposition backed by France and Germany, resulted in the downfall of Count Mutsu and Marquis Ito. Mutsu will be remembered not so much because of his policy during the Chinese war as because of the astuteness with which he took advantage for his country of every material good seen in other lands.

❀

The long-continued strike at Lord Penrhyn's quarries in Wales has ended in a complete victory for the strikers. His lordship has conceded that in the future the men may be represented in all negotiations by committees or trades-union officials of their own choosing. The conflict lasted forty weeks, and is reported by conservative papers to have cost Lord Penrhyn in the neighborhood of

$1,000,000. The labor union, on the contrary, which began the struggle with an empty exchequer, was enabled by public contributions to pay more than $3,000 a week in relief. Lord Penrhyn seems to have kept up the struggle, not from a desire to benefit himself financially, but in order to maintain the principle that the capitalist should be absolutely free from the "dictation" of labor committees. A similar feeling led him to resent the intervention of the Board of Trade—his lordship declared that the presence of a national official at the conference proposed would constitute "a precedent for outside interference with the management of private affairs." The issue of the struggle showed that even the non-labor public did not sympathize with this attitude. There was practical unanimity of sentiment that laborers have the same rights as capitalists to be represented by their hired agents in all negotiations, and there was a strong feeling that the public had an undefined right to bring to an end disastrous private feuds between laborers and capitalists.

❀

The report of the Royal Agricultural Commission, whose inquiries have been for some time concerned with the causes of English agricultural depression, has just been issued. It assigns three main causes: the fall in prices, foreign competition, and the cost of production. The report declares arable land to have declined more in value than grazing land, and deals exhaustively with the statistics showing the decline in prices of agricultural products. It finds (1) that during the last twenty years the price of the three staple cereals has declined more than 40 per cent.; (2) that the price of beef has fallen during the same period from 24 to 40 per cent., and that of mutton from 20 to 30 per cent. since 1882–84; (3) that wool prices have declined more than 50 per cent. since 1882–84; (4) that the chief articles of dairy produce—milk, butter, and cheese—have declined nearly 30 per cent.; (5) and that hop prices have come down to an unprofitable level. The report notes the suggestive fact that increases in the imports of certain articles correspond pretty nearly to the decline in their price. It also finds that the burden of depression falls more heavily on the landowner than on the tenant. The members of the Commission, while practically unanimous as to the cause of decline, differed in regard to the remedy. Ten of them deny that foreign competition is as much to blame as are great monetary changes which were made in certain European countries and in the United States in 1873 and 1874. The report recommends international bimetallism. One of the Commissioners, Mr. George Lambert, who was unable to agree with the conclusions of the majority, made a separate report in which he affirmed that a bias in favor of the landlords was shown, and that the questions of land tenure had not been treated impartially. An American reader of this bulky document, which is printed in four volumes, cannot but notice the fact, the proper emphasis and consideration of which would do much to clear away the difficulties of the subject, that in Great Britain the land has to support three persons—the agricultural laborer, the tenant farmer, and the landlord.

❀

We can only mention some of the papers read at the meeting of the British Association at Toronto. Special interest attaches to Lord Kelvin's paper on fuel supply. He presented the novel view that, just as all fuel is the result of vegetable life either directly or through the animal kingdom, so all the oxygen of the atmosphere is liberated by the action of growing vegetables. Hence it represents an equivalent amount of fuel, the substance of vegetables stored up somewhere; so that there is no more danger of exhausting the fuel supply than of exhausting the oxygen of the atmosphere. Incidentally, he remarked that the interior of the earth is probably molten metal, perhaps iron or gold. Lord Kelvin thus retains the belief in a molten core—an idea which some physicists have recently condemned, holding that the superincumbent pressure solidifies the core. The Vice-President of the Section of Physics at Detroit, in the American Association's meeting, asserted that such was now the accepted theory of physicists. The subject of metals has come very much to the front at the Toronto meeting. Dr. George M. Dawson, President of the Geological Section, had much to say about the metals of Canada. Dr. Dawson is head of the Canadian Geological Survey. Dawson City in the Klondike region was named after him; he explored that region ten years ago. He will again cross to Vancouver, escorting a party of members, after this meeting. The lecture by Professor Roberts-Austen, Director of the Mint of Great Britain, on Canada's metals, was a remarkable one, as he showed for the first time the action of an electric furnace reflected by a mirror upon a screen, so that all the audience could see the wonderful action of melting silver, copper, and even chromium. He stated that the richest mining district of Canada would probably prove to be that just north of the great lakes. He advanced the theory that existing metals were evolutionary products from simpler original forms; comparing the condition of metals in the electric furnace with that in the incandescent sun.

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Perhaps the most widely quoted lecture was that of the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P., in the Department of Economics and Statistics, on "Protection." The distinguished speaker held that the results of protection should deter all countries that are trying to formulate a policy of their own from adopting it. He could not concur in the assumption that the prosperity which had been enjoyed by manufacturers had been due to protection, but was inclined rather to attribute no little of that development to the application of physical science in the processes of manufacture. Again, the application of scientific methods of manufacture, requiring increased skill, had caused an increase in the scale of wages. Protection's source is found in the fact that exports are supposed to give employment and imports to take it away. The true national policy, however, was to take as much advantage of the division of labor as possible. Where we have induced an expenditure of large sums of money, and towns have been built up by protected industries, we have created vested interests, organized in the faith that we are going to protect them. That seems to be the strongest argument offered against the abolition of protection, but this very experience is as strong an argument in discouraging a country from embarking on such a policy: it will gain such mastery that it cannot be got rid of. Trusts may not be altogether due to protection, but at any rate they derive a great deal of their power from such a policy. Mr. Bryce delivered another address of equal significance; the subject was "Jingoism." Referring to the feeling of his countrymen towards the United States, he declared that only friendship exists in Great Britain towards us, and there is a hope that the friendship may always continue—not only between Britain and the United States, but also between the United States and Canada, as being communities whose truest and best interests are indissolubly interwoven. Mr. Bryce defined Jingoism as but a travesty of patriotism, which has gone on fermenting until it has become sour. It bears the same relation to true patriotism that vinegar bears to wine.

> Beyond all these querulous and quarrelsome voices there stands in Great Britain—there stands, I am no less sure, in the United States also—the great solid, sensible mass of the nation, which desires peace and tranquillity, which desires to attend to its business, and desires not to have it disturbed or shaken by rumors of wars; the great mass, which desires to fear God and honor the sovereign, whether the sovereign be called a queen or a president.

❀

Mr. W. H. Hale, of Brooklyn, read the first paper which has been presented to the Economic Section on the subject of municipal government. Probably the most interesting address from an American was that delivered by Professor Putnam, who, with some discoveries of stone implements as examples, urged that man is as old on this continent as in Europe. He was inclined to place the first traces of man on the continent at the fringe of the glacial period. The attendance at the anthropological and geographical sections was specially large. In the latter the great attraction seemed to be Sir George Robertson, the hero of Chitral, whose lecture had peculiar value in view of present disturbances on the Afghan frontier. Mr. F. C. Selous, the African hunter and explorer, was also listened to with interest. Mr. Selous has been in South Africa since 1872, and the information which he gave about Mashonaland and Matabeleland was of much interest. He declared that they would never form a "white man's country," as malarial fever was prevalent in all places up to an elevation of 4,000 feet. The months of December, January, and February, the warmest, are colder than the summer months in the north of Europe. Mr. Selous showed the danger of rinderpest, which sweeps down on the cattle and carries off a hundred thousand animals in a few months. He also mentioned a plague of locusts which once destroyed thirty acres of his maize in two hours. The chances of success for the farmers will depend almost entirely on the richness of the gold deposits, but Mr. Selous believes that the territory should be peopled by farmers rather than by miners, if the country is to acquire a permanent population and commerce. Notable also were the addresses of Sir William Turner, the great

Edinburgh scientist, and of Professor William Ramsay, who discovered that helium exists in various terrestrial substances.

⁂

The results of the Toronto meeting must be twofold: first, of course, the genuine scientific advance from the interplay of thought; but there must have been also gained by the members an impression of Canada which will be of the highest advantage to that country. Those who attended the meeting in Montreal thirteen years ago cannot have failed to remark upon the gratifying difference between Canada then and the Canada of to-day. As Lord Aberdeen said, in his address of welcome, "The Dominion hopes for much advertising as a result of your visit." That this will take place is already seen in the Association's recommendation to approach the Imperial Government with a view to the establishing in Great Britain of "experimental agricultural stations similar to those which are producing such satisfactory results in Canada." In his opening address the new President, Sir John Evans, had made the practical suggestion of establishing a Bureau of Ethnology for Greater Britain. In the event of this not meeting fruition, however, he suggested that an ethnological department might properly be added to the Imperial Institute (founded in London in 1887 as a memorial of the Queen's Jubilee of that year) for the purpose of examining and explaining the diverse customs and religions of the many primitive peoples who are now or who may be under the protectorate of Great Britain. Sir John well remarked that such a service would obviate many of the tactical blunders which have precipitated war in the past, and are not unlikely to occur in the future. As has been aptly said, science, which has armed man with terrible weapons of destruction, should also lift a restraining hand in the interests of peace. To specialists and lay folk alike, the Toronto meeting only emphasizes the conviction that we cannot bound the extent to which science may enlighten and benefit humanity. With each meeting there must be an increasingly proud sensation among the members of the British Association that, in the words of the Toronto "Sun," "the lamp which bigotry extinguished in the cell of Roger Bacon, rekindled by his illustrious namesake at a later day, shines in the hands of Kelvin, Lister, and Evans with full and unrestricted light."

The fact that England's total trade with Germany and Belgium equals half her trade with all the British possessions has called forth varying opinion from European journals regarding the denunciation of the German and Belgian treaties. This denunciation was made necessary by the preferential clause in the new Canadian tariff, applicable to imports from Great Britain. The British Government, therefore, denounced the favored-nation treaties—which would have extended the lower duties to imports from all countries having such treaties with Great Britain—in order to assure the Canadian preference. In Germany the Liberal organs see "a consequence of the benighted policy of the Agrarians," and Agrarian papers proclaim the act to be "a first step toward protection." In France the "Journal des Débats" declares that the principle underlying the treaty-denunciation is capable of wide expansion, and is not unlikely to receive it. The "Temps" says that if imperial federation is ever to be realized, it will be by following a course which must inevitably tighten the bonds of moral unity by the harmony of material interests. In England the "St. James's Gazette" thinks that, instead of opening their gates to the British, as, it says, "the Cobdenites" fondly imagined they would, foreigners are daily engaged in building higher the wall of tariffs. If British industry is to have a future, it lies with kin beyond sea.

⁂

The "Westminster Gazette" declares that the treaty-denunciation is not the beginning of an excursion into protection. The evident alarm in Germany and Belgium lest England should do to them what they habitually do to her is by no means unsalutary, and is, at all events, a guarantee that they will not on their part endeavor to upset the *status quo*. The "Graphic" says that protectionists join with free-traders in applauding the treaty-denunciation. Those treaties bound the colonies as subject to England, but at the same time treated them as separate countries, independent of the United Kingdom. The "Mail" says: "We have announced in plain words a peculiar return to the system of protection. Remaining, for the time being, free-traders ourselves, we forced our colonies to take German and Belgian goods at the same tariff as British goods. We have denounced the treaties, as the surest, most sensible, and noblest way out of an awkward predicament." The "Statist" declares that the colonies ought to be invited to unite with the Imperial Government in drafting new treaties which would apply to them alone, the reason for this opinion being that, while England's policy is free trade, most of the colonies are protectionist.

❀

Of all the papers, the London "Times" seems the most optimistic, declaring the actual good-will of the British customer to be more valuable to Canada than the good-will of the customer of the United States, the prospective advantages of the British market being more important. At present Canada supplies about one-fourteenth of the imported food of Great Britain, but, under the influence of preferential tariffs, the "Times" claims that the Dominion is capable of supplying one-third. It is true that our ill-advised Dingley tariff has brought about the preferential trade offered by Canada to Great Britain, a trade at first offered to us. It is by no means true, however, that Great Britain and Canada can count upon a long continuance of our present law, or upon any long-continued lessening of the conviction that the two sections of the English race on the American continent must inevitably fuse. In a recent letter to the New York "Nation," Professor Goldwin Smith well says: "The time will come when American statesmen, now so indifferent to this question, will see that, if it was worth while to spend blood and money in averting the establishment of an antagonistic power to your south, it is not less worth while to bestow political effort in averting the establishment of an antagonistic power to your north, and that the British Canadian is at least as desirable a citizen as the Southern white or negro. British statesmen, on the other hand, will learn the hopelessness of their attempt to keep five millions of North Americans out of North America and attach them to Europe." It is not impossible that Sir Wilfrid Laurier—a friend of the United States—had all this in mind in his recent negotiations. In obtaining treaty-denunciation he has obtained more than a merely specific thing; he has set the colonies practically free. As the Montreal "Star" says, this is the first time when a British colony has successfully asserted its right to a voice in a matter of great Imperial concern. We may add that, with her new power, Canada can the more effectively act in dealing with the United States, her next-door neighbor and natural commercial trader.

Again last week, as for several weeks past, there was a new high record in the price of wheat and a new low record in the price of silver. Cash wheat in New York touched $1.14 a bushel, September wheat (wheat deliverable in September) $1.06, and December wheat $1.04. From these prices there has now been a decided and expected reaction, since no such rapid advance may be regarded as permanent. The fear of speculative influences is well justified by the dispatches from St. Louis, Chicago, and Minneapolis. At the high quotation, wheat has been selling thirty-three cents a bushel above its low price during 1897—a price recorded less than three months ago. The recent record is forty-two cents above the price at the corresponding time last year, and thirty-seven cents over that for 1895. No such high quotation has been known since January, 1892. The "Commercial and Financial Chronicle" points out that high wheat prices in August, when not too high, play distinctly into the farmer's hands—that with such a market he can sell his crop at large profits immediately on reaping it; whereas a long-delayed recovery in prices tempts him to get what he can in the early market. This was particularly true last year, when most of our farmers were still embarrassed by old debts carried forward through a succession of weak markets. It was a common complaint that the farmer had obtained a comparatively small part of the total gain in wheat prices during 1896, and in a measure this was true. The same journal declares that the present windfall to our agricultural community will be far-reaching, since in the wheat-producing States alone there were, by the Eleventh Census, upwards of two million families occupying and cultivating farms. In the absence of excessive prices, the benefit will continue; it is already coincident with an increase in manufactured exports without precedent in our history.

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Present shipments of wheat are the largest since September, 1893, being an increase of one hundred per cent. over July and of one-third over the corresponding month a year ago. This increase seems justified, if we may believe the inquiry into European crop conditions published in the "American Agriculturist." Its estimates of Europe's needs of wheat range from three hundred million to four hundred million bushels. European wheat crops for 1893–4–5 averaged about one billion five hundred million bushels, while in the famine year of 1891 the product was only one billion two hundred million. The impression is gaining ground that Europe's wheat crop this year is even less than in 1891. The famine exists not only in wheat but also in rye, in which the shortage is even more serious. In ordinary seasons Europe produces twice as many bushels of potatoes as of wheat, but the "Agriculturist" concludes that only about 1,850,000,000 will be harvested this year—a shortage of about a billion bushels. While we have no potatoes for export, the "Agriculturist" thinks that we can spare 240,000,000 bushels of wheat, 300,000,000 bushels of corn, 100,000,000 bushels of oats, and 10,000,000 bushels of rye. In this rather unlikely event the export would be the largest ever made of our grain, but it would only be enough to offset Europe's need of wheat and rye. The Liverpool "Corn Trade List" says that it is not easy to see whence the large quantity of wheat needed will be forthcoming; but the London "Mark Lane Express" remarks, "The Americans have apparently got it all their own way." Already in Europe prices for flour and bread have advanced, and in France there has been a marked agitation for the abolition of grain duties. The Cabinet, however, has decided that there is no ground at present for modifying the duties, Prime Minister Méline declaring that the agitation exists only in Paris, Marseilles, and other large towns, and is visibly a political and electoral maneuver.

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The New York "Times" points out that France is not entirely independent of foreign sources for its food supply, though it is much more so than England. The import duty on breadstuffs puts money into the French peasant's pocket by artificially enhancing the price of food, but it correspondingly hampers the manufacturers. While the manufacturers in England won their contest half a century ago, in France the "landed interest" still manages to retain a duty on imported wheat and flour, in spite of the opposition of the operatives. Hence, speculators are enabled to raise the price of bread to an abnormal limit. M. Méline's words would indicate that the Government is more in fear of the peasant than of the operative; he points out that when foreign wheat arrives the price will fall. In New York the price of the best flour has advanced to six dollars a barrel. There has been no increase in the price of bread, but a few bakers have admitted that they have been making loaves a trifle smaller, which amounts to the same thing. An average barrel of flour contains 196 pounds, and from it about 280 pounds of bread are turned out. Hence the flour in a pound of bread costs 2.14 cents. Last week was remarkable in the development of general prices, the strike among the soft-coal miners in the central West being almost the only cloud on the situation, although this has not had, as yet, such a depressing effect upon commerce as was at first expected. However, some steel-mills, water-works, and electric-light plants have had to suspend operations, and there has been great inconvenience among the Western railways. One of these, the Columbus, Hocking Valley, and Toledo, is now undergoing reorganization in the hands of a great Wall Street firm. Speaking of last week's trade, "Bradstreet's" says that for many years no such general or pronounced upward movement of prices of nearly all leading staples has been witnessed.

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By the time this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers the municipal campaign in New York City will in all probability have assumed definite shape. It is generally expected that President Low will be put in nomination as candidate for Mayor of the Greater New York upon Wednesday by the representatives of the 24,000 members of the Citizens' Union, and of the over 100,000 other voters who have under their signatures expressed a wish that Mr. Low should be nominated on the issues presented by the Citizens' Union. With this indorsement from voters of all parties (as regards National issues), Mr. Low must be assured of the genuineness and extent of the desire of a large body of his fellow-citizens that he should accept the candidacy. On Monday night a conference was held at the invitation of the Republican local committee, to which were invited all anti-Tammany political organizations. The Citizens' Union of New York City respectfully declined to attend this conference; the Brooklyn Citizens' Union sent a sub-committee; the other organizations represented were very strictly political organizations, mainly composed of machine politicians who have bolted from the Tammany rule on local and personal issues. The conference adjourned until Wednesday without taking action of any kind. The Citizens' Union declined to attend this conference because it believes that it is absolutely impossible to make a campaign for non-partisan municipal government under an agreement with partisan political committees. If the sole object in view were the election of a particular man as Mayor—whether it be Mr. Low or another—such a union might be politic; but this is not all. The municipal reform organizations earnestly desire to secure the votes of all Republicans and Democrats who wish to help elect a Mayor to conduct the affairs of the city regardless of partisan politics; but they do not believe that the local machine Republican organization, controlled so absolutely by Mr. Platt and Mr. Quigg, would under any circumstances sincerely join in such a campaign. Oddly enough, an excellent platform for a municipal campaign is propounded in a recent utterance of the Tammany leader, Richard Croker. He says:

> There should be about as much sentiment about running a city as there is about running a dry-goods store. People will be happiest and willing to spend the most money in the dry-goods store where they get good things best and cheapest. People will be happiest and most willing to pay the taxes in a city where the municipal management gives them the best police protection, the best and cleanest pavements, the highest class of public improvements, and the most just and decent general government for the least money.

If he had added that this is precisely the reverse of what Tammany has always done, and also that cheapness should be subordinate to quality and honesty, the statement would be complete.

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Republican Conventions were held last week in Nebraska, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. In Nebraska the platform adopted calls for the enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, asks the Inter-State Commerce Commission to prevent the increase of freight rates from Chicago to the Atlantic seaboard, urges intervention in behalf of Cuban independence, and condemns the defalcations of two Republican State officials retired last fall. The currency issue is not explicitly referred to. The offices to be filled in the approaching election are unimportant, but the campaign has a National interest by reason of its prospective influence upon Mr. Bryan's continued leadership of the Democratic party. In the Pennsylvania Convention all was harmony, and the candidates nominated—for State Treasurer and Attorney-General—and the platform adopted are entirely acceptable both to Senator Quay and Governor Hastings. Aside from the declaration that "dollar wheat has sounded the death-knell of free coinage" the only interesting portion of the platform is the qualified indorsement of Civil Service Reform:

> We adhere to and renew again the pledges of the Republican party to maintain a just, reasonable, and equitable system of civil service, but we denounce President Cleveland for his partisan abuse of its powers. . . . We demand that the President of the United States, by executive order, and Congress, by legislative enactment at the approaching session, shall establish a civil service system that shall meet the approval of the American people.

In Maryland, where the campaign has National importance by reason of the approaching election of a Legislature to choose Senator Gorman's successor, the Republican Convention wisely refused to recognize either of the contesting delegations from Baltimore, and ordered a new primary, adjourning until the delegates elected therein could be present. If this decision prevents the nomination of two sets of legislative candidates in Baltimore, it makes possible the election of a Republican Senator, since the Chicago platform Democrats are lukewarm in their support of Senator Gorman.

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The conference at Pittsburg between coal-operators and coal-miners failed to effect a settlement of the strike. The recent rate for mining has been fifty-four cents a ton; the old rate was sixty-nine cents. The operators offered to reopen the mines at a compromise rate of sixty-one cents pending the decision of the arbitrators, or to reopen without fixing the rate, and pay the miners whatever figure the arbitrators might determine. The miners' representatives rejected both these propositions, but offered another which seemed to the outside public equally conciliatory. If the mines were reopened at the sixty-nine cent rate, they agreed that the operators might subsequently deduct the difference between this rate and that determined upon by the arbitrators. The union officials said it would be an injustice to the miners in other fields if those in the Pittsburg field were permitted to return to work at less than the old rate, for the men in other fields had refused separate settlements, equally favorable to themselves, in order that the campaign for the old rate might not be thrown into confusion. The operators rejected the miners' proposition with as little hesitancy as the miners rejected theirs, and the struggle was continued. Some of the operators subsequently agreed to reopen their mines, if necessary with imported laborers, and selected those of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to begin the experiment. As this road is in the hands of receivers appointed by the Federal Courts, the operators can the more easily call upon these courts for aid. This decision bids fair to give further vitality to the discussion of "government by injunction," which seems to be the most important topic before the labor conference at St. Louis this week. The proposal of a general sympathetic strike in behalf of the miners wins almost as little popular support as it deserves, and the delegates to St. Louis are likely instead to recommend a sympathetic "assessment." If the union workers of the country would assess themselves five per cent. of what a sympathetic strike would cost them, the success of the coal-miners would be assured. But such is the perversity of human nature that self-sacrifice is more difficult to secure in the ways of peace than in those of war.

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President Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, has promptly denied the harmful report that Professor E. A. Ross has been dismissed from the chair of economics because of his free-coinage views. President Jordan says:

> I have not seen Professor Ross since May, and he certainly has not been dismissed. With the return of Professor Warner the work in economic science here has been readjusted in accordance with the original plan, Warner, the major professor, taking applications of economics and social pathology, Powers theoretical economics, and Ross social science. The work in administration and finance will fall to Dr. Durand, now absent in Europe. Personally I do not trust nor approve of the methods by which certain views of Dr. Ross are reached, but I believe in academic freedom within the bounds of common sense.

It will be seen from this that the two free-coinage economists—Professors Ross and Powers—are both retained, though neither of them, perhaps, will have an opportunity in the class-room to teach his free-coinage opinions. As both of these professors took some part in the free-coinage campaign last fall—though neither of them, like one of the gold-standard professors at Brown, obtained leave of absence for that purpose—it will be seen that the right of professors to express their political convictions when they are of public interest and importance is conceded at Leland Stanford. While it is true that Professor Ross's reputation rests mainly upon his brilliant pleas for international bimetallism and later for free coinage, he has, perhaps, done as much work in social science as in economics, and is credibly reported to prefer his new chair.

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The Fusion Regents of Kansas State Agricultural College have issued a spirited reply to the charge that they removed professors because of their political opinions. The causes of the removals, they state, were in brief as follows:

> 1. The tendency in the past to swamp the Faculty with half-educated men has been so marked as to excite comment. Of all those removed, one alone could claim to have made fairly respectable preparation for the high duties of professor in a college. 2. Despite the imperative need for a strong agricultural department in the agricultural college of a State whose leading interests are agricultural, the inefficiency of the agricultural as compared to the other departments of the College is notorious, both at the College and throughout the State. 3. We believe the time has fully come when the producing classes must grapple scientifically and intelligently with the principles governing distribution and exchange. This necessity, however, the retiring administration would not concede. 4. As to the political aspect of the changes made: Of the fourteen members of the old Faculty to whom positions were offered, twelve were understood to be Republicans. We have elected men to important positions without inquiring or learning their political preferences.

In regard to the "liberty of teaching" the Board conclude: "We hold the principle of freedom of science equal in rank and importance with the principles of freedom of thought, of speech, of the press, and of the ballot; and this Board is resolved that in one college, at least, competent men shall be at liberty to investigate, to teach, and to publish, even on economic and social lines, as freely as do their co-laborers in other fields of scientific research." Whatever may be thought of the unconscious motives of the Board in removing President Fairchild, this statement regarding the other removals made is corroborated for us from Republican sources; and the Regents' resentment of the charge that they interfere with the intellectual freedom of their professors is certainly matter for universal congratulation.

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A special commissioner, appointed by the Governor of Georgia to investigate the convict camps of that State, has just rendered a report which makes credible the worst horrors charged against Siberian prisons. Indeed, the Atlanta "Constitution" is moved by the report to declare that the Russian prisons are "pleasure resorts" in comparison with the privately managed "misdemeanor" camps of Georgia. The lessees are charged, by name, with forcing the convicts to work from fourteen to twenty hours a day, with furnishing them insufficient clothing and sometimes loathsome food, with lodging them in rooms without beds, without heat, and without ventilation—as many as sixty-one being lodged in one room eighteen feet square, without a window—and with punishing them with a brutality in some cases involving murder. In one camp the women convicts were punished with a severity only less revolting, and with a shamelessness infinitely more so. In all the twenty-odd camps under private lessees the inhumanity was resulting in the death of one out of seven of the convicts. And yet these are the "misdemeanor camps," the more serious offenders who require more guards being kept in the employ of the State, while the petty offenders, likely to prove profitable workmen, are handed over to private contractors. That no prison discipline has been maintained is a matter of course. While the law provides that the terms of the "misdemeanor" convicts shall be shortened for good behavior, the Commissioner—Colonel Philip G. Byrd—reports that the lessees have systematically robbed their profitable employees of the time-allowance they have earned. The only gratifying feature of the report is the small number and relatively trivial character of the abuses in the twenty-four county camps. Upon this the Atlanta "Constitution" sensibly comments as follows: "The reason is not far to seek. Those who manage the county convicts act under the eye of the public, and are amenable to public sentiment. The misdemeanor convicts, on the other hand, are leased to private persons, who remove their victims out of sight of the public." The remedy which will be urged for the abuses exposed will be the placing of all convicts under the direct supervision of public officials.

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President Jordan, of Stanford University, our Seal Commissioner, has returned from his labors in Behring Sea, and declares that the breeding rookeries show a shrinkage of fifteen per cent. since last year, and the killable males a shrinkage of about one-third. The first is due to last year's destruction of females, plus the starvation of pups from pelagic sealing in 1894. The shrinkage of males was due to the last-named cause. The herd is now reduced to less than one-fifth of its number in 1883. Dr. Jordan declares the only remedy to be in the absolute prohibition of pelagic sealing. He reports entire success in the branding of young female seals, as the skins of the branded cows returned this year to the island clearly show the permanency of the mark and its sufficiency to render the skin unsalable, without injury to the animal or the herd. It is claimed that branding has the same effect on the fur-seal herd that branding calves or shearing sheep has on those animals. At the first of the year the counsel for both the Canadian and the United States Governments, in the proceedings to settle claims under the Paris Tribunal, took evidence in Victoria. In June they took evidence in Montreal, and they have now arrived in Halifax for the purpose of listening to witnesses there and finishing the business.

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The Grace of Opportunity

There are no men or women who owe more to themselves and their fellows than those to whom opportunities are constantly coming, before whom doors are constantly opened. Such a lot is the highest of all good fortunes, since it means not only success but growth, not only talent but the possibilities of character. There is a patient host who work on day after day with no hope of large advancement, no stimulus of marked progress, and no inspiration of wider outlook; who must find their reward in the consciousness of work well done, and possess their hearts in patience so far as their aspirations and ambitions are concerned. Many a man is conscious of a larger power than circumstances afford him the room to put forth; and it involves no small strain on character to accept such limitations cheerfully, and to recognize the progress of those who are more fortunately placed not only without envy but with a generous pleasure. He who can do this has a heroic strain in him.

To those, therefore, into whose hands the golden keys are put there come not only great satisfactions but great responsibilities. If such an one is tempted to find the secret of his success in himself, let him consider well what his circumstances have been, and let him think always of the nobler men who are bound in creeks and shallows while he spreads his sail on the open sea. Every new opportunity should send a man to his knees, instead of lifting him up in his own mind; should give him additional poise and balance, instead of access of vanity. Nothing is more painful than the spectacle of one whom a little success makes self-conscious and inflated; the larger the success which comes to such a man, the plainer becomes his essential weakness. On the other hand, there is nothing which comforts those who are striving with adverse conditions so entirely as the untainted and the unspoiled spirit which receives success as a trust, not as a reward, and bears it as a possession to be divided rather than hoarded.

Lowell and His Friends

The characteristic portrait of Edward Everett Hale which appears on the cover of The Outlook this week—reproduced from a painting by Dr. Hale's son, Mr. Philip Hale—makes this an appropriate time for an announcement of unusual interest to our readers. Dr. Hale has been for many years an occasional contributor to our pages, and no single writer has ever been more welcome to those pages, or has appealed more directly to the sympathies and likings of The Outlook's constituency. It is with peculiar pleasure, therefore, that we announce that a series of articles by Dr. Hale on "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" will appear in our monthly Magazine Numbers throughout the year 1898. These papers will not constitute a formal biography, but will abound in personal incident and anecdote; will present the great American poet, essayist, reformer, and diplomatist as he appeared to his intimate friends; and will throw new and striking light on his relations to the social and moral movements of his times. The illustration of the articles will be particularly rich in newly published portraits of famous literary men and women.

When one considers how much the name of Lowell means to American literature; how true an American he was; how closely he was related to all that was best in a critical period of American history; when one thinks of his humor, his scholarship, his poetical genius, his services to his country at home and abroad—when all this and more comes to mind, we feel that there is a whole Lowell literature which still remains to be given to the world. And surely no contribution to that literature could present greater promise of interest, pith, and originality than that to be made by Lowell's lifelong friend, Edward Everett Hale.

The Smaller Vision

There are few misfortunes in life so blighting as the loss of the power of admiration. The man who can no longer generously and unaffectedly admire a fine person or deed has suffered a loss at the very heart of his life. He may see a few near-at-hand and relatively unimportant things more clearly than his less critical fellows, but he has paid for that small access of clear vision the terrible price of loss of large vision. He sees the fence across the road more distinctly than his neighbor, but the great ranges of the hills against the horizon are no longer visible to him. The skeptical temper serves its purpose as a brake, but the man in whom it becomes the dominant temper ceases to advance; for there is no propulsion in a brake. Such a man is fast bound in a constantly narrowing world; the springs which feed life are steadily drying up in him; the hopes which make life rich in spite of its apparent poverty are slowly or swiftly fading from his view. He is wise about small things, and ignorant about great things. He so accustoms himself to see the small imperfections, the petty incongruities, that he is blind to the noble growth which is steadily pushing on through these minor and passing blemishes to final perfection. Such a man sees the wart on Cromwell's face, but he never for an instant sees Cromwell; he is so overwhelmed by Mr. Lincoln's apparent lack of seriousness in some of his stories that he utterly misses the vision of one of the most inspiring careers in the history of the world.

The mind that becomes entirely critical is small without realizing its littleness, and is surrounded by nobler minds without comprehending them. Thus it is as much without self-knowledge as it is without true knowledge of others. It makes a small, mean world for itself by selecting the petty imperfections of the great growing world about it, and putting them into an apparent order—an order which it uses as the base of a still smaller philosophy; a philosophy which deals with the seams in the garment of creation, but ignores the garment. It is well to be critical of ourselves, for self-criticism is a means of growth; but humanity has too many sides to be put into the little cup of our individual knowledge, and the universe is too vast for our little measuring-rods. So long as there is a God, so long as men and women constantly rise out of weakness to such heights of nobility, and so long as Nature is clothed in such power and beauty, it is safer to revere than to judge, and wiser to admire than to condemn.

Ministerial Problems

III.—The Pulpit

1. I preach without notes most easily, but make careful preparation. How shall I get the discipline of the careful thought and the accurate form of expression that come from writing sermons?
2. Should I seek to contribute to the current periodicals? Has a minister time (assuming talent to do so) to write for the press, and ought he to write? If so, should he confine himself to any line of subject?

We can answer your questions in this article only very briefly, referring you to editorials on this subject published in The Outlook in June, 1896, for fuller reply.

We advise every young minister to give himself in all the earlier years of his ministry wholly to his pulpit and pastoral labors. Preaching is a great art, and becomes yearly, in some respects, more difficult. Far less respect is paid to the profession, to the pulpit, or to the "cloth," as it is called, than was formerly the case. The minister must hold his congregation by the power of his own personality. Commonplaces strung together in a hurry, loose-jointed thoughts, diluted texts of Scripture, ethical truisms such as "Be virtuous and you will be happy," or disquisitions on abstruse theological problems, never were very profitable, and no longer appear so to men. If one will consider the matter seriously with himself, to deliver an address half an hour long once a week, which it is really worth while for two or three hundred people to come out in all sorts of weather to listen to, is no small undertaking. That so many ministers fail is not a matter of surprise; what is rather surprising is that any minister succeeds. No minister can succeed who does not put a high estimate on preaching; who is not ambitious to be a preacher; and who does not concentrate his intellectual life on the determination to make his preaching effective. We advise the young minister, therefore, to lay aside all other ambitions and give himself wholly to his pastorate and his pulpit. It will be time enough for him to contribute to current periodicals when they begin to call on him for contributions.

It is hazardous for a young minister to preach habitually without notes. It may almost be said that the more easily he does it the more hazardous is the experiment. Accuracy and conciseness are acquired by the pen, and rarely are acquired in any other way. If the minister always preaches without notes, he should still use his pen in careful writing, *if it is only to tear up and throw in the waste-basket what he writes.* If he does not write, he is almost certain to become rhetorical, verbose, careless, inaccurate, and what college men call "splurgy."

There are two ends to be sought by writing—one, the organization of the thought; the other, the verbal expression of it. The first may be accomplished by what we may call extemporaneous writing. A minister may write his sermon as fast as he can drive his pen across the page; think as he writes, and write as he thinks; take no time to weigh words or measure expression; consider only what is the thought which he is trying to express and what the object which he means to accomplish by it. He who writes in this way may organize by his pen the thought, so that it will come in effective, presentable form; but the expression will not be felicitous, and perhaps not even grammatical. He who has written in this way should go over the sermon and see if the thoughts are rightly correlated; if the line of thought is continuous, or is broken by parentheses which will distract the attention; if his thought is climatic, leading up by a natural order from the lower to the higher, from the simpler to the more complex, growing as a tree grows from a seed, or a river from a rivulet. If not, then he should rewrite the sermon, securing this orderly arrangement of the thoughts. Certainly for the first ten years after graduation, most young ministers should at least do such writing of their sermons as this; even though after the sermon is written it is thrown aside and the writer preaches it without a note, and without even attempting to recall in the pulpit what he has written in the study.

The other object of writing is to secure the best possible expression. This can be done either by writing with care and weighing each sentence as it is written, or by following the advice, we believe of Lord Macaulay, "writing with fury and correcting with

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phlegm.” This work, also, the young minister ought to do. He ought to have a good dictionary at his side; he ought to examine the words that he has used, investigate their etymology and their synonyms, and see whether he has used the very best word to express his meaning. He ought to read his sermon over—happy is he if he has a wife who is a keen as well as a friendly critic to whom he can read it—and see whether it is rhythmical as well as accurate; whether he has used the fewest possible words to express his ideas; whether the sermon which will take him half an hour to read could not be condensed into twenty-five minutes or twenty minutes; whether his introduction is not too long, or his peroration too grandiloquent. Such writing as this few ministers can do every week, but every minister ought to do it occasionally, and the occasions ought to be sufficiently frequent to develop in him the habit of word-study.

The minister who is equipped by nature and by education for his office, and will patiently and assiduously, for the first ten or fifteen years of his pastorate, do some such work as this with his pen; who will go into his pulpit as a father to speak to his spiritual children; and who will never speak except with a definite object to be accomplished, a definite message to be given, may not become what men call a great preacher, but will not be a poor one. He, on the contrary, who trusts to the equipment which he has obtained in the university or the seminary, and to a fatal fluency of expression acquired in some debating society or conferred upon him by nature, may, by that very fluency, attract a congregation one year, but will be sure to repel them the next, and will drift from parish to parish with shortening pastorates and with ever-increasing perplexity as to why, with all his brilliant parts, he does not succeed.

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A Prize Offer

On another page of this issue of The Outlook will be found a special announcement about the offer, first made in our columns in the last Recreation Number, of prizes of $100, $50, and $25 respectively, for the three best accounts of vacation experiences, to be illustrated from photographs taken by the authors. Many letters of inquiry have been received by the editors, and the points thus raised are answered in the announcement now published.

The Vacation Fund

After many vexatious delays, the winter house at Santa Clara in the Adirondacks, the gift of Mr. George H. Dodge, which has been furnished partly by the special fund, partly by those who furnished rooms in memory of friends, and partly by schools, was opened August 26. The President of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society and some of the managers, and a number of the residents of Malone and other near-by towns, were present. The exercises consisted of a few words of welcome.

The bedrooms are beautiful—bright, cheerful, and homelike. The house stands on a knoll, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country. The summer house has been overcrowded, but the overflow will be put at once into the new house, which will be taxed to meet the demand. The new house has been christened Hillcrest, the summer house Uplands. The view of the St. Regis from the windows and piazzas is charming. But better than all is the spirit of friendliness that has developed in the whole region, until the houses and those who need them are like personal friends to the country all about. And it has not stopped there. The whole region has manifested its neighborliness by gifts and work at the two Santa Clara houses, Hillcrest and Uplands.

THE VACATION FUND

SPECIAL GIFT

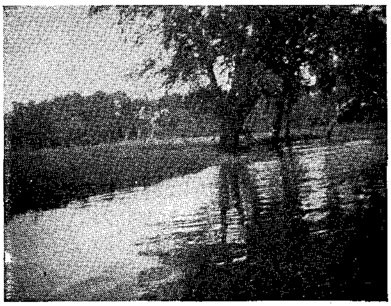
From an Unknown Friend	$5,000 00

FOR VACATION EXPENSES

Previously acknowledged	$5,833 26
E. F. C., Council Bluffs, Iowa	2 00
C. M. W.	10 00
In Memory of Alice	1 00
Mrs. B. R. W., Cazenovia, N. Y.	10 00
Friend, Seekit, Me.	5 00
M. S. W., Intervale, N. H.	10 00
Mrs. C. E. R., Eaton, N. Y.	5 00
H. A. M., Brentwood, N. Y.	10 00
S. S. B., Bath, N. Y.	5 00
R. M. B., Hyde Park, Mass.	1 25
A Friend, Englewood	10 00
I. B. T., Danbury, Conn.	5 00
Anonymous, Springfield, Mass.	1 00
L. F. V., in Memoriam	5 00
H. M. S., Winona, Minn.	5 00
Workingwoman, Waterbury, Conn.	10 00
Tokyo, Japan	5 00
C.	2 00
Sallie and Ellen, Brunswick, Me.	2 00
Two Friends, Chester, Conn.	3 00
M. C. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	3 00
E. A. G., Springfield, Mass.	3 00
Mary, Washington, Ind.	1 00
King's Daughters Circle First Baptist Church, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	3 00
M. L., Oakland, Cal.	1 00
W. S. G., Blissfield, Mich.	1 00
G. B. H.	1 00
Mary, John, and Philip	10 00
A Friend, South Norwalk, Conn.	5 00
A Friend, St. Johns, Mich.	1 00
Total	$10,969

The Spectator

To the Spectator, one of the most interesting things about a vacation is the possibility of coming across new types of humanity, or of finding old types illustrated and illuminated by new examples. No matter how experienced the observer, the kaleidoscope of travel continually brings out new phases of individual character. And when, in traversing beaten or unbeaten ways, we happen to meet those who fill with special appropriateness unoccupied niches in our gallery of typical characters, we revel alike in the pleasure of studying the new subject and of saying "I told you so" to ourselves and our friends. For we are all prophets by instinct; we delight in seeing events or persons turn out as we thought they would; when our judgment of character or of conditions is fortified by a striking illustration, we feel that the universe has paid us a subtle but well-deserved compliment.


'Way Down upon the Manasquan

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Now, the Spectator had contended, anent the Arbitration Treaty, that public sentiment in this country was not quite as friendly to England as it was supposed to be by many of our foremost thinkers, who, unfortunately, by the very fact of their prominence, are kept from closeness of touch with the common folk who still constitute the majority in this Republic. He had said that in the back-country districts the hatred of England was still a vital thing. So, the other day, when, in the course of his summer rambles, the Spectator came across a specimen of unsophisticated human nature who had "views" with regard to the "British," he was delighted. The millennium might be removed an appreciable distance, but —the Spectator's opinion was well founded!

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This specimen was a Jersey farmer; small, wiry, alert, with a keen eye and a phenomenal memory that had apparently let nothing escape in the seventy years which he said had passed since he first saw the Jersey sun. A small house it was in which he and his wife and his daughter's family lived—too small and too poor for a thrifty Jerseyman; it would have been larger and better but for a fire a few years before, which had destroyed his barn and machinery; for on a farm a burned barn has to be rebuilt, come what may to the house. The daughter met the Spectator's party—it was a picnic party driven to shelter by a thunder-storm—and invited them into the shabby kitchen; presently the farmer and his wife appeared, and they, having authority, opened the darkened sitting-room to the company. An old print of the Battle of the Boyne led to conversation on battles and ancestry. "No, there's no Irish about me," said the farmer, simply; "and *her* folks came over on the Mayflower. One of my relations was Sam Allen, brother of Ethan—you've heard of him. I've got all about him in a book; but I don't want no book to tell me about the Revolution. My great-grandfather was in it. Grandfather too. I came near not having any grandfather because he was in it. He was two years old. Great-grandfather was away, and the British come for his money. My great-grandmother talked with the soldier that demanded it, and offered him about a dollar she had in her purse. He said that wouldn't do, he knew there was a lot of it about, and she must get it; and she must make that brat stop crying, too—that was my grandfather, who was whimpering behind his mother's skirts. Well, she parleyed awhile with the Britisher, and then he got mad at the child's crying, and made a sudden lunge at him with his bayonet. My great-grandmother whipped around just in time to save the boy, and took the bayonet herself. It went clean through, but missed the vitals and didn't kill her. You'd 'a' thought she'd 'a' keeled over, but she wasn't one o' that kind. She held herself up—so—with one hand, and with the other she grabbed a stone jug that lay on the floor, turned around, and brained the Britisher where he stood! I've seen the blood on the floor of that old house. The jug was in the family for a good many years, but at grandfather's second wife's vandoo—he was married twice—some of her relations got it. If I'd 'a' got it I wouldn't sell it now for a hundred dollars, poor man as I am."

❀

It happened that in the Spectator's party was a charming young Englishwoman, wife

A Study in Light and Shade

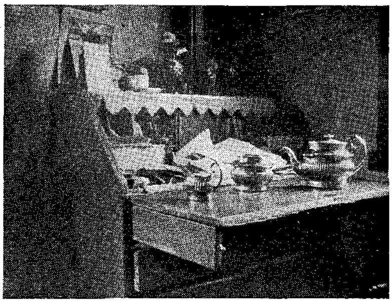
of an American with a characteristically American sense of humor. The Spectator felt conscience-stricken that his innocent questions had drawn out a story so embarrassing to the English lady, and sought to pour oil on the troubled waters. "Yes," he said, "it can't be denied that the English of those days were a brutal set, and we did well to fight 'em; but they're better now, and we have a better feeling for them; we don't hate them now as—" "I hate 'em just as much as ever anybody did," broke in the old man; "I hate 'em worse than p'izen!" "So do I," was the unexpected interjection of the Englishwoman's husband, as he reached over and shook the old patriot's hand enthusiastically, while at the same time he beamed upon his wife, who sat near. "Oh, how I hate 'em!" Amid uproars of laughter the Spectator explained the situation to the man of Revolutionary blood. He became so far mollified as to admit that he had met some nice-appearing English people.

❀

"And, father, you know I come of English stock myself," the patriot's wife remarked at last. "Yes, mother, but then the Mayflower came over so long ago that it don't count against you," was the reply. And then the conversation changed from hatred of the English to love of their wares, for this allusion led to the production of a precious heirloom, brought from a safe hiding-place in the garret. "This tea-set came over in the Mayflower," said the old lady (the Spectator uses the term advisedly, though—or for—he afterwards saw her helping her aged husband in the harvest-field), "and it has been passed down to the eldest daughter ever since. No, I'm not the eldest daughter in our family; there was one older sister, but at my mother's vandoo it was decided to put this set up at auction to the family, because my sister wanted my mother's mahogany bedstead. So we bid against one another for it, until finally my husband says to me, 'Maria, how much are you willin' to give for that tea-set?' An' I says, 'I don't just know.' 'Are ye willin' to give fifty dollars?' I thought a minute and then I says, 'Yes, I'm willin' to give fifty dollars.' 'Well,' says he, 'you just make one bid of fifty dollars for it, then, and you'll scare her so you'll get it.' So I did, and it's mine, and it'll be my daughter's, though a man once told us we ought to get a thousand dollars for it. But I wouldn't sell it, and I didn't believe him, anyhow. For this isn't solid silver, you see. Here, where there's a little piece chipped off, you can see it's some kind of china underneath."

❀

The Spectator is not an antiquary, and he did not inquire very closely into the history of the ware, but he took a little picture of the pieces so that his readers can see for themselves. The old desk upon which the pieces rest, it seems, was "made of cherry mahogany that came ashore in a vessel that was wrecked off the coast in 1784. She was loaded with mahogany planks, and my great-grandfather got some of 'em and made the desk." On one end of the desk stood a quaint old clock. With characteristic preciseness of detail the old Jerseyman said of the clock, "It was started there on the 24th of June, 1833," and the Spectator waited to hear "and has never stopped since." But no; rhetorical completeness of statement ap-

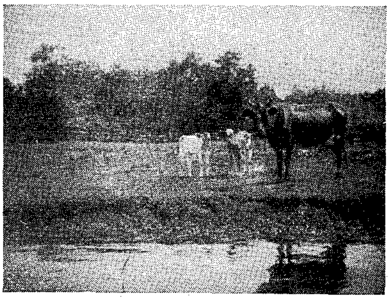


Mayflower Heirlooms

parently had no charm for the man of memory. "No, it's often stopped since; it's only a twenty-six-hour clock, and sometimes I've forgot to wind it. I lay my forgetfulness to a blow I got on my head during the time I followed the sea. We had an Englishman in the crew, and one night he stole up behind me and struck me in the back of the head with a belaying-pin, and it nigh ended me." Thus another link had been forged in the chain of associations which had made this true-blue American hate the English.

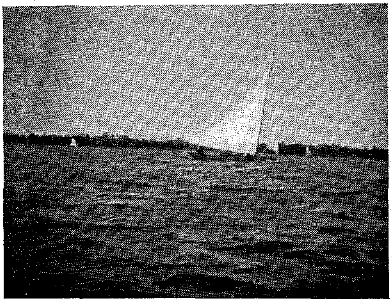
❀

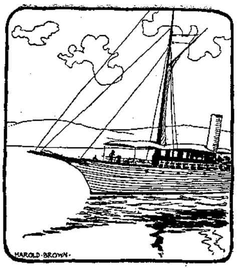
The man who takes a camera with him on an outing is sure to acquire information about men and things. He learns, in the first place, that no one, apparently, can write plain directions even for the operation of a pocket camera; that the very points which he is most interested in are strangely overlooked by the book of instructions; and that he must learn by doing things and making mistakes. He has, too, a vague suspicion, in his most exasperated moments, that, inasmuch as his mistakes must be paid for, and by himself, his friend the manufacturer may be willing to let him learn more in this way than is absolutely necessary. Then, too, he learns that good subjects are hard to get—that picturesque people won't stay still long enough for him to get a time exposure, and if he tries to get them to pose they cease to be picturesque. He finds that golden opportunities come seldom and must be instantly seized when they come—and when he tries to seize them, he finds that the shutter doesn't work, or the bulb doesn't squeeze, or the girl moves, or he has forgotten to bring the camera along, etc., etc. But the Spectator can recommend one subject to the amateur as being thoroughly satisfactory in its knowledge of what is required. That subject is the cow and her offspring. The cow thoroughly understands the importance of gazing directly at the camera, of remaining motionless, of assuming a natural position, and of "looking pleasant," albeit dignified.


Posing for their Pictures

❀

A type of human nature which is readily classified is that of the summer yachtsman. Not the racing yachtsman who spends thousands of dollars on his craft and whose doings make an international incident, but the humbler catboat sailor. He is one of the large class who are truly happy only when they are making the universe do their work. Sisera of old found it very discouraging to fight against the stars in their courses; the modern has learned the lesson, and finds it much better policy to work with the elements and make them do his bidding. The Spectator has seen a man sail up and down a river all day just for the pleasure of making the wind carry him whither he listed; he has known the same man to object strenuously to rowing a boat a hundred yards. There is something irresistibly fascinating in the thought that we can get things done for us by directing nature's forces. This thought has led to the windmill, the water-wheel, the steam-engine, the horseless carriage, the Keely motor—where shall we stop? It has led, along another line of invention—that of saving labor by utilizing the services of our fellows—to slavery, to governmental sinecures, and, incidentally, to the rush to the Klondike—for the Klondikers are simply looking for a short road to luxurious inactivity. But in its application to the sailing of boats this ineradicable human impulse is certainly harmless enough; the Spectator recalls but one part in the little drama more inoffensive and inconspicuous—shall he confess that he was cast for this part himself?—namely, that of lying idly on the deck watching the other fellow do the steering and the sailing!


Where Sailboats Reign



A DAY AT LONE ISLAND

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

THE long curve of Irish Point stretched away into the Atlantic Ocean under the sun of an August day. It was more like an Italian landscape than a New England one; and yet these rocks of pink granite, whose deep color shone through the clear green water and snowy foam of the great breakers that dashed against them, as the tide rose, with an over coming and joyous sweep, were the last sentinels, the outermost pickets, of the islanded coast of Maine. Pink boulders and a yellowish-gray pebbled beach at the foot; low pink cliffs above, a grayish-green down upon their top, stretching inland, carpeted with short grass and lichen, and strewn with shells of the sea-urchin dropped by satiated gulls, and bits of drift and timber flung by the winter waves with all their roaring strength, high and far, as a defiant challenge to the land; a blue sky without a cloud overarching all, and two white sails, far out to sea, half lost in the multitudinous sparkle of the ocean—these were the elements of the picture which the two persons seated on the lower rocks of the Point had come to see, and which had drawn them there, across the stony paths of the little island, often before. Indeed, Anne had spoiled many sheets of paper in attempting water-colors of the Point before she had renounced the effort to do more than absorb its color and atmosphere in restful appreciation. To-day she was sitting idly gazing into a rock pool, and exclaiming over its riches.

"I never saw such a fascinating collection! Here is a pink starfish, and a yellow one, and a lovely white one, and a perfect rainbow of little shells, and two sea-urchins. Cousin Lydia, don't you think it would be a good idea for Tommy to have an aquarium? That old tub behind the back porch would do."

"Perhaps so, dear." Cousin Lydia's sweet elderly face looked a trifle troubled at the prospect. "Mrs. Caruthers's boys tried it last year. They had twenty hermit-crabs and some starfish. But the hermit-crabs walked round and round the tub all day, in a sort of hurried gallop, like a procession; it was very strange—Jamie Caruthers called it a 'cake walk;' of course a boy is apt to see things in a careless light, for I am sure Jamie was not really a cruel boy; and the starfish, being in the path, were trampled on all the time; and so one day, after half the hermit-crabs had eaten each other up, Mrs. Caruthers and I persuaded the boys to empty the tub back into the cove. If you really want an aquarium, though, Anne"—and Miss Lawrence's voice had a deprecating sweetness—"of course you can have it."

She did not entirely understand her beautiful, clever young cousin, but she always admired her, it being Cousin Lydia's very life to admire and follow. A gentle, timid spinster, she had all her life been "under the heels of one or another of her family," as her energetic friend Mrs. Caruthers expressed it. And now, late in life, with all her tyrants dead and buried, and a small income of her own, she hardly knew how to enjoy it. Last year she had been introduced to Lone Island by Mrs. Caruthers, and had liked it so much, in its primitive solitude, that this summer, her friend having gone abroad, she had rented the cottage, the only one upon the island besides the houses of the natives, for herself; and, having found two orphan cousins, who needed a vacation and had nowhere to go, in the persons of Anne and her young brother, she was enjoying the part of hostess very much. In her heart of hearts I am not sure but that Tommy was Cousin Lydia's favorite, because he was masterful and she loved to obey; whereas Anne, though the breadwinner, and a most capable young woman, was as considerate, in spite of her cleverness, as Cousin Lydia herself.

"Oh no, Cousin Lydia, Tommy mustn't have anything that would be cruel to the crabs and starfish. I'll bring him down, an we'll explore these pools together, instead. only wish I knew more about zoölogy and all that, so as to tell him things." Anne shook her head, with its crown of bronze gold, pensively, and her blue eyes were perplexed. "I don't see how I am to manage Tommy, Cousin Lydia. The problem grows every year, faster even than he does. If had money—oh, you don't know how I fairly long for money!—I could send him to a first rate school, instead of a crowded public one, and then put him through college, and give him a thorough, real chance in the world."

"My dear!" said Miss Lawrence, in a shocked tone.

"Yes, I know it sounds mercenary. But I can't help it sometimes, down in New York, when I am working away at my designing, and Tommy is with those rough boys at the school, or fretting for a place to play in because I try to keep him off of the street; and when I see all the luxury around me, and other women making extravagant or foolish use of it, why, I just crave it for myself. If I had a fortune, Cousin Lydia, I know of so many lovely things to do! Money means power, nowadays, and influence, and—oh, it is the key to everything!"

Miss Lawrence looked gently embarrassed. "In my girlhood, Anne," she said, with a certain meek stateliness, "it was not considered that money meant everything. The Lawrences have never had money, but they have always been the best people, and stood for the best things, you know. There is so much more talk about money, nowadays; nobody seems to think it is vulgar to talk about it, as I was taught when I was a girl. I never can get accustomed to it."

The girl looked up at her with amused appreciation.

"Thank you, Cousin Lydia. I suppose I deserve it. You are like all the rest of Lone Island—a beautiful rebuke to the modern spirit. Nobody here wants money or strives for it—they wouldn't know what to do with it if they got it. I asked Captain Ben Staples, down at the store, the other day, why he didn't have another piece of turkey-red calico in the store—you know we used up all the last at the cottage—and he said, 'Wal, it's a trouble rememberin' to git it, 'nd then it all sells out, soon ez it's on the shelf.' If I could only see life that way!"

She straightened up as she spoke, and Miss Lawrence gazed at her with mild admiration. Anne Lawrence certainly was a beautiful girl—not merely pretty, which means so little, or handsome, which suggests severity; but with that harmonious magic of lovely color and form which is a rare gift of the gods to the daughters of men. Dazzlingly fair, tall, graceful, sweet-voiced, starry-eyed, she seemed like a nymph risen from the sea or strayed from the woods to rejoice the eyes of men. "Such a beautiful creature," Cousin Lydia murmured to herself, "and no one here to see her." By "no one" Miss Lawrence meant the lords of creation; for the dear old lady belonged to a past generation, and was romantic enough to feel that love was the fulfilling of a woman's life. Once, in her girlhood, Cousin Lydia had had a lover; but being "under the heels" at that time of a domineering father and a selfish invalid sister, the little romance had faded helplessly away.

A quick step behind them, a surprised exclamation from Anne, and a tall and extremely good-looking young man, dressed in a rough suit, stood before them, apparently fallen from the skies. He was not, however, an angelic visitant, for Anne introduced him, with a suspicious deepening of color, as "Mr. Wharton, Cousin Lydia—from New York."

"I came on Captain Staples's boat, this morning," he volunteered, "and called at your cottage, and they directed me here. I have been sketching over at Mount Desert, and thought I would try a week or so here, and have some fishing. They tell me it is very good."

"I am afraid you will not get anything but codfish," said Cousin Lydia, apologetically, as if she was responsible for the island. "There have been no herring or mackerel this season. But perhaps," vaguely, "you like flounders. Tommy often fishes for them off the wharf. I never heard of any one coming for the fishing before, though."

Mr. Wharton looked decidedly embarrassed.

"You might make a large haul of codfish," said Anne, reflectively, "and have it dried to take back with you. They split it, here, and pile it up like cordwood behind the kitchen door, after it is dried. Two or three hundred weight could be easily caught in a week, if you gave your mind to it, and it would last you all winter. You chop off some with an ax, you know, whenever you need it, and boil it in milk."

George Wharton flushed. He was the sort of man that is easily discomfited by raillery—a serious, hard-working young fellow, whose one object in life, for the last two years, had been to adore Anne Lawrence without letting her know it—a hopeless impossibility, by the way, since no girl with a pair of ordinary eyes could fail to read the constant language of true love in that sincere and expressive face of his. If Anne knew it, however, she gave no sign; and he worshiped on in silence, for, being a penniless artist, he was much too proud to offer his poverty and himself to any woman. At present, however, having just been left a handsome legacy by an uncle, and having sold several of his pictures, he saw his way clear to a moderate—a very moderate—competence, and had posted, at once, up to Lone Island to ask Anne to share it with him. This light reception, meeting his tension of purpose, was naturally confusing.

"If I cannot get any fish," he said, addressing himself with much deference to Cousin Lydia, as a possible ally, "I may perhaps be able to carry away some sketches of your beautiful island instead."

"You must come and stay with us, at any rate," said Miss Lawrence, on hospitable thoughts intent. "I have two extra rooms, and Captain Ben can bring your things up this afternoon. I would send for them, but, you see, Captain Ben owns the only horse on the island."

"Yes," said Anne, gravely. "When Captain Ben takes his drives abroad, and happens to go down to the other end of the island, eight miles away—he doesn't get that far once in a year, for the horse is kept as a sort of sacred animal—the teacher at the school-house there excuses the children from their lessons to go out and see the horse pass, just as they might for a dozen elephants anywhere else, as a sort of lesson in natural history!"

The three started back toward the cottage, not without many a lingering look backward at the glory they were leaving. It was high noon, and the tide was almost up to the cliffs, throwing the sparkling spray saucily against their glowing sides. A few gulls dipped and screamed over the eternal restlessness of the waves, and a school of porpoises passed by in the offing, sporting joyously in the Atlantic swell. Not a cloud or a shadow; only the wide half-circle of sky and sea, out of which the cool salt wind blew gently upon their faces.

"It is a perfect life here," said Anne, as they walked slowly along the stony road that led across the down to the cottage. "Just nature, pure and simple. Did you notice Captain Ben's face?—what a kind, weather-beaten, placid simplicity there is about it? And his six sons all look like him—big, simple-natured fellows. Do you know, after they have been out in their fishing-boats, in all the dangers of a long cruise, they come home here and play croquet down on the little green by the wharf, over behind that hill—you can't see it from here—hour after hour, as happy and guileless as if they were ten years old. It reminds one of Victor Hugo's old fisherman with his knitting—do you remember? And they all chew gum—tutti-frutti chewing-gum—the boat brings over a case of it whenever it comes, and every man, woman, and child buys it continually. It is the one luxury of Lone Island."

"It is a very bad habit," said Cousin Lydia, in an apologetic tone, "but not so bad as tobacco, after all, Anne."

"The Lone Islanders do not know what a bad habit really is," said Anne, laughing; "they do not drink or smoke or—yes, they do swear occasionally in a dialect of their own, but not in the profane language of civilization. They have the three R's, of course, and the three C's—codfish, croquet, and chewing-gum—and the ocean bounds the rest of their horizon."

"That makes a wide horizon, though, after all," said George, looking out meditatively over the broad, sparkling sweep of the sea. "Nature is the widest and most satisfying thing any man can know."

"You show the true Lone Island spirit." Anne smiled. "I am a child of the world myself. But the islanders—and Cousin Lydia, too—are infinitely removed from any of the questions which we fret about in the city."

"I only wish I was as simple and good as the islanders," said Cousin Lydia, earnestly. "They have all the natural human feelings—the best ones, religion, for instance, and neighborly kindness, and—love" (she said this last word so reverently that the young man's heart was hers from that moment), "and it seems to me that that is all that is necessary—the best of life; and most people, after all, are struggling for mistaken things."

"I entirely agree with *you*, Miss Lawrence," cried George, enthusiastically. As for Anne, having taken the position of a mammon-worshiper, she only smiled and said, mischievously:

"*Codfish and content!*—it certainly makes a good motto!" Then, as they came in sight of the cottage, "Cousin Lydia, isn't that some one on the porch? Why—oh, look at the wharf; it must be—" She hesitated, bit her lip, and flushed perceptibly. "It must be Mr. Willis and his sister. She told me they might be at Bar Harbor this summer."

This conveyed no especial impression to Miss Lawrence's mind; but George Wharton remembered at that moment, with great clearness, a bit of talk he had heard that spring in the city. "Miss Anne Lawrence? yes, beautiful girl; and Willis is in love with her, they say—Willis, the sugar-broker, ten millions or so, you know!" A great sense of helplessness, almost a terror of fate, possessed the young man suddenly. Here, in this primitive paradise of sky and sea, where love could speak, it seemed, without the hand of worldly prudence forever heavy on its shoulder, the omnipresent power of money had appeared before he could even tell his errand. He followed gloomily as the two ladies hastened forward to the house, revolving in his mind the vital question: "Was Anne's blush simply the result of embarrassment at Mr. Willis's inopportune arrival, or —the alternative thought was too painful to be framed.

A scene of confusion greeted the mortified eyes of Cousin Lydia as she reached the steps. Tommy, the irrepressible, had left a heap of fishing-tackle, boots, clam bait of a most evil odor, and a dead crab or two, in the middle of the porch floor. His striped bathing-suit, also, he had thoughtfully hung upon the railing by the front door to dry in the sun. Miss Lawrence's embarrassment, as she hastened into the parlor to welcome her unexpected guests, was still further complicated by the haunting thought of dinner—a suitable dinner in this primitive paradise for a pair of wealthy persons who came in a yacht! Cousin Lydia's menu was restricted at the best of times by the fact that the Lone Islanders, living exclusively upon codfish stewed in milk, potatoes, bread, and tea, had no conception of a wider diet. Captain Ben, indeed, had been induced to import for her a barrel of onions and one of pears, but she was dismally conscious that the pears had just given out, and that onions were hardly a dish for such visitors. Lobster, canned peas, canned tomatoes—she ran over the possibilities of lunch, as Anne introduced to her a very handsome and stylish woman and a middle-aged gentleman who, with his six feet of stature, his iron-gray hair, and his eyeglass, was very imposing indeed. They seemed entirely out of place in the simple little parlor, and suggested rather Newport and Fifth Avenue; but they were none the less as cordial as possible.

"My brother is very anxious, Miss Lawrence," said Mrs. Witherbee, "to take you all out in his yacht. We only reached Bar Harbor yesterday, and are going on to Halifax to-morrow; but just for this afternoon, if you will come—we can have lunch on board, and a little sail, and come home by moonlight. When we come back from Halifax, I shall hope to induce Miss Anne to come over to Bar Harbor and visit me; but to-day was so fine that we did not wish to neglect this opportunity either. Don't disappoint us—we have quite set our hearts upon it, you know."

Cousin Lydia's heart "leaped up" as if, like Wordsworth in his youth, she had "beheld a rainbow in the sky" as she saw the lunch problem thus eliminated. In her relief at this, the acceptance of the invitation was a foregone conclusion. Go? of course they would gladly go, all three of them; she would only gather a few shawls and wraps together, and they could be off in a quarter of an hour. It was not until Miss Lawrence was heaping the shawls across her arm, upstairs, that it occurred to her that Mr. Willis—yes, and Mr. Wharton, too—dear me! how suddenly it had all come about, and just when she had been grieving, that morning, that Anne had no lovers at all! And which would Anne—oh, Mr. Wharton, of course, Cousin Lydia decided, with only a little sigh for poor Mr. Willis, who, at his age, would find it so hard to forget!

Three hours afterward she was not so sure. In that time a sight of the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, had dazzled Miss Lawrence's unsophisticated soul. They had had a lunch so elegant that she blushed even to remember her own poor little larder. A stately steward had hovered around the snowy table laden with exquisite silver, and china and glass for which Mrs. Witherbee apologized, saying carelessly that it was only good enough to break, but which had, to her, seemed priceless. The talk had been clever and pleasant, Mr. Willis showing himself a man of real culture and kindly nature, though a trifle formal. Then they had been taken over the yacht and seen the daintiest and most luxurious of decorations everywhere—carved mahogany panels, silken hangings exquisitely embroidered, well-filled bookcases, paintings on the walls—a floating nest of magnificence, but nowhere beyond the limits of perfect good taste. Everywhere, at every turn, Anne had been flatteringly referred to, her opinion asked, her lightest speech listened to admiringly. Her beauty, harmonious, on the island rocks, with the sea and sky, was just as harmonious here with the luxurious splendor of silk and gold. "She ought to have it," groaned George Wharton, despairingly, within himself; "she is like a jewel in the right setting among it all. And I can't give it to her—and he can!"

Poor George! he had come because he couldn't help following Anne, and now he was fiercely unhappy because he couldn't get away. He sank down upon one of the steamer-chairs so invitingly arranged upon the after-deck, beside Cousin Lydia and Mrs. Witherbee, and relapsed into the profoundest melancholy, while Mr. Willis showed Anne the naphtha launch, the engines, and all the points of the yacht. Meanwhile, Mrs. Witherbee chatted away in her pleasant voice to Miss Lawrence. She was a charming woman, and knew it; warm-hearted, a trifle inconsequent, but with an abundance of mother-wit, cultivated by education, observation, and travel, so as to render her conversation justly admired. "Such a friend for Anne! Such a sphere for Anne! Such opportunities for Anne!" Poor Cousin Lydia kept forming these phrases in her mind, as the possibilities of life for Mr. Willis's bride shaped themselves before her. To spend the winters in New York, or in Egypt, California, the West Indies (Mrs. Witherbee spoke familiarly of them all), and the summers abroad, or on this floating palace, or at Newport, Lenox, or the Adirondacks; to have every opportunity, every luxury, every pleasure! And Tommy—schools, college, business or professional life, every development and accessory that any boy could need! And Anne wanted all this, and appreciated it; she had said so. Cousin Lydia, torn between the strong conviction that George Wharton and poverty were her choice for Anne, and an equally strong enjoyment of Mrs. Witherbee's conversation (which seemed to her loyal soul like treachery to her young ally), passed an agitating series of hours.

A wonderful sunset displayed itself upon the glowing horizon, all rose and gold and purple. The vast heaving swell about them was broken only here and there by a rocky island, near whose gray cliffs they passed swiftly, leaving them black against the sunset. Then, slowly, after the great fiery disk had sunk, quenched in the far waves, the colors faded to pink and pearl and saffron and lilac, and the moon rose, luminous and soft in the pale sky. It was an evening fit for mystery, for romance, for vague longings and the whispers of young lovers; and George Wharton, irritated beyond measure by the contrast between nature and fate, would gladly have cast himself into the ocean. His sufferings were not lessened by the lingering farewells of Mr. Willis, as the yacht at last touched Captain Ben's rickety wharf again.

"Good-by, Miss Lawrence. My sister and I owe you thanks for honoring our little vessel by your visit. And Mr.—Mr. Warburton" (Mr. Willis was always a trifle hazy about names), "we are so glad you were able to come, too!" ("Confound him! I only wish I'd had the sense to stay away!" muttered George to himself.) "Good-by, Miss Anne," then something in a lower tone, which the young man could not hear, but which his jealous fancy readily imagined. Yes—they would come back in the yacht from Halifax, and carry Anne away to Bar Harbor, to luxury and happiness; and he—well, he would be back in the city, painting, painting away at some picture that would bring nothing but fame, even if successful—and what was fame but ashes and dust, after to-day? With the shawls on his arm, the young man trudged gloomily beside the two ladies up the wooded lane which led from the wharf past Captain Staples's store, the church, and a few scattered habitations, to the cottage. The "sing" in the church, a weekly gathering of lads and lasses, who cultivated thus their piety, their voices, and their affections at the same time, was just over, and the couples were straying leisurely along the lane toward their homes, generally hand in hand, as was the Lone Island custom between sweethearts. Cousin Lydia sighed gently as they passed each pair; her tender heart was bleeding for the devoted but hapless lover at her side. As for Anne, she chatted away, in great spirits, for the three.

"Such marvelous moonlight! I have always longed to see the moonlight here from the sea, instead of always from the land side, and never had the chance before. Wasn't it wonderful—the mystery of it, and the ocean so wide and so pale? Oh, one can't say it, but only feel it!"

The moon beamed approval of her enthusiasm, but no one else responded. They reached the house, and Cousin Lydia vanished at once to see about the maids and the breakfast, for Lone Island servants were kittle cattle to drive at the best of times. Anne, still in an expansive mood, and willfully ignoring the profound melancholy of her companion, leaned on the railing of the porch, ornamented yet with Tommy's bathing-suit, and gazed out upon the moonlit ocean.

"Oh! isn't it glorious!" she cried. "And to think that you are going to start out upon that silver sea, with no soul above codfish, to-morrow! Whom are you going out with? Captain Ben?"

"I am going back to-morrow to New York," said George, with a trifling difficulty in controlling his voice, but with great dignity.

"Going back!" echoed Anne, incredulously. "Why, what do you mean?" She turned and looked full at him, and the moonlight upon her face was too much for his fortitude, though he had determined to remain heroically silent as to his feelings.

"I mean that I came here to tell you that I loved you, and that my pictures—my uncle—that I had a chance to make a home for you. But after seeing Willis to-day and his yacht—and you like him!—there's only one thing to do, and that is to go away like a man and let a happier fellow win the prize!"

Anne lifted her beautiful head high.

"Yes," she said, "a man can always—go away! But don't you think it's a little hard for a woman to have no choice in the matter?"

"Choice!" cried George, blindly pursuing his own thought, head down; "that's just it. What choice is there between Willis and me? And he's a good fellow, too, if he hadn't a cent—that's the worst of it! I don't blame you for choosing him!"

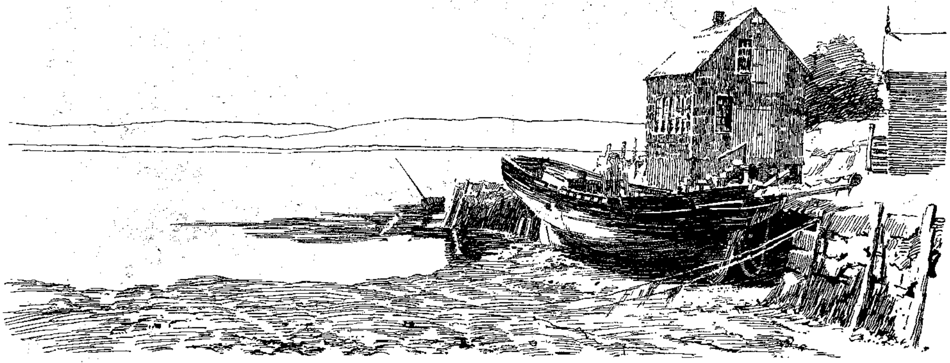
Anne gave a little breathless laugh. "Oh, but you don't understand!" she said. "You're not leaving me any choice at all! I know just what you've been thinking all day, and you—you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You're choosing for me, and—I don't agree with you at all! I want to choose for myself, if you please! You think I'm worldly and luxurious and ambitious and all that, and so I am sometimes—this morning, for instance. But I know the best things, after all, just as well as you and Cousin Lydia and the Lone Islanders do, and this evening I understand myself better. I'd rather be one of those girls going down the lane than sell myself for a yacht and ten millions!"

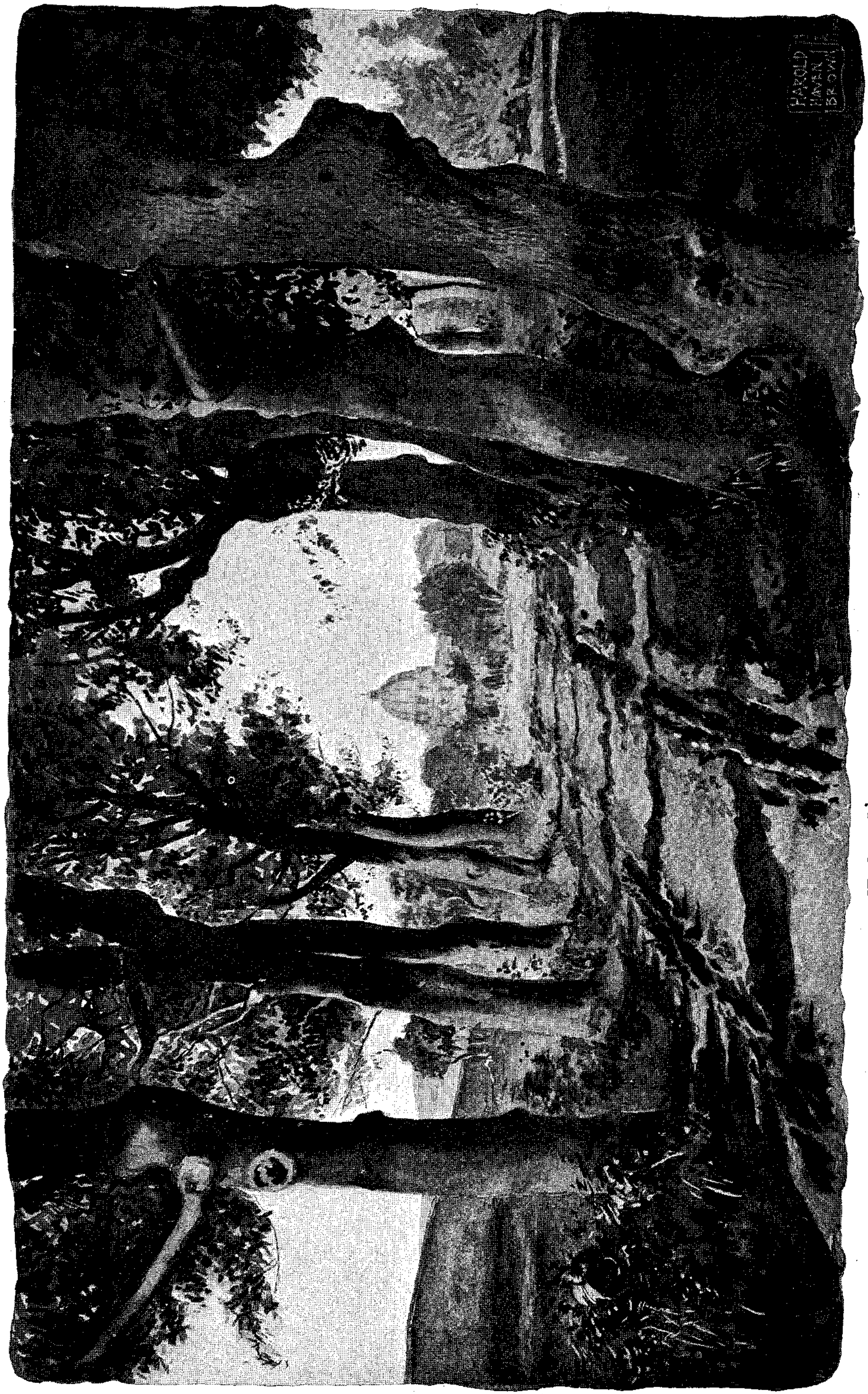
George put his hand over hers, where it rested on the railing, with a firm clasp. "Do you mean you would choose a fellow like me, Anne, with nothing to bring you—with nothing to offer you—rather than Willis and all his possessions? Oh, Anne! but he can't love you as I do, after all. Don't you know that I have loved you for years?"

"You never told me so before," said Anne, with another tremulous little laugh. "Do you think it is fair to expect me to decide on such short notice? But—leave me my choice, sir, and see! Perhaps—"

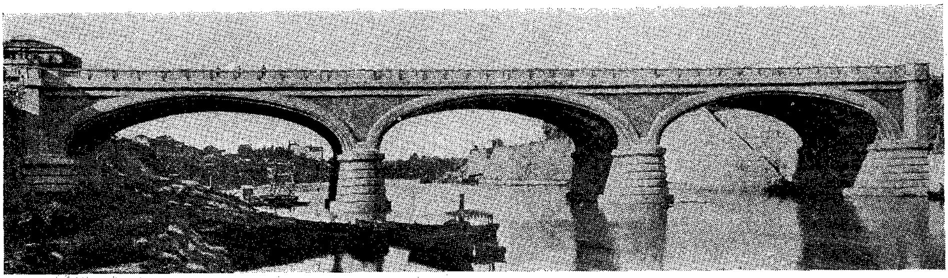
She never ended the sentence, for just then Cousin Lydia appeared at the door, and George Wharton, with a surprising gayety and cheerfulness in his voice, turned toward her.

"Miss Lawrence, the moonlight is too beautiful to miss, so Miss Anne and I are going to take a little walk down the lane to the rocks, if you will let us. We've all had a very luxurious and pleasant time of it among the pomps and vanities of life to-day, but Lone Island in the moonlight is my ideal of perfect happiness, after all!"




HAROLD HAVEN BROWN

ST. PETER'S FROM THE JANICULUM PARK



ONE OF THE NEW BRIDGES—THE PONTE MARGHERITA—OVER THE TIBER

Designed by Signor Vescovali.

The Higher Life of Modern Rome

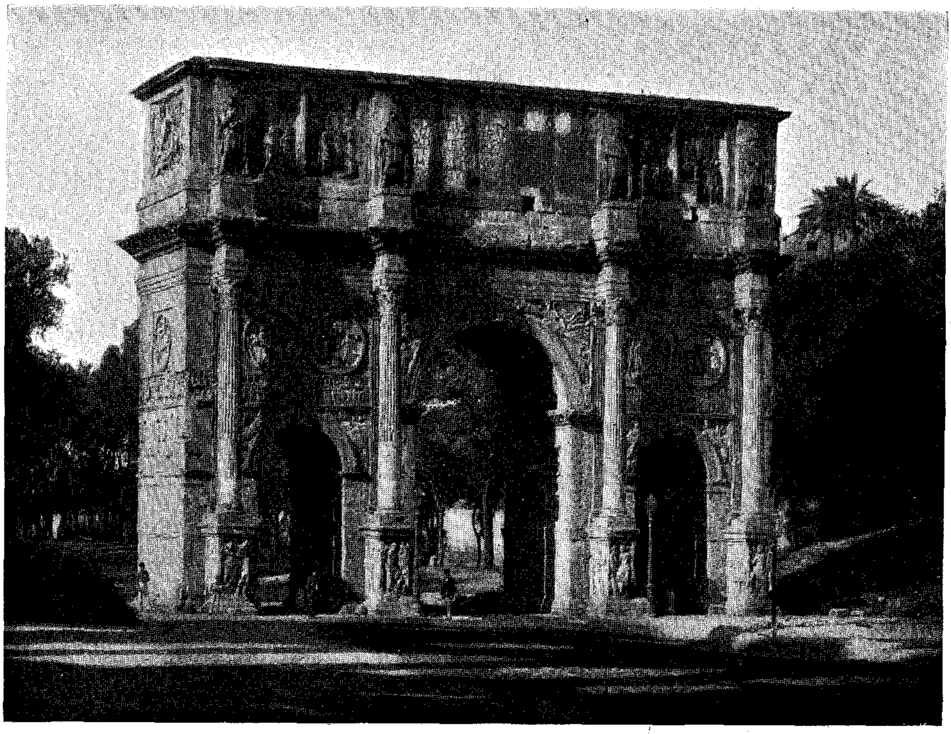
By Professor Rodolfo Lanciani

Author of "Pagan and Christian Rome," "Ancient Rome in the Light of Modern Discoveries," etc., etc.

THE works executed since 1870 in Rome for the sanitation and general improvement of the city have given rise to much controversy, in which political and religious feelings have sometimes been mixed with æsthetic and purely artistic arguments. It is of no use to reopen the discussion now; let us leave it in the hands of a few novel-writers, mostly of the fair sex, who delight in condemning modern improvements in Rome as the greatest crime ever committed since the fall of the Empire. I have myself denounced occasionally the errors committed in the course of the work, not so much by the State and the municipality as by a host of unscrupulous speculators in land and building enterprises. But at the same time I have expressed the belief that the impartial judge must put in each of the scales what has been gained and what has been lost, and must weigh the matter, not from a personal point of view, but from the general point of view of public health, cleanliness, the comfort of half a million people, art, science, history, and archæology. To please some of these critics Rome ought never to have become the capital of United Italy and the seat of the Government; we ought to have left the Tiber to be the Cloaca Maxima of the city, its banks to be hotbeds of infection, its neighborhood to be a prey to periodical inundations. Air, light, cleanliness, health, which every town in the world has a right to demand and obtain, ought to have been denied to us; our duty was to sit as models for amateur artists, among picturesque and decayed surroundings, to live, not in houses, but *in monumentis*, like the maniac of the Gospel. If the doubling of the population demanded the widening of some narrow lanes and the opening of new thoroughfares, the space should have been obtained without demolishing a single old dilapidated house, at least not without obtaining leave from the critics of the fair sex.

I do not deny that the problem was a difficult one, and that mistakes have been made in an enterprise which has cost State, county, city, companies, over two hundred millions of dollars; but the results are altogether more than satisfactory, and there is no comparison possible between what has been certainly gained and what is alleged to have been lost. One fact will answer for all. In the last decade of the Pope's Government, from 1860 to 1869, in an average population of 205,229, the rate of births was 26.7 per thousand, that of deaths 29 per thousand. In 1890–1893, in an average population of 437,355 souls, the rate of death has been lowered to the extraordinarily low figure of 19.45 per thousand, while that of births has remained the same.

Many elements have concurred to bring about this splendid result. Eighty-two miles of new streets have been opened, paved, drained, and built; four thousand six hundred new houses have been built according to the principles of modern sanitation; the cultivation of the Campagna has been begun; the Tiber has been obliged to run within well-defined limits; and a great volume of wholesome spring-water has been brought down from the mountains and distributed all over the city and the outlying districts as far as the seacoast by Ostia and Fiumicino. As I



A MONUMENT OF IMPERIAL ROME. THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

have remarked above, many mistakes have been committed in the course of this great enterprise; but they can hardly be taken into consideration if we look at the general results. Like many European capitals of the present day, Rome has its low and its upper quarters; the first still intersected by narrow, tortuous streets, the second cut by wide avenues, planted with trees, and lined with comfortable houses and new Government offices, such as the Ministry of Finances, the Ministry of War, the Ministry of the Royal Household, the Mineralogical Museum, the Exhibition Palace, the National Bank, the Barracks of the Royal Cuirassiers, etc.

The Ministry of Finances, designed by Canevari in the sixteenth-century style, occupies a block nine hundred and twenty feet long, three hundred and ten wide. It contains three great courts, and room for three thousand clerks, besides the Minister's state apartment, the library, and the archives. The aggregate length of the shelves in this last department reached twenty-four miles in 1890. The pediments on the north and south fronts were modeled by Rosa. It cost three million dollars.

The Palazzo della Banca d'Italia (the Bank of Italy) in the Via Nationale is the handsomest building of modern Rome. It was designed by Gaetano Koch in the Renaissance style. Its whole front is of travertine, and its spacious courts are faced with the same material. It cost one million dollars.

The upper quarters have also been selected for the erection of modern hotels, of which the Grand Hotel, designed by Giulio Podesti, is the prototype for size and magnificence of decorations. The Palazzo Boncompagni Piombino, the residence of his Excellency Wayne MacVeagh, Ambassador of the United States, may likewise be brought forward as the most perfect type of a modern palace, uniting grandeur of style to the requirements of comfort.

Several monuments have been raised to the memory of illustrious Italians, like Quintino Sella, Marco Minghetti, Terenzio Mamiani, and the brothers Cairoli; all uninteresting and lacking novelty of conception. A statue was erected in 1889 in the Piazza di Campo di Fiori to the Dominican friar, Giordano Bruno, born at Nola in 1550, and burnt in the same piazza in 1600 by order of the Inquisition, on the plea that he was a freethinker and an enemy of the Church, while no more zealous and inspired reformer than he could be found in the annals of the religious movement of the sixteenth century. The colossal figure of Giordano is beautifully modeled but lacks individuality, and may just as well be supposed to represent St. Thomas Aquinas. Among the eight medallions which adorn the pedestal, those of Fra Paolo Sarpi (1623), of Michael Servetus, burnt by Calvin in 1553, of John Wycliffe (1384), and of John Huss (1415) are the best.

The monuments, however, which deserve a marked place in the history of modern art are those of Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel, all built at the expense of the nation, by architects and sculptors who had won the prize in a competition, national in the case of Cavour and Garibaldi, international in the case of Victor Emmanuel. The monument to Cavour, designed and executed by the sculptor Vincenzo Galletti, stands at the back of the new Halls of Justice in the Prati di Castello, in the center of a square to which the name of that eminent statesman has been given. Considering that there are already one hundred and forty memorials in as many Italian cities, in which Cavour appears in every conceivable attitude and surrounded by all kinds of allegorical and historical figures (generally a draped woman with staring eyes, and a nude boy with hanging hair, the meaning of which group I fail to understand), I think that Signor Galletti has nobly succeeded in his task of producing something new and eminently artistic. The group of Italy and Rome on the front of the pedestal, the lion of strength on the back, and the Michelangeloesque figure of the man freeing himself from the bonds of servitude, make up a striking whole.

The monument to Garibaldi, inaugurated, like the preceding one, on September 20, 1895—the twenty-fifth anniversary of the réunion of Rome to Italy—is the work of the sculptor Gallori. It stands on the highest platform of the Janiculum, a hill which the gallant general successfully defended against the French army of Oudinot in May and June, 1849. It was upon the bastions south of the present monument that the foreign invaders directed the joint effort of twenty-four batteries, and succeeded in making a breach. Every spot in the neighborhood is intimately associated with the events of that memorable siege. The existence of a considerable portion of the old walls of Aurelian back of the bastioned fortifications of Urban VIII. gave the besieged the advantage of a double line of defenses. Garibaldi watched the progress of the operations from the highest and most exposed spot, from the terrace of the villa then belonging to the Savorelli family and now to Major Heyland. I knew in my youth a dear simple-minded monk from the neighboring convent of San Pietro di Montorio, who acted during the siege as Garibaldi's cook. His name was Fra Pietro, and he used to tell me how often a French shot would strike the wall of the room, or the parapet of the terrace in which the popular hero was taking his frugal meal.

In justice to the French Commander-in-Chief, Oudinot, I must add that in selecting the Porta S. Pancrazio and the high ridge of the Janiculum for the attack, he was guided by the thought that from no other spot could the operations of the besieging army be carried on with so little injury to the monuments of the Eternal City.

The monument consists of a massive foundation raised on three steps, upon which stands the pedestal, adorned with four very spirited bronze groups representing incidents in the history of the national uprisings for unity in 1849 and 1859. I need not enter into a minute description of this noble monument. Works are now in progress to open a grand terrace in front of it, commanding the most magnificent view over the city of the seven hills. A glimpse of this view towards St. Peter's is shown in one of our illustrations.

The national monument to Victor Emmanuel, in course of construction since 1883, occupies part of the eastern summit of the Capitoline Hill,

THE STATUE OF BRUNO

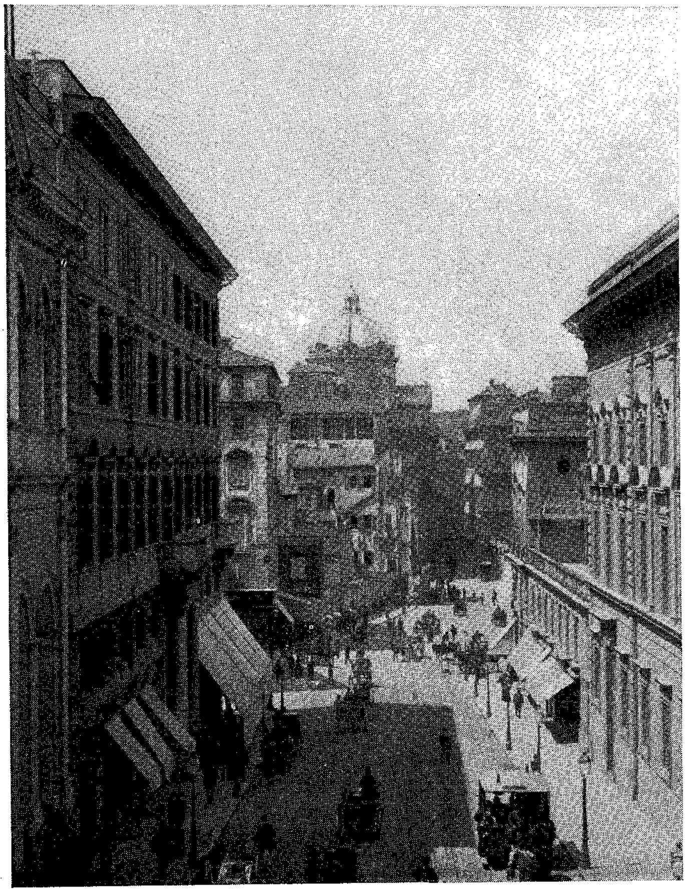
In 1600 Bruno was burned as a heretic. In 1889 a monument was unveiled on the spot where the philosopher suffered martyrdom.

facing the Piazza di Venezia and the Corso. Its planning and design were thrown open to international competition, and won by Count Giuseppe Sacconi. It consists of an immense platform seventy-eight feet above the level of the Piazza di Venezia, in the middle of which stands, or rather will stand, on a lofty pedestal, the equestrian statue of the King, modeled by Chiaradia. The platform is reached by means of imposing flights of stairs, ornamented with statues, groups, niches, columns, fountains, etc. The curved colonnade in the background is meant to conceal the Church of the Aracœli. The cream-colored stone of which the monument is built comes from the quarries of Botticino, near Brescia. Considering that it has taken thirteen years to build the foundations alone, and that the works are actually interrupted for want of funds, we wonder if the great undertaking will be completed in the course of the living generation.

Another monument of great interest was designed in 1887 by the architect Azurri in memory of our brave soldiers killed at the battle of Dogali. Its principal ornament is the obelisk which I discovered June 11, 1883, in the Dromos of the Temple of Isis, between the Church of St. Ignazio and that of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. This obelisk, perfectly well preserved and covered with hieroglyphics, was quarried at Assuan from a richly colored vein of red granite, and was brought to Rome in the time of Domitian, together with the obelisk now in front of the Pantheon. The two monoliths are identical in size and workmanship, and are inscribed with the same cartouches of Ramses the Great. The site selected for this Monumento di Dogali, in front of the central railway station, is too large for such a comparatively small shaft. A grotesque railway station forms the background.

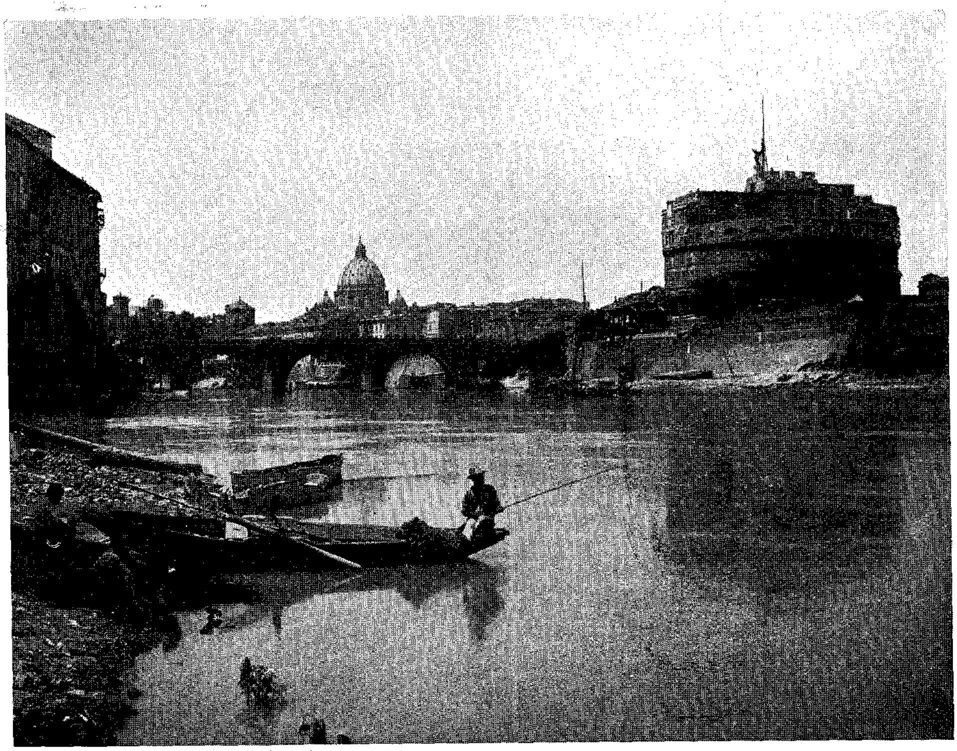
Full of grace and inspired from classic models is the "Pillar of Victory," set up on September 20, 1895, in front of the "Breccia di Porta Pia," through which the Italian army entered the city twenty-five years before. Here, also, advantage has been taken of a pillar which was discovered under my supervision among the ruins of the baths of Nero, restored in the third century by Alexander Severus. It is a noble shaft of red granite, three feet in diameter and twenty-four feet high. The monument was designed and the Victory modeled by Ferrari.

The Embankment of the Tiber, if it cannot be called a success from an æsthetic point of view, is undoubtedly one of the greatest feats of modern engineering. From the traditional flood, in the course of which Romulus and his twin brother were exposed to the waters in the inlet of the Velabrum, to the present day



A TURN IN THE VIA NAZIONALE

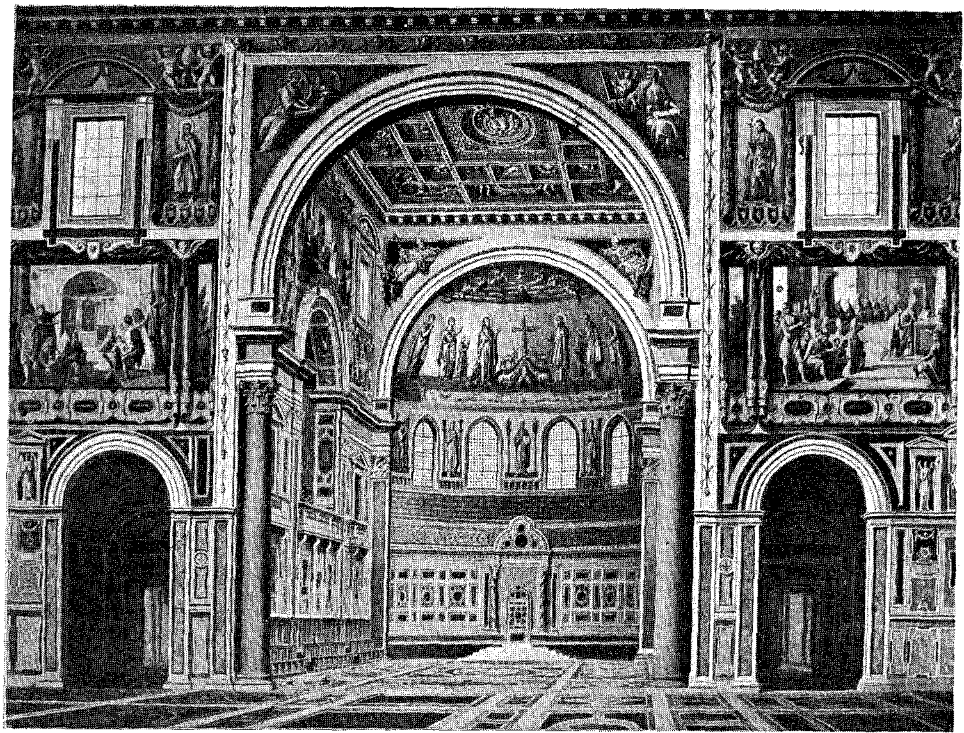
One of the main streets of Rome. The dome of the Church of Il Gesù is in the distance.



THE TIBER

At the right is the Castle of St. Angelo, once Hadrian's tomb; in the distance rises the dome of St. Peter's.

one hundred and thirty-two great inundations are recorded, that of 1598 being the highest. It began on Christmas Eve; at noon of the following day there were twenty-one feet of water in and near the Pantheon, fifteen in the Piazza Navona, and so on. A boat went ashore in the Piazza di Spagna, where the "Fontana della Barcaccia" was erected to commemorate the event. The Æmilian bridge and hundreds of houses were washed away, seven hundred persons drowned in the city, and eight hundred in the suburbs. The worst flood in my lifetime was the one of December 28–29, 1870, which covered one-third of the city, the waters rising to the height of 12.22 meters above their ordinary level. To give such a capricious river a regular outlet the ancients had adopted a triple section, the lowest and narrowest (66.50 m. between the quays) to serve in time of drought; the middle (97.50 m.) in moderate, the upper (135 m.) in extraordinary floods. Our engineers, on the contrary, have built a uniform bed of 100 m. in width, which has to serve both for droughts and floods. The work is nearly completed. The walls, thirty-eight feet high above the mean level of the stream, and faced with blocks of travertine, are about six miles in length, counting both sides, and support the embankment, a beautiful avenue, sixty feet wide, planted with double or quadruple lines of trees, and lined with stately structures like the South American College, the Halls of Justice, the Palazzo Falconieri, the Farnessina, and so on. The foundations of the supporting walls are sunk to the depths of the clay strata, by means of compressed-air caissons, built with sheets of iron and a framework of steel. Some of them have been sunk thirty-eight feet below the bottom of the river. Seven new bridges (besides the four old ones) span the new channel. The Ponte Margherita, of which an illustration is given on another page, was built in 1888–90, from the designs of Angelo Vescovali. It is a splendid structure in Istrian stone, the harmonious outline of which well matches the landscape of the upper course of the Tiber, a favorite landscape with Poussin and Claude Lorraine. It cost $600,000. The same engineer, Vescovali, designed the Ponte Umberto, which connects the new Halls of Justice with the left bank, and also the Ponte Garibaldi, a graceful structure of stone and steel, opened in 1888 at a cost of $500,000. The newest of modern bridges is the so-called



DECORATION OF THE NEW APSE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN

Designed by Count Francesco Vespignani.

Ponte Palatino, connecting the Forum Boarium with the Trastevere. It is a cheap, disgraceful structure, unworthy the city of Rome. The sinking of the foundations of these bridges and the dredging work carried out since 1877 prove that the bed of the river contains a marvelous quantity of objects of value, from bronze statues, masterpieces of Græco-Roman art, down to the smallest articles of personal wear; from flint arrow-heads of prehistoric times to the weapons used by the Garibaldians in fighting the French in 1849. For several years in succession the average number of coins—republican, imperial, mediæval, pontifical—dredged up amounted to twelve hundred per month.

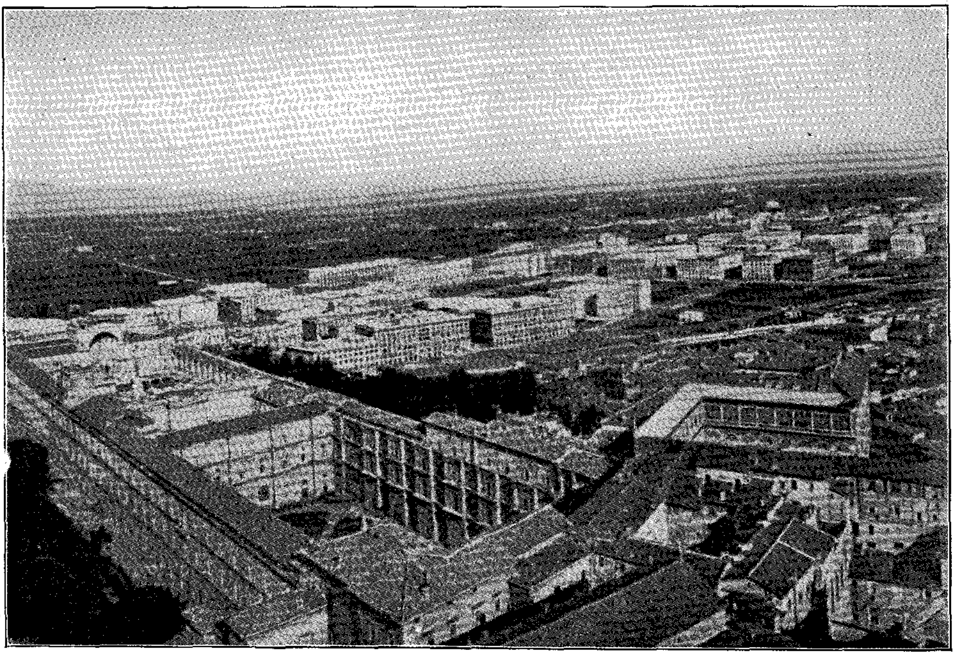
While these civic buildings were erected and these improvements carried on as a material evidence of the elevation of Rome to the rank of a modern capital, the Church, on the other side, was enlarging and vastly improving its own monumental domain. The new apse of St. John the Lateran comes foremost in this line of works; it has cost Pius IX. and Leo XIII. about one million dollars and ten years' time. An illustration shows the decoration of the new apse of that venerable building, but no design can give the reader an idea of the perfection of the work in its minutest detail. It was designed and directed by Count Francesco Vespignani, and executed by the leading artists of the day. Even the bricks of which the substructures and walls are built were designed and made expressly, with the coat of arms and name of the reigning Pope. The inner side of the apse is incrusted in tarsia and mosaic work, in the style which is generally but wrongly called cosmatesque. The outside is coated with polychrome marbles. The carving of the massive doors in oak and walnut has been done in imitation of the mediæval bronze doors of the Baptistery. The only drawback to this scene of beauty is to be found in the frescoes which cover the walls above the organ-lofts, and which by no means can stand comparison with their neighbors of the nave Clementina, painted by Cavaliere d'Arpino, Cesare Nebbia, and others at the time of Clement VIII.

The list of recent church buildings includes two monasteries, the like of which, for size and magnificence, has never been seen in Rome, even in the days of the Popes. One is the property of the Benedictines, the other of the Franciscans. The first, named Il Collegio di S. Anselmo, occupies the platform of the Aventine near the Church of Santa Maria del Priorato, and covers five acres of ground. It was outlined in its general features by one of the monks, and built by Vespignani. It cost about $600,000, contributed partly by the Pope, partly by Messrs. Hemptinne, of Ghent. The other convent, equal, if not superior, in size, is named Il Collegio di S. Antonio, and was built from the designs of Luca Carimini in the grounds of the Villa Giustiniani, near the Lateran. It cost $500,000, contributed by all the Franciscans of the world.

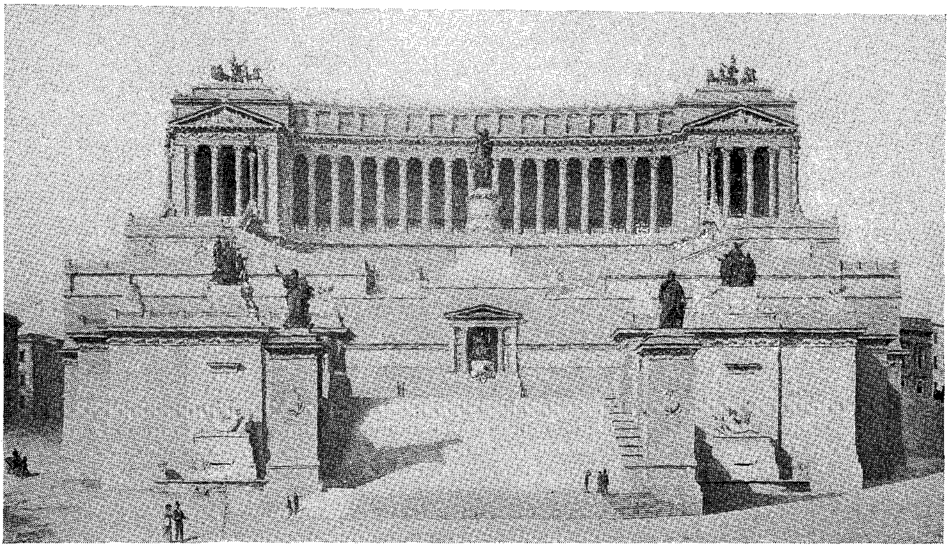
Rome was once said to possess as many churches as there are days in the year, but since becoming the capital of Italy in 1870 the number has increased considerably. The Church of the Sacred Heart by Vespignani, of St. Joachim by Ingami, and of the Virgin Mary by Buti, are among the largest and best. The façade and the atrium, or fore-court, of St. Paul Outside the Walls has been brought to completion at the expense of the National Government. The columns of pink granite thirty-six feet high, which surround the quadriportico, come from the quarries of Baveno, on Lake Maggiore. The mosaics of the new façade cover a surface of five thousand feet, and represent the four Prophets, the mystic cities, the mystic Lamb, and the Redeemer between Peter and Paul. These figures stand on a background of gold, and as the front of the basilica faces the setting sun, it so happens that towards evening it appears enveloped in a blaze of radiant light, which is reflected from the hills even as far as thirty-five miles away.

The Protestants of all denominations and from every country of the world have also aided in the abnormal increase of sacred buildings in Rome. The English national Church of All Saints, designed in the Gothic style by G. E. Street, was erected by public subscription in 1887, at a cost of $160,000. The same architect is the author of the American Church of St. Paul in the Via Nazionale. The mosaics of the apse and arches over the choir were executed by the Salviati Murano Mosaic and Glass Company, Venice, from the designs of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

I come now to the question of parks and gardens. If such open spaces act as lungs to a city, no city ever breathed more freely than the Rome of the Popes. "A few cardinals," says Forsyth, "created all the great villas of Rome. Their riches, their taste, their learning, their frugality, all conspired in this single object. While the founder was squandering thousands on a statue, he would allot but one crown for his dinner. He had no children, no stud, no dogs to keep. He built, indeed, for his own pleasure, or for the admiration of others; but he embellished his



ONE OF THE NEW OUTLYING QUARTERS OF MODERN ROME IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION country, he promoted the resort of rich foreigners, and he afforded them a high intellectual treat. "These enlightened prelates left to their heirs and descendants ample means to keep the villas in repair, and to increase the value of their priceless artistic collections. In progress of time, however, the means were squandered or gambled away, and the keeping of such "decorative establishments" became a burden to the families. No wonder, therefore, that as soon as the old law of primogeniture in patrician families was abolished by the Italian Government, and the living generation saw the chance of raising money on the magnificent villas, which the past ones had built and laid out for the comfort, health, and welfare of their fellow-citizens, they did not hesitate to sell by the yard, as it were, the glory and pride of their respective families. In 1870 there were fifteen villas within the walls—the Barberini, Bonaparte, Massimi-Giustiniani, Sciarra, Wolkonsky-Campanari, Casali, Campana, Negroni-San Faustino, Ludovisi, Rignano, Aldobrandini, Altieri, Mattei, Medici, Corsini—of which eleven have been destroyed or vastly mutilated. The city authorities were not able to prevent the sale, or to buy the villas themselves, as the value of land had then reached prohibitory figures. Outside the walls the Villa Borghese was successfully saved from destruction, so that it continues to be the favorite resort of the Roman people in summer, and the most convenient drive for the upper classes and foreign residents at all seasons of the year. The loss of the others has been partially compensated by the multiplication of public squares, of which the Piazza Cairoli, the Piazza di San Marco, Vittorio Emmanuele, de Termini, and the Quirinal are the finest; and by the opening of new parks and avenues planted with trees. One of these last may be compared to the outer boulevards of some European capitals for length (7,500 yards) and variety of aspects. It begins at the Piazza Barberini, under the name of Via Veneto, skirts the city walls from the Porta Pinciana to the Prætorian Camp under the name of Corso d'Italia; crosses the Viminal (Viale Castro Pretorio), the Esquiline (Viale Margherita, Via Manzoni), and, by the Arch of Constantine, S. Gregorio, and the Aventine, reaches the banks of the Tiber at the harbor of Ripa Grande. The best and most delightful of the new parks has been laid out on the ridge of the Janiculum, occupied in classic times by the Horti Getæ and in times nearer to us by the Villa Corsini. The view from these uplands over the city, the river, the Campagna, the hills, the Apennines, the seacoast, has long been celebrated; while the umbrella-pines, the ilexes, the laurels, so beautiful in outline and in color, give to the foreground the typical aspect of an old Roman villa. The Parco Margherita occupies the plains of the Tiber and of the Anio from the Via Flaminia to the Via Salaria, and part of the chain of hills



THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO VICTOR EMMANUEL

Designed by Count Giuseppe Sacconi.

known as the Monti Parioli. The ground, 2,000 acres, has already been purchased by the city, and the central avenue (the Viale dei Parioli) opened for public use; but many years will elapse before the whole park is completed.

Rome has been renowned for its hospitals and charitable institutions since the Middle Ages, when each nation of Europe, the Frisians, Illyrians, Anglians, Britons, Bohemians, Saxons, Franks, Lusitanians, Langobards, Suevians, etc., had a national *schola* and *renodochium* within the walls of the sacred city. Italian republics and cities—Florence, Genoa, Venice, Brescia, Naples, the Sabines, the Umbrians, the Marchegians, and so forth—were also provided with hospices for their citizens. The present annual endowment of charitable establishments amounts to about seven hundred thousand dollars, derived from lands and houses, from grants, and from the municipal treasury. Formerly administered by separate confraternities, or monastic brotherhoods, the hospitals have now been placed under one general board, presided over by the Cavaliere Silvestrelli; and the charitable institutions have been mostly intrusted to the care of the "Congregazione di Carità." The representative hospital of past ages is the one of Santo Spirito, founded by Innocent III. (1198–1216), on the site of a more ancient charity founded by Ina, King of the West Anglians. Forming almost a small town within itself, and possessing large property in Rome, in the Campagna, in southern Etruria, in the lower valley of the Po, it was nicknamed "il più gran Signore di Roma." Its net revenues for sick and foundlings alone amount to one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. This historical institution is, unfortunately, doomed to close its leading place, because half its wards will be cut down by the embankment of the Tiber and by its approaches; and those left standing will be exclusively devoted to the care of foundlings. In substitution for the Santo Spirito, two hospitals have been erected, one

HUMBERT I., KING OF ITALY
From a photograph by the Fratelli d'Alessandri, Rome.

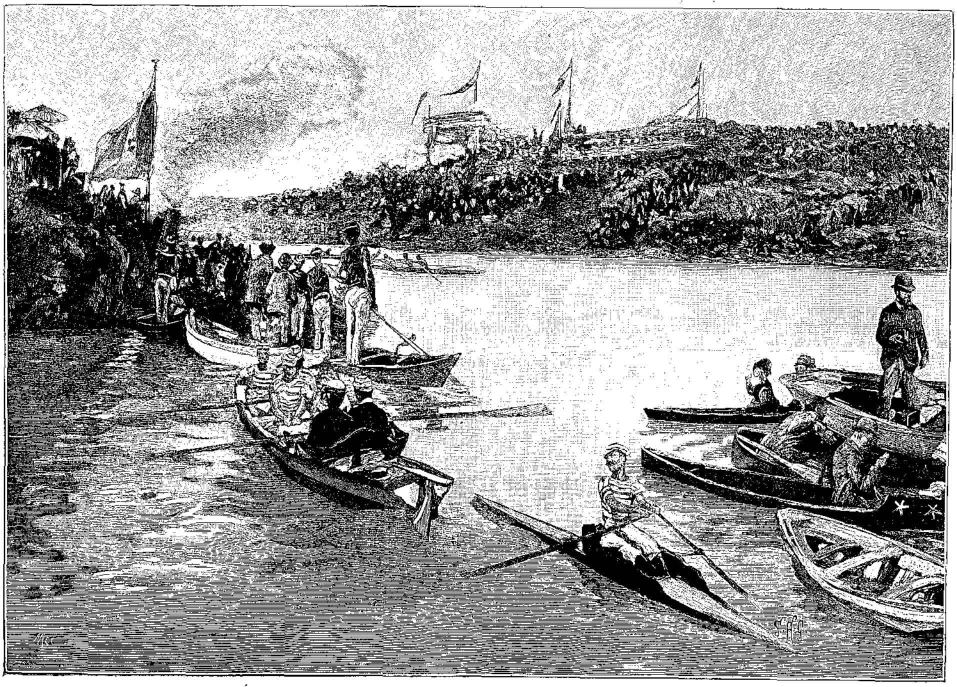
QUEEN MARGARET
From a photograph by Signor Montabone of Milan

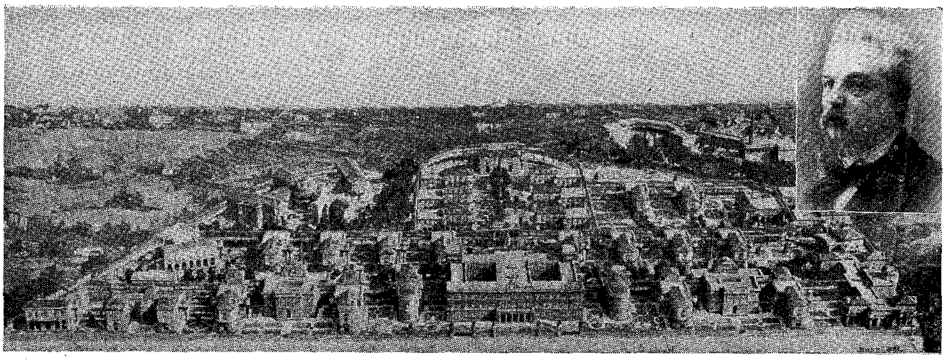
ROMAN PARKS: A SHADY CORNER IN THE VILLA BORGHESE on the Cælian (military), one on the Viminal (civil). The military hospital occupies the grounds of the once celebrated Villa del Drago, on the slope of the Cælian Hill, between the churches of S. Stefano Rotondo and of SS. Quattro Coronati. The hospital designed by General Baron de la Penne, R.E. contains one or two pavilions for officers, ten pavilions for the men, three wards for contagious diseases, laundries, disinfecting-rooms, operating-rooms, administration buildings, laboratories for chemical analysis, a pretty house for the Sisters of Charity, a chapel, etc., each ward or pavilion standing in its own ground at a considerable distance from the others, with which it is connected by means of corridors or bridges built of iron and covered with glass. The military hospital contains about six hundred beds, and has cost about seven hundred thousand dollars.

The *Policlinico*—this is the name given to the new civic hospital—occupies nine hundred and fifty thousand square feet of magnificent ground, on the east side of the Prætorian Camp, between the Porta Pia and the Porta Chiusa. Dr. Pullen calls it "one of the largest and most remarkable hospitals in Europe, arranged on an entirely new and most admirable system." To each disease is assigned a separate section, which itself consists of a series of detached buildings connected by bridges and passages covered with glass. There are about one hundred independent buildings in all, and over one thousand beds. The Policlinico was planned in its main lines by Guido Baccelli, the eminent physician and Minister of Public Instruction, and designed by Commendatore Giulio Podesti. It will cost, when in complete working order, six million dollars.

The Congregazione di Carità takes care of the poor and destitute, and of people not able to work on account of old age, infirmity, or stress of times. The Congregazione owns a house of refuge for old people, a house for boys and girls, and several educational establishments; attends to the distribution of royal bounties; supplies gratuitously medicines and medical attendance to the needy, and so forth. Over thirty thousand applications for relief were taken into consideration by the board in the second half of last year; of which sixteen thousand were rejected on account of false or exaggerated pretensions; while sums varying from one to ten dollars were distributed among the other applicants.

Of the private charities, one deserves a distinct mention, being, I believe, unique of its kind. It is called the Congregazione della Pietà, and was instituted two or three centuries ago for the help of noblemen who had


A REGATTA ON THE TIBER



GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW POLYCLINIC

Founded by the great scientist, Dr. Guido Baccelli, whose portrait is included above.

fallen into a state of poverty through stress of circumstances which would bring no dishonor or stain upon their name. The administrators of the charity are selected among the patricians themselves. The name of the applicant for help is not revealed even to the members of the board, but each application is handed over to one of them, who investigates into the case and weighs the circumstances in his own conscience. In case help is conceded, the receipt for the money is not signed by the recipient, but by the member of the board who has reported on the case. The nobleman who planned this charity and endowed it in his will deserves high praise for his delicacy of feeling and for his respect towards "honorable distress."

Educational establishments are represented first of all by the University of the Sapienza, frequented by some three thousand students. In accordance with modern principles, each faculty, or rather each section of a faculty, stands on its own grounds, with a special building, library, laboratory, wards, botanical gardens, museums of casts, etc. One of the most striking differences between American and Italian university students is that while among you special attention is given to physical training by means of athletic sports of every kind, and inter-State or international competitions, no such thing is known in Italy. There are many gymnastic, nautical, sporting, cycling, fencing clubs and societies, but they have nothing to do with universities. A sketch by Dante Paolocci on the preceding page represents a regatta run on the Tiber on May 12, 1890, between champion crews from Rome, Genoa, Leghorn, and Turin.

I will bring this paper to a close by remarking that Rome, since its annexation to the Kingdom of Italy, has become a fortress of the first class, or rather an intrenched camp, protected by seventeen detached forts armed with heavy guns. The reason given by the military authorities for such a measure is that the capital of the Kingdom lies too near the sea to be secure from a *coup de main* in case of war with a naval power; and that artists and archæologists need entertain no fears about the safety of our monuments and works of art, as the forts are distant enough from the city to prevent the enemy from firing upon it. However, the experience which we went through on the morning of Tuesday, April 23, 1891, when 265,000 kilos of gunpowder stored in the neighborhood of the Forte Portuense exploded with one monstrous blast, persuaded us that it would be better not to tempt Providence. Monumental Rome had a very narrow escape indeed, for reasons that will be presently explained. The doors of the Church of S. Sabina on the Aventine, carved in cedar-wood—a work of the fifth century, unique of its kind—were broken into fourteen pieces. A portion of the frescoes of Baldassarre Peruzzi, in the Palazzo di Conservatori, fell to the ground; those of Pinturicchio in the Chapel of St. Bernardino da Siena, in the Church of the Aracœli, were damaged by the fall of a window. The stained-glass windows, with full-length figures of apostles and saints, in the Basilica of St. Paul's Outside the Walls were blown to atoms.

We shall never forget the sensations felt on that eventful morning. If it is true that a kilo of gunpowder develops, in igniting, 216 liters of gas, fifty-seven millions of liters were developed in the explosion of April 23—a mass powerful enough to raise to the height of 1,370 feet a weight of 117,000 tons! The action of the blast manifested itself in two ways—by an earthquake and by an air-wave. The vibratory movement of the earth traveled faster than the air-wave; so much so that the shock was felt in the city and suburbs several seconds before the report was heard. Flower-pots, china, lamps, bottles, were upset in closed rooms protected from any inrush of air. The blast set the barometrical column in violent motion, beginning with a pressure-wave of 204 kilos per square meter (about fifty-six pounds per foot), followed by a counter-wave of suction. The power of this last was such that the window-panes were all blown, not inwards, but outwards; the fall of broken glass in the streets wounding some three hundred passers-by.

The movement in the barometric column (twenty-five millimeters) lasted sixty-six seconds. It is believed that one-third only of that great mass of gunpowder had time to ignite; the greater portion was blown up bodily, its explosion taking place gradually. Granules of powder with no trace of combustion were collected as far as the Ponte Molle, a distance of four miles. I have myself found a charred piece of an ammunition-box in a field two miles from the magazine. The report was heard, not only at Subiaco, Viterbo, and Anagni, but also at Caserta, Ischia, and Pesaro, a distance of more than two hundred miles.

Patchwork Preaching

By the Rev. George S. Ricker

An elderly lady who formerly lived in my house was very fond of making silk patchwork. She would spend hour after hour in the quiet of her room, cutting, matching, sewing the beautiful "squares," until she accumulated material sufficient for several coverlets of various patterns. It was all very beautiful, and to some degree also useful.

It seems to me that a somewhat common method of sermon-making in our times is analogous; though it may be questioned whether it would be proper to call the "patchwork" sermon either beautiful or useful! A more suitable epithet would be curious, or fanciful, or bizarre; but of the aptness of the phrase "patchwork sermon" I feel pretty sure.

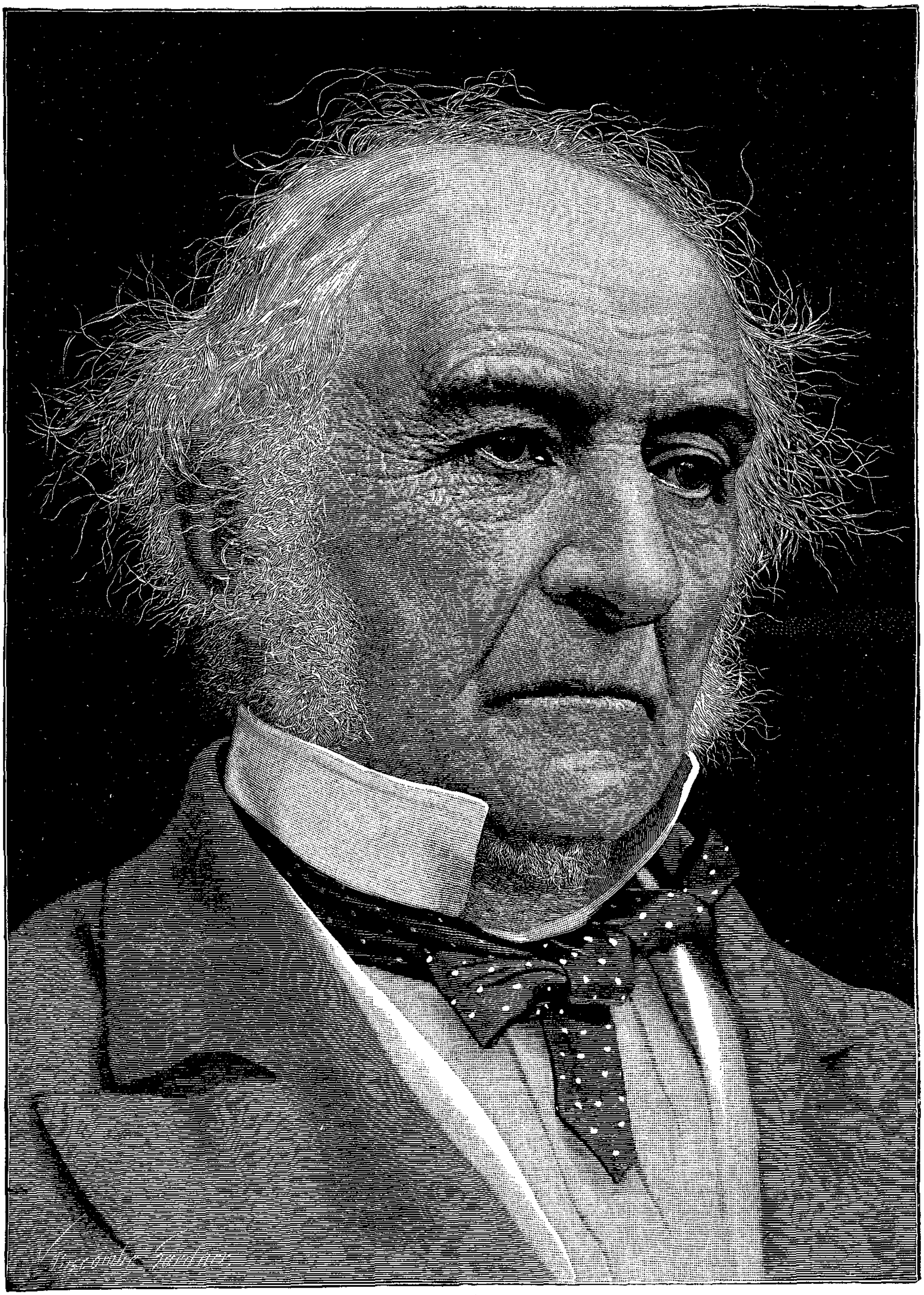
The devices for accumulating materials and piecing together these curious conglomerations vary considerably, but all have a common purpose—the saving of work; and come to a common end—barrenness. One gentleman has devised an arrangement which he calls "The Mental Savings Bank"—into whose various compartments are to be gathered newspaper scraps, bits of poetry, literary bric-à-brac. After a while so much material will be gathered that the "patchwork preacher" can choose his topic, draw out of his "bank" the deposits relating to it, piece them together, and, lo! his sermon is made!

Of course it requires some little skill to do the piecing nicely, so as to conceal the "seams," and not bring repugnant colors into juxtaposition; but that is soon acquired—it is almost solely mechanical—and our "patchwork preacher" is ready for business.

A few years since I ran across a printed volume of "patchwork" sermons. They had been delivered to admiring throngs, and their maker, having been persuaded to regard himself as a great preacher, committed the indiscretion of publishing his literary hodge-podge. O "that I had the indictment [margin "book"] which mine adversary hath written!" Of course the book fell flat. It could not have been otherwise. It was only "patchwork," and in cold type the "seams" were apparent.

This miserable patchwork business has become so prevalent that magazines are now published to aid the hard-working preacher. The scraps are selected for him, nominated "cut diamonds" or some other taking phrase, and all that the overwrought (!) preacher needs to do is to piece the scraps together and the "coverlet"—I beg pardon, sermon—is made.

It is not to be denied that there are some things worse than the making of patchwork sermons. It would doubtless be better for a minister to steal his neighbor's thoughts than to steal his chickens, or commit any other statutory crime; but he appropriates the fruits of other men's labors and pretends that they are the products of his own careful culture, and in both a literary and moral sense he is dishonest. In time his brain will become so atrophied that he will become unable even to piece together "patchwork"!



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

From the engraving by Mr. W. Biscombe Gardner, after a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of London.

The Story of Gladstone's Life[1]

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Four Georges," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE TIDE TURNS

PARLIAMENT had been summoned for February the fifth, 1874, with the important words "for the dispatch of business." It is perhaps hardly necessary to tell most of my readers that during the recess Parliament is summoned nominally from time to time, not with any practical purpose of bringing it back to work, but in order that it may be constitutionally liable to be recalled to work if any sudden emergency should arise. But when the words are added "for the dispatch of business," that always means that Parliament is summoned for actual work on that particular day. Parliament, then, was summoned for February the fifth, 1874, for the dispatch of business. On the night of January the twenty-third, 1874, an amazing report began to spread abroad among certain limited circles of political men in London. I remember that night well; perhaps I may be allowed to describe it in words of my own which were published a few years after the occasion: "Men were mysteriously beckoned away from dinner-tables and drawing-rooms and club-rooms. Agitated messengers hurried to ministerial doors seeking for information. There was commotion in the newspaper offices. The telegraph was set in constant action. Next morning all the world read the news in the papers. Mr. Gladstone had suddenly made up his mind to dissolve Parliament, and seek for a restoration of the authority of the Liberal Government by an appeal to the people."

Mr. Gladstone explained the reason for his decision in an address to his constituents. He declared that he could no longer put up with the difficulty of seeming to have the authority he had received in 1868 now sunk "below the point necessary for the due defense and prosecution of the public interests," and that, therefore, he proposed to appeal to the constituencies by a dissolution of Parliament, in the hope of thus obtaining a popular approval of his general policy. Should he be successful in that endeavor, he undertook that, if restored to power, he would introduce a series of financial reforms which would include the complete abolition of the income tax. Now I think there can be no mistake as to the general impression produced by the publication of Mr. Gladstone's address, and by the dissolution of Parliament. The grumbling was especially widespread among his own followers and his own party. The time of the Parliament had nearly run out, and there were many Liberals who had little hope of being returned again to the House of Commons. Such men were most unwilling to lose even a year of Parliamentary existence. They could not understand Mr. Gladstone's motive, and they looked upon themselves as positively ill-treated. "Why didn't he think about us?" they muttered among themselves. "We have voted with him very faithfully, and he might have had a little more consideration for us." Such men as these could not understand the motive of Mr. Gladstone. To him it seemed ignoble that a Prime Minister should remain in office one hour after he had found reason to believe that he no longer possessed the confidence of the majority of the people. To him a seat in Parliament was a matter of utter insignificance unless it enabled a man to do some good for his constituents and for the country. He might almost have spoken the eloquent words of Burke in the immortal speech at Bristol; and, indeed, there are many striking points of resemblance between the character of Burke and the character of Gladstone. "It is certainly," said Burke, "not pleasing to be put out of the public service. But I wish to be a member of Parliament to have my share of doing good and resisting evil. It would, therefore, be absurd to renounce my objects in order to retain my seat. I deceive myself, indeed, most grossly if I had not much rather pass the remainder of my life hidden in the recesses of the deepest obscurity, feeding my mind even with the visions and imaginations of such things, than to be placed on the most splendid throne of the universe tantalized with a denial of the practice of all which can make the greatest situation any other than the greatest curse."

Mr. Gladstone flung himself into the con-

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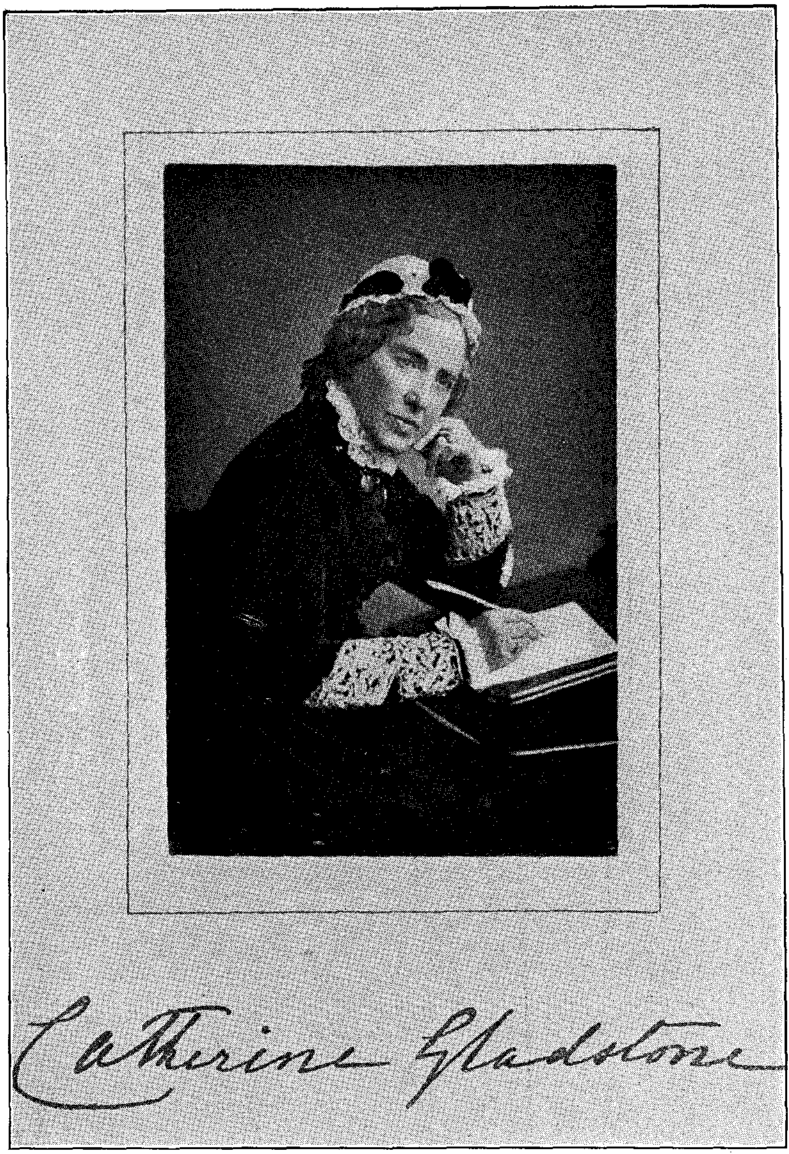
[1] Copyright, 1897, by The Outlook Company.

test with all his characteristic earnestness and energy. He had not usually been what we call an open-air orator. But on this occasion he went down to Greenwich and addressed enormous popular meetings held at Blackheath. It was there that I for the first time heard Mr. Gladstone as an open-air orator addressing a monster meeting. There are in this country, at all events, three distinct kinds of political eloquence. There is the eloquence of the House of Commons. There is the eloquence of the platform indoors at one of the great gatherings in St. James's Hall, for instance; and then there is the eloquence addressed to the monster meeting in the open air. These, as I have said, are quite distinct forms of oratory, and the man is indeed seldom to be met with who can make a success with all three. Many a speaker who can hold the House of Commons in breathless interest during a long oration is found ineffective in St. James's Hall, and would be hopeless at an open-air meeting. On the other hand, many a powerful platform speaker who can carry his audience with him is found wholly unsuited to the peculiar style and atmosphere of the House of Commons. I confess that I had some doubt whether Mr. Gladstone, with all his powers of voice, would be able to suit himself exactly to the task of addressing a great open-air meeting. His warmest admirers must admit that he has a somewhat dangerous gift of over-refining, and over-refining would never do for a monster meeting. The speaker must strike strong, direct, resounding, echoing blows. But Mr. Gladstone had not got three sentences of his speech out before I felt certain that he would prove himself just as much at home with the Blackheath meeting as with St. James's Hall or with the House of Commons. His voice swelled and rang out to the uttermost verge of the vast crowd, and no listener had occasion to trouble himself for one moment by a fear lest he should miss something of what the great orator was saying.

I never admired Mr. Gladstone more than I did during those days when he fought so splendidly against impending fate. The fate was impending, however, all the same. When the elections were over, it was found that the Conservative party had a majority of about fifty, and that even the calculation of that majority was made on an assumption far too favorable to the Liberals, for it assumed that every Irish Home Ruler might be counted as a Liberal. In fact, the great reforming ministry was down in the dust. The Liberal statesmen had tried too much, had done too much, had spent their force in too many splendid efforts and enterprises, and the time came at last when the spirit of Conservative reaction prevailed over them. Mr. Gladstone followed the example set by Mr. Disraeli in 1868, and at once resigned office. This was by far the best course to take. It had been the custom on former occasions that a Ministry defeated at a general election should return to office and wait until the reopening of Parliament and until the majority of the House of Commons had, after a long debate, declared its want of confidence in them. All this would have been, under such conditions, but a mere waste of time. Mr. Disraeli was right in setting the example. Mr. Gladstone was right in following it. The Queen invited Mr. Disraeli to form a Conservative administration, and he was not long in settling down into office.

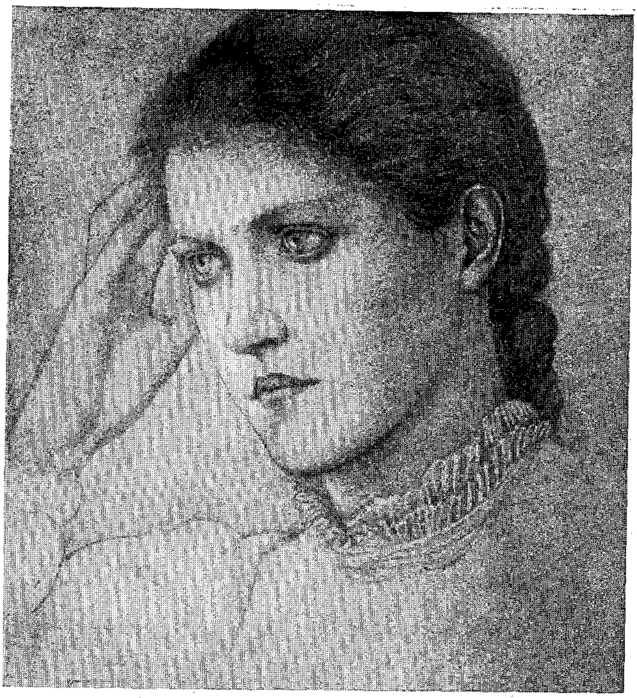
Then came another surprise and shock for the Liberals in all parts of the country. Mr. Gladstone suddenly announced, in a letter to Lord Granville, dated March 12, 1874, that "for a variety of reasons personal to myself, I could not contemplate any unlimited extension of active political service, and I am anxious that it should be clearly understood by those friends with whom I have acted in the direction of affairs that at my age I must reserve my entire freedom to divest myself of all the responsibilities of leadership at no distant time. The need of rest will prevent me from giving more than an occasional attendance in the House of Commons during the present session. I should be desirous shortly before the commencement of the session of 1875 to consider whether there would be advantage in my placing my services for a time at the disposal of the Liberal party, or whether I should then claim exemption from the duties I have hitherto discharged. If, however, there should be reasonable grounds for believing that, instead of the course which I have sketched, it would be preferable, in view of the party generally, for me to assume at once the place of an independent member, I should willingly adopt the latter alternative." This letter brought back to the minds of some of us a passage in that speech of Burke's from which I have already quoted. "Gentlemen," said Burke, "I have had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to you for having set me in a place wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and



MRS. GLADSTONE

From a photograph taken about twenty years ago by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

laudable designs. If I have had my share in any measure giving quiet to private property and private conscience, if by my vote I have aided in securing to families the best possession, peace, if I have joined in reconciling kings to their subjects and subjects to their prince, if I have assisted to loosen the foreign holdings of the citizen and taught him to look for his protection to the laws of his country, and for his comfort to the good will of his countrymen, if I have thus taken my part with the best of men in the best of their actions, I can shut the book. I might wish to read a page or two more, but this is enough for my measure —I have not lived in vain." Can it, then, be true that Mr. Gladstone, in the words of Burke, has had his day? He was much older even at that time than Burke was when he thus expressed his readiness to close the book. But it had never occurred to any of us to regard Mr. Gladstone as an old man, or even as a man within measurable distance of old age. To us he seemed the very embodiment of strength and spirit and indomitable energy. The news sent a thrill of surprise all over the



MISS MARY GLADSTONE (MRS. DREW)

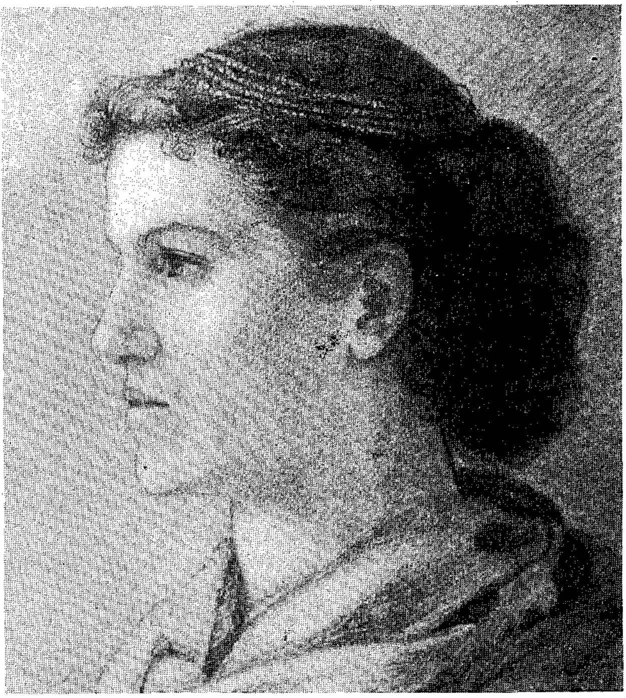
As a young girl. Photographed expressly for The Outlook by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester, from the painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

country, and a shock of utter amazement and disturbance through the Liberal party. There can be no doubt that for some time many of Mr. Gladstone's most devoted followers were complaining bitterly of the course he had taken. Mr. Gladstone pleaded his advancing years; but, it was asked, were not the years of Mr. Disraeli still more advanced, and had Mr. Disraeli said one word about seeking retirement? was he not, on the contrary, entering with alacrity on a great new chapter of his political career? Men gloomed darkly and whispered sadly about the manner in which the party was to be left to cureless ruin. Let it be understood that many of the bitterest of these utterances came out of the very devotion to Mr. Gladstone and confidence in his leadership which were felt by the vast majority of his followers. Why does he leave us? How can we exist without him? That was the manner in which the questions shaped themselves. It did, indeed, seem at one time as if the whole Liberal organization had received a blow from which in our time it never could recover. The very commotion which his threatened retirement created among the best of his own followers was but another tribute to his political genius, another form of proclaiming to the world that in the belief of the Liberal party he was the one man indispensable to the Liberal cause.

CHAPTER XXVI.—GLADSTONE IN RETIREMENT

Mr. Gladstone seemed resolved to shake himself free, for the time at least, from the responsibilities of political leadership. On the 13th of January, 1875, he addressed another letter to Lord Granville, in which he explained that the time, he thought, had arrived when he ought to revert to the subject of his letter of the 12th of March in the former year. "Before determining," said Mr. Gladstone, "whether I should offer to assume the charge, which might extend over a length of time, I have reviewed with all the care in my power a number of considerations, both public and private, of which a portion, and these not by any means insignificant, were not in existence at the date of that letter. The result has been that I see no public advantage in my continuing to act as the leader of the Liberal party, and that, at the age of sixty-five, and after forty-two years of a laborious public life, I think myself entitled to retire on the present opportunity. This retirement is dictated to me by my personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of my life. I need hardly say that my conduct in Parliament will continue to be governed by the principles on which I have heretofore acted; and whatever arrangements may be made for the treatment of general business, and for the advantage or convenience of the Liberal party, they will have my cordial support. I should, perhaps, add that I am at present, and mean for a short time to be, engaged on a special matter that occupies me closely."

The "special matter" turned out to be chiefly an attack on "The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance," in the form of a pamphlet which had an immense circulation and caused a very angry controversy. The pamphlet was the outcome of various



MISS HELEN GLADSTONE

Photographed by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester, from the pencil drawing made a few years ago by Countess Lovelace.

articles written by Mr. Gladstone on the question of Ritualism and the popular dread, which he did not share, that the ritualistic clergy could, if they would, carry the Church of England over to Rome. The publication of the pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees in their bearing on civil allegiance caused disappointment and consternation among the Roman Catholics in England, Ireland, and the Empire at large. The long friendship between Mr. Gladstone and the late Cardinal Manning was chilled for a time in the blasts of this debate.

Perhaps it would have been better if Mr. Gladstone had left the whole matter alone. But Mr. Gladstone could not help himself; he had to follow his star. His mind refused to give itself absolutely up to any one study of life forever. Great as he was in the House of Commons, his vast energies needed some other field of activity now and then. It was not like the case of Mr. Disraeli, who, when he had an interval of rest from the cares of office, sat down and threw off a three-volume novel. Mr. Disraeli was not burning to write the novel. He had written novels before. He could wait very placidly until a suitable opportunity came for adding to their number. But Mr. Gladstone had eminently what the heroines of modern fiction are fond of calling a complex character. When he had spent a certain time over politics and political reform, and when he had either carried or failed to carry some great measure, then it appeared to him, or it appeared to be borne in upon him, that there was something else waiting at his hand that he could do and which he ought to endeavor to do with all his might. Thus it seemed to have been borne in upon him, at the time that he had made up his mind to resign the leadership of the Liberal party, that the state of the Church of England required his immediate attention. Probably the Public Worship Regulation Bill, brought into the House of Lords, and coming thence down to the House of Commons, inspired Mr. Gladstone with the idea that he ought to interpose on behalf of the Church of England. Mr. Gladstone emerged for a moment from his retirement to oppose the bill. I need not go into the question raised by the introduction of this measure, which has no interest for us now otherwise than as a subject affecting the internal discipline of the State Church. But undoubtedly these theological debates led him on to the publication of his pamphlet against the Vatican Decrees. I need not revive this old controversy. It belongs now to ancient history. Its interest for me, and I fancy for most of my readers, will mainly be found in the fact that it illustrated the irrepressible, indomitable eagerness of Mr. Gladstone's mind to take a kind of rest, after it had stretched itself out in one direction, by stretching itself out in another. However, Mr. Gladstone held to his resolve not to retain the leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. He stood by his plea for immunity founded on the right of his sixty-five years. People were not slow to observe that if Lord Palmerston had retired from public life or had died at the age of sixty-five, England would never have known the fullness of his power as a Parliamentary debater. Some of us, no doubt, remembered also that if Count von Moltke had gone into private life or had died at the age of sixty-five, the world would never have

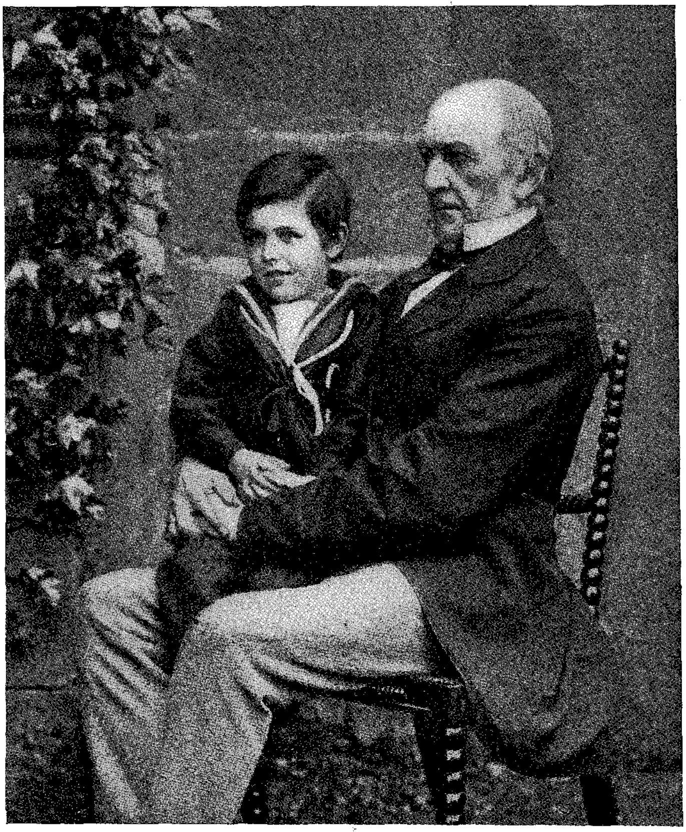
MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE, WITH ALL THE CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

The last complete family picture before William Henry Gladstone's death. From a photograph taken in 1884 by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester. It is interesting to see that each child is with a godparent.

known that he had the capacity to be the greatest soldier since the days of Napoleon and Wellington. But Mr. Gladstone persevered in his resolve, and at last it became actually necessary that the Liberal party should choose his successor.

The choice was not easy, although it was very narrow. By far the greatest orator and the greatest influence in the party after Mr. Gladstone, an orator who sometimes even surpassed Mr. Gladstone himself, was John Bright. But every one knew that John Bright would not accept the office of leader. With all his capacity for hard work at a spell, there was a great deal of the indolent man about him. He told me himself that his pet ambition in life was an unconquerable desire to be doing nothing. This desire, unconquerable though he called it, he managed to trample to the dust whenever public service was required of him for any good purpose. But it was certain that he had no taste for the management of a party, and that he would not become the Liberal leader. Mr. Robert Lowe, afterward Lord Sherbrooke, was, as we have seen already, a man of great ability, a brilliant debater, endowed with high intellect and furnished with high culture, a man of eloquence and epigram and paradox, with an almost fatal gift of sarcasm, and hopeless as a possible leader of the Liberal party. The choice was limited practically to the late Mr. W. E. Forster and to Lord Hartington, at present the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Forster was a Yorkshire man, with all Yorkshire's ruggedness of ability, a strong man, but not conciliatory, a man who put his head down and went straight at anything that came in his way. And so the choice fell upon Lord Hartington. Now between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington there was a whole vast field of difference. The Liberal party, although it saw nothing better to do, never realized so thoroughly the extent of its loss as when it found that Lord Hartington was to be its leader. Let me not do injustice to Lord Hartington. He was a man of ability and of absolute political integrity. There was nothing whatever to win him away from political integrity. He had a great position, he was heir to vast wealth and to a dukedom. But he had not in his nature one single gleam of enthusiasm. It would have been impossible for him to inspire enthusiasm in others. No ray of imagination brightened his slow, solid, some people even said stolid, common sense. The hearts of some of the more advanced Liberals sank within them when they found that they had come from Mr. Gladstone to Lord Hartington. But there was nothing else to be done, and Lord Hartington was elected leader of the Liberal party. Without any disparagement to Lord Hartington, it may be said that the light seemed suddenly to have gone out. The Liberal party became for the time colorless and lifeless to the ordinary observer. Mr. Gladstone himself, in one of his Homeric studies, points out the supreme light of interest which always follows the movements of Achilles. When Achilles is off the stage, the scene is comparatively dark. So it was with Mr. Gladstone himself and the House of Commons. Everything seemed lacking in interest. Lord Hartington did his very best. He strove hard to make himself a good debater, and to a certain extent he succeeded. He had to struggle against the heaviest and worst manner that it is almost possible to conceive in the case of a man with any gift of speech at all. His voice was harsh and heavy. His manner was stolid, and he had no real oratorical capacity or even inclination. He was perfectly well aware of his own defects, and was to a great extent embarrassed by a continual over-consciousness of the vast difference in debating power between himself and his superb predecessor. But he set himself to work with a thoroughly British doggedness of determination, and in the end he hammered himself, if I may use such an expression, into a really good Parliamentary debater. For myself, I may say that I watched Lord Hartington's career at the time, and I conceived a decided admiration for his dogged resolve to do the best he could.

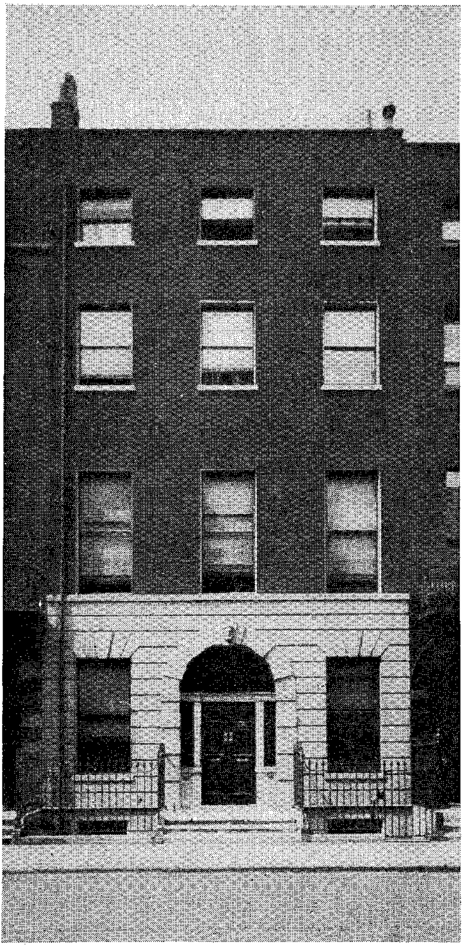
But of course the whole condition of things was changed so far as public interest was concerned. There were, for the time at least, no more great debates. Disraeli had no longer an opponent fit to cross swords with him. Bright took little part in public affairs. The Tories for the most part had it all their own way. Lord Hartington could and did improve his own style of Parliamentary speaking, but the truth soon became only too apparent that he could not lead a Liberal party. Men who had come lately into the House were crying "Forward!" while Lord Hartington was crying "Back!" It was known to every one that Lord Hartington had no real sympathy with the objects and the aspirations of the newer Liberal party. He was, of course, an aristocrat by birth and training and association, and he had not one gleam of the imagination or the enthusiasm which has sent many a born and bred aristocrat into the ranks of some great popular movement. He was perfectly willing that justice should be done to every reasonable and temperate claim on behalf of the people, but he could not look forward, and he apparently could not believe in anything but a grudging concession of por-



MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS GRANDSON

From a photograph by Mr. Fall, of London.

tion after portion of some popular claim. He differed only from the high old-fashioned Tories in the fact that he was not willing to put his foot down and say, Nothing shall ever be done in the way of change. There was always in Mr. Disraeli, and there was for a time in the late Lord Randolph Churchill, a strong inclination for the cause of the English working democracy, and for an endeavor to take the lead in that way and convert the workingman into a Tory democrat. But Lord Hartington cared for nothing of all this, and did not want to convert anybody into anything. He was perfectly content to let things rest as they were, with the half-reserved admission that if any change should have to be made it ought to come by little and little and at distant intervals of time. Many people thought him haughty, believed him to set high account upon his rank and to look down with contempt upon all his social inferiors. For myself, I do not believe that Lord Hartington ever troubled himself about his rank or thought about his rank. He had always been the son of a Duke and heir to a dukedom, and he was just as well accustomed to it as he was accustomed to being a man. But he was shy, reserved, and awkward in manner, and this was what made people think him distant and haughty. In any case it can be easily understood what an immense difference there was between such a man as this and the leader whom the Liberal party had just lost. Mr. Gladstone appeared now and again in the House of Commons and took part in a debate. Every time he spoke only served to impress the Liberal party more and more with the greatness of the loss it had sustained. Mr. Disraeli meantime was playing a showy and an ambitious part. He was athirst for influence in foreign affairs and even for intervention in foreign affairs. He had it for a time all his own way. Mr. Lowe stood up to him once or twice, and held his own very pluckily and manfully. But Mr. Lowe was only an isolated gladiator, and Mr. Disraeli was the master of many legions. Therefore Mr. Disraeli ran the country into all manner of enterprises abroad. He brought up again a so-called imperial principle, which was to restore the policy and the system of Elizabethan days; and in fact the foreign policy of Great Britain went, if I may use so vulgar an expression, "on the rampage." Where, all the time, was Mr. Gladstone? the Liberals kept asking. He was engaged in polemical controversy with Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning. One general conclusion was adopted on both sides of the House: that Mr. Gladstone never meant to lead a political party again. It was urged, and with great show of reason, that a man with his knowledge of affairs would never have got into antagonism with all the Roman Catholic subjects of the Queen and all Roman Catholic sovereigns and princes and people everywhere if he had the remotest intention of assuming again such a part in public life as might lead once more to his becoming Prime Minister. People did not reflect that all through his career he had a positive passion for theological study and for theological controversy.



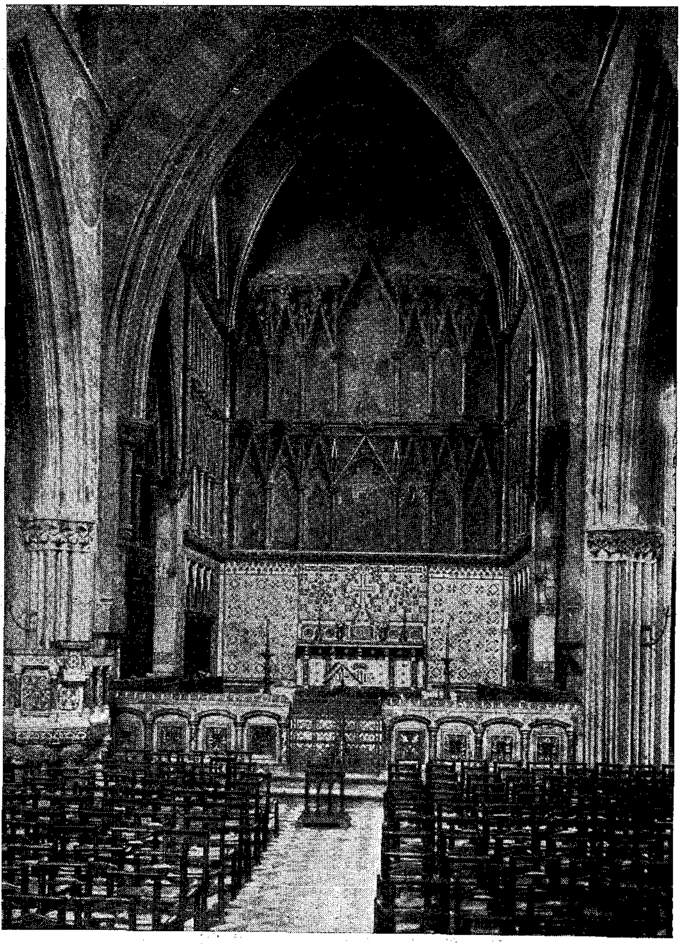
73 HARLEY STREET, LONDON

Mr. Gladstone's town house from 1876 to 1880. From a photograph by Mr. A. P. Monger, of London.

In his youth, as we have seen, he was anxious to become a clergyman, and if he had done so he would have become, in all human probability, one of the greatest Churchmen England has ever known. Down to his latest days, whenever he had a chance, he always sought relief from politics in classical study or in theological dispute. At this particular period of his career Mr. Gladstone no doubt sincerely believed that his political work was over. There seemed nothing particular for him to do, and according to all appearance the reign of the Tories was likely to be long. He had always a contempt, hardly even disguised, for Disraeli's flashy foreign policy, but he probably thought that at this time there was no great harm to be done, and, anyhow, not much to be accomplished by formal opposition. But those who believed that Mr. Gladstone had buried his whole existence in a controversy conducted, so to speak, in the Roman catacombs, soon found how completely they had misunderstood the man and failed to take due account of the possibilities of the time.

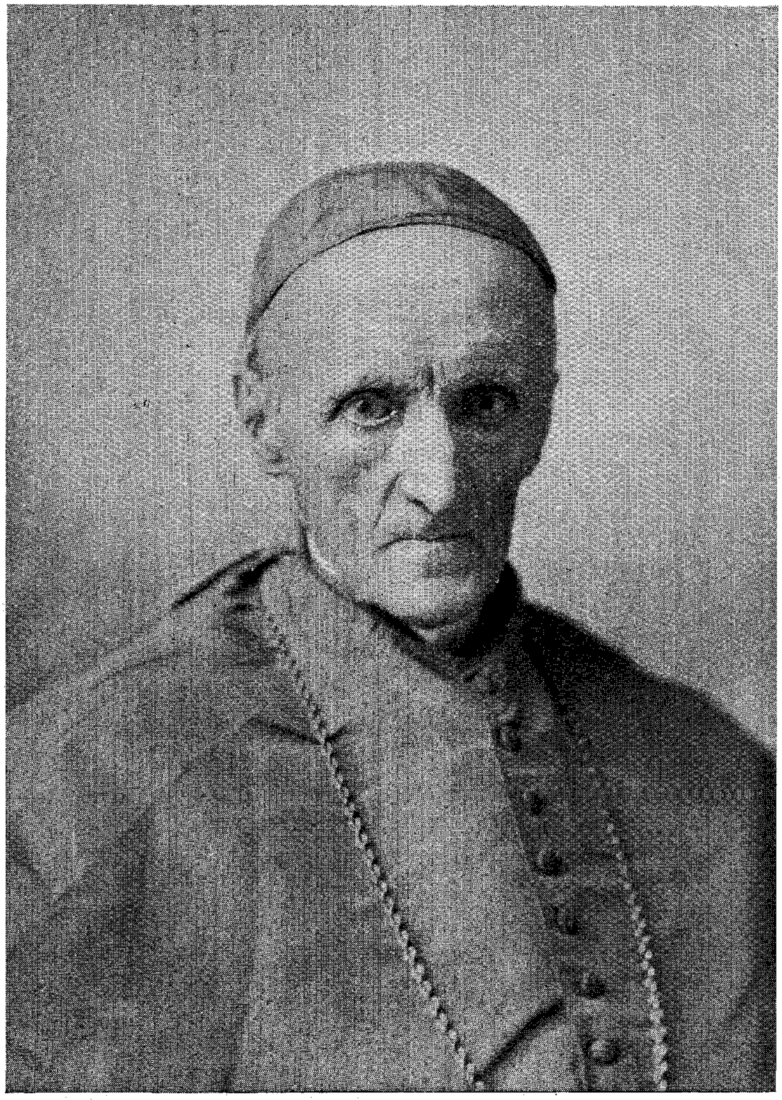
CHAPTER XXVII.—ACHILLES RECALLED

The moment was soon to come when Mr. Gladstone was to be seen in the front of the fight again. Like Achilles, he was soon to come with a rush forth from his tent and lead on the battle. It was the irony of fate, indeed. Who brought him out of his tent? Was it an appeal from Lord Hartington or from Mr. Bright? Nothing of the kind. Neither Lord Hartington nor Mr. Bright brought back Mr. Gladstone to political leadership. Mr. Disraeli did it himself. Mr. Disraeli, all unconscious of what he was doing, brought back to the battle the great swordsman with whom he was never quite able to compete. Mr. Disraeli's speeches and his action on the Bulgarian question summoned Mr. Gladstone in a moment away from his theological studies, and, before England well knew what was happening, he was there again to the front, the practical, although not yet the nominal, leader of the Liberal party. In the meantime the Government of Mr. Disraeli was not doing particularly well so far as domestic affairs were concerned. The Tory statesman had nothing striking to offer to the country. If Mr. Gladstone had tried to do too much, it seemed as if Mr. Disraeli were inclined to do too little. He appeared to prefer in domestic affairs to cling to the policy, supposed to be safe, of letting things alone. But this is seldom safe in England. People soon get tired of a Government which does little or nothing in do-



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, MARGARET STREET, LONDON

From a photograph by Mr. A. P. Monger, of London. Mr. Gladstone attended service at this church during his residence in Harley Street.



HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL MANNING

From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, London. In 1851 Manning gave up his preferments in the Anglican Church and became a Roman Catholic. In 1865 he was made Archbishop of Westminster; in 1875 a Cardinal. He was ever a broad-minded man in his earnest sympathy for all classes, especially the downtrodden; he might justly be called a Christian Socialist. The connection between Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning was a lifelong one. They were boys together at Eton; at Oxford they had the same private tutor. When William Henry Gladstone was christened, Manning was godfather. When Manning published his treatise on "The Unity of the Church," in 1842, it was "affectionately inscribed" to his friend Gladstone. They were well fitted to be friends; the one has always been a theologian throughout a long political career; the other, though a priest and prelate, was essentially a statesman. In 1889 Manning wrote to Mrs. Gladstone as follows: "You know how nearly I have agreed in William's political career, especially in his Irish policy of the last twenty years." Manning died in 1892.

mestic affairs. They want to have a sense of being kept alive by their rulers. It may seem strange, but to me it is perfectly certain that the outsider class who quarreled with Mr. Gladstone because he was always giving them a surprise soon began to grumble at Mr. Disraeli because he was giving them no surprise at all. Besides, it must be owned that he had suddenly got into stormy waters in foreign affairs. It was a time of trouble with Russia and with Turkey, and Mr. Disraeli was disposed to go much further with what we may call the Jingo policy than some of his own colleagues were willing to do. Probably, too, he was growing tired of a long Parliamentary career. He had had almost every success to which he could have aspired. The long day's task was all but done. On the 11th of August, 1876, he spoke for the last time in the House of Commons, and then he passed into the House of Lords as Lord Beaconsfield. He crowned his career by accepting for himself the title which was at one time offered to a far greater man, Edmund Burke, and which Burke had declined on the ground that splendid titles were then of little value to him. I heard Mr. Disraeli's last speech in the House of Commons, as I heard later on his last speech in the House of Lords. Each was a memorable occasion. The first was the closing of a great political career. The last was the closing of a great personal ambition.

Let me go back, however, to Mr. Gladstone's reappearance in the front of the political field. The circumstance that brought about this sudden event was the conduct of the Turkish Government in the province of Bulgaria. Bulgaria was probably one of the worst-governed places in the world. The Turkish Government ruled by its pashas, and its pashas made life intolerable for the people in Bulgaria. An insurrection broke out there, and the Sultan sent large numbers of Bashi-Bazouks and other irregular troops to put down the rising. They did put it down, and with a vengeance. Their idea, if they can be supposed to have had any idea, seems to have been to make a desert and call it peace. There was simply a battue or massacre of Bulgarians. Reports began to filter into Constantinople of the wholesale slaughter of men, women, and children. The correspondent of the London "Daily News" in Constantinople inquired into these reports and found them only too true. The "Daily News" afterward sent out its brilliant Irish-American correspondent, the late Mr. MacGahan, to the scene of the slaughter, and Mr. MacGahan was able to verify with his own eyes the terrible truth of the reports. It had been contended by the friends of the Ottoman Government in England that there had been an armed insurrection, and that the insurgents were conquered in fair and open conflict. Mr. MacGahan saw with his own eyes whole villages whose streets, otherwise deserted, were covered with the bodies of slaughtered women and children.

Mr. Disraeli was singularly unhappy in his way of dealing at first with the terrible stories which came from the correspondent of the "Daily News" at Constantinople. No doubt he did not believe in them. But he took no trouble to make any inquiries. His worst enemy could not suppose that he was a man indifferent to human suffering, or that if he thought there was anything in the stories he would have made fun of them. But he appears to have assumed at once that there could be nothing serious in any statement made by the foreign correspondent of a London Liberal newspaper. Therefore, when questioned in the House of Commons on the subject, he treated the whole matter in his

GRANVILLE GEORGE LEVESON-GOWER, SECOND EARL GRANVILLE

From a photograph taken by the London Stereoscopic Company. From 1840 to 1886 Lord Granville was generally in office, occupying positions of great responsibility and trust. He was most widely known in his capacity of Minister of *Foreign Affairs. He died in 1891.*

WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER

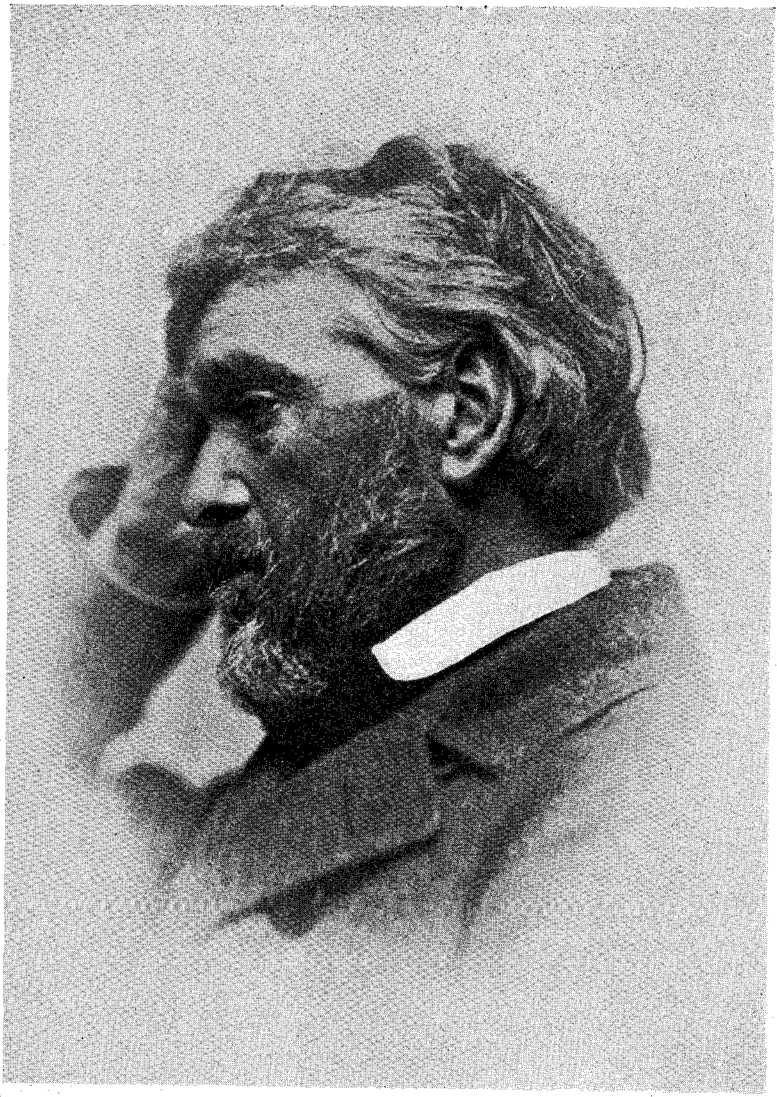
From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, London. Mr. Forster was one of the ablest Liberal statesmen of recent years. He had most to do with the passing of the Education Bill in 1870 and the Ballot Bill in 1871. In 1880–2 he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. He was a son-in-law of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He died in 1886.

most audacious vein of persiflage and sarcasm. He described the reports as "coffee-house babble." He made fun of the massacres, and was especially sportive about the tortures. Oriental races, he boldly declared, were not in the habit of applying themselves to torture; they generally, he insisted, "terminated their connection with culprits in a more expeditious manner." Now, Mr. Disraeli in his earlier days had been in European Turkey and in Asia Minor. Being an Oriental himself by extraction and by sympathy, he must have read some books about Oriental history. He must have known, too, that the torture of enemies was very commonly practiced among Oriental races. Yet he stood up in the House of Commons and had the fatuity—it can be called nothing less—to insist that torture was hardly known in the East, and the bad taste to make jokes about the stories that were told of outraged and mutilated women. A tremendous effect was produced upon the whole country by the narratives of Mr. MacGahan and by the reports of Mr. Baring, the English Consul, who was sent out especially to Bulgaria to make inquiries, and whose official reports bore out only too well the investigations and the conclusions of the special correspondent of the "Daily News." Mr. Bright effectively described the agitation which arose in England as an uprising of the English people. So it was, but where was the leader? Where, to quote the words of Walter Scott, "was Roderick; then one blast of Roderick's bugle-horn were worth ten thousand men"?

Roderick, that is Gladstone, came to the front and sounded a tremendous note upon his bugle-horn. He put himself in front of the agitation, and forgot for the time his polemics and his critical essays. He threw his whole soul into the movement against the Ottoman Government in Bulgaria. He made speeches and brought forward motions in the House of Commons. He addressed meetings all over the country. He was the principal orator at a great meeting held in St. James's Hall in London, one of the most enthusiastic meetings it has ever been my fortune to attend, and where he made one of the most powerful and impassioned and at the same time convincing speeches I have ever heard even from his lips. Even Mr. Carlyle came

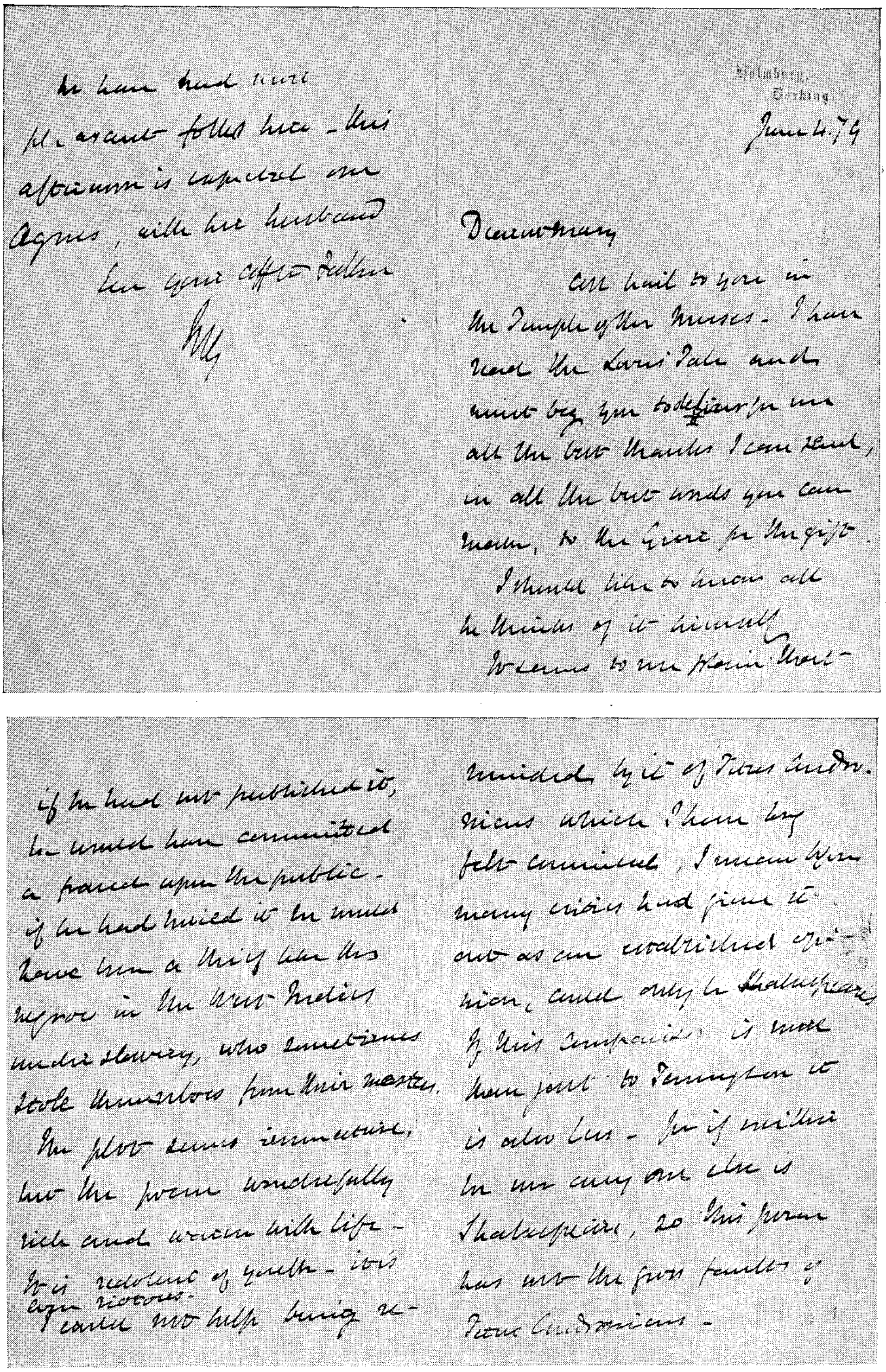
SPENCER COMPTON CAVENDISH, EIGHTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

From a photograph by the Messrs. Bassano, of London. The Duke of Devonshire is at present Lord President of the Conservative Cabinet. He sits in the Cabinet, however, rather as a Liberal-Unionist, having broken from the Gladstonian Liberals on the question of Irish Home Rule. Up to that time he was one of Mr. Gladstone's sturdiest supporters.



THOMAS CARLYLE

The great essayist, critic, and historian. In 1839, just after the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, "The State in its Relations to the Church," Carlyle wrote to Emerson: "One of the strangest things about these New England orations is a fact I have heard, but not yet seen, that a certain W. Gladstone, an Oxford crack scholar, Tory M.P., and devout Churchman, of great talent and hope, has contrived to insert a piece of you (from 'The American Scholar') in a work of his on Church and State which makes some figure at present. I know him for a solid, serious, silent-minded man; but how, with his Coleridge Shovel-Hattism, he has contrived to relate himself to *you*, there is the mystery. True men of all creeds, it would seem, are Brothers." At the period of this installment Carlyle was a Gladstone supporter in the *exposé* of the Bulgarian atrocities. Carlyle died in 1881. The above illustration is taken from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, London,



Holmbury,
Dorking.
June 4. 79

Dearest Mary

All hail to you in the Temple of the Muses. I have read the Lovers Tale and must beg you to deliver for me all the best thanks I can send, in all the best words you can make, to the Giver for the gift.

I should like to know all the history of it himself.

It seems to me plain that—if he had not published it, he would have committed a fraud upon the public. If he had buried it he would have been a thief like the negroes in the West Indies under slavery, who sometimes stole themselves from their masters.

The plot seems immature, but the poem wonderfully rich and woven with life. It is redolent of youth — it is even riotous. I could not help being reminded by it of Titus Andronicus which I have long felt convinced, I mean since many critics had given it out as an established opinion, could only be Shakespeare's. If this comparison is more than just to Tennyson it is also less. For if neither he nor any one else is Shakespeare, so this poem has not the gross faults of Titus Andronicus —

We have had some pleasant folks here — this afternoon is expected our Agnes, with her husband.

Ever your affec father

WEG

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE TO HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. DREW

From a photograph by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

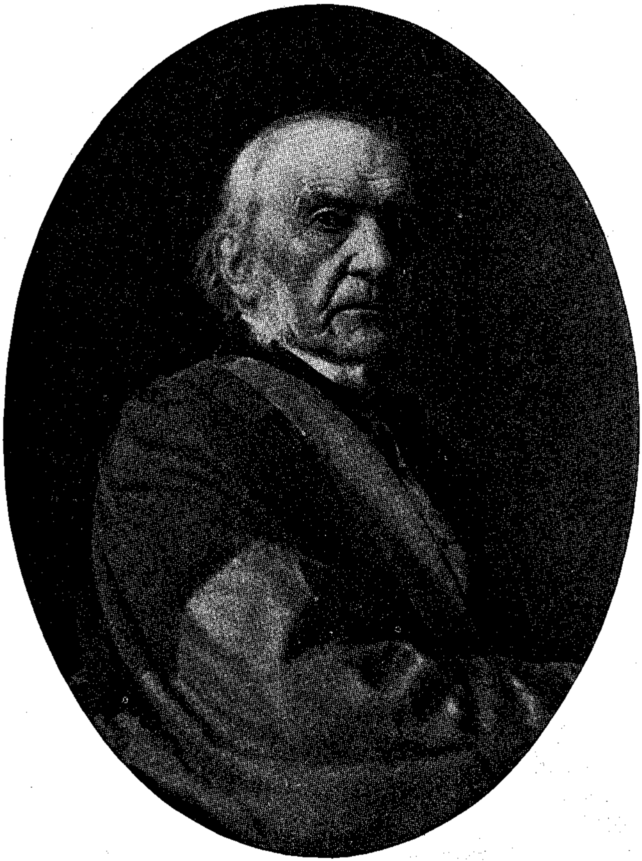
forth from his seclusion and from his usual indifference to political movements of any kind, in order to send a letter to the promoters of the meeting in St. James's Hall to declare his conviction that the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, though a somewhat drastic measure, was yet the only hopeful remedy for the oppression and the miseries inflicted by the Ottoman Government on its subject populations in the southeast of Europe. As I listened to the speeches at that meeting, my memory carried me back to distant days when, as a very young man, I had heard John Henry Newman deliver his famous lectures on the Eastern Question. That was just before the outbreak of the Crimean War, and what Newman told us, and told us vainly, would be the only outcome of the war is accepted now as gospel truth by every party and by every public man in England. I remember one thrilling sentence in which Newman declared that the Turk had just as much right to his dominion in Europe as the pirate has to the sea which he sails over and ravages.

MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, M.P.

From a photograph taken by the London Stereoscopic Company about the time of Mr. McCarthy's entrance into Parliament (1879).

Mr. Gladstone issued his famous pamphlet called "Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East." In the pamphlet he declared that the only way to secure any lasting good for the Christian population of Turkey was to turn the Turkish officials out, "bag and baggage." The words were seized upon by some of Mr. Gladstone's political opponents. These persons professed or pretended to believe that Mr. Gladstone was calling out for the actual physical expulsion of all the Turks, men, women, and children, out of Europe, and the admission of Russians in their stead. What Mr. Gladstone meant was, of course, obvious and clear. He meant that the Turkish Government as a government should cease to reign in Europe. It will come to that in the end. It will have to come to that before very long. If Mr. Gladstone had been to the front of the battle in 1895 and 1896, as he was in 1876, civilization probably would not have been horrified and disgraced by the prolonged massacres of Christians in Armenia. In 1876, however, Mr. Gladstone's movement was completely successful. It ended—I am hurrying over familiar historical details—in the setting up of Bulgaria as a practically independent province under the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan. It is now a well-ordered and a prosperous State. Many events conspired to bring about its practical independence, but I know of no influence which had a greater power that way than the position taken up by Mr. Gladstone as the leader of the agitation in England.

Mr. Disraeli soon after passed through to the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone was compelled by the force of events to resume his position as leader of the Liberal party. He was compelled, indeed, to do more than that. The Conservative Government was fast breaking down. Mr. Gladstone again and again challenged the Tories, who had had six years of office, to appeal to the country by dissolution and a general election, and thus make it certain whether the constituencies were or were not in favor of their policy. The Tories knew that a general election must come on within another twelve months in any case. So they took heart of grace, and announced a dissolution of Parliament. The result of the general election was that the Conservatives were for the time utterly overthrown. They were routed, horse, foot, and artillery. It was a complete catastrophe. When the votes at the elections were counted up, it was found that the Tory party was nowhere. The Liberals came back with a majority of more than 120. No Liberal statesmen up to that time had seen themselves backed up by so splendid a following. There was a moment of official delay, of unavoidable hesitation, of formal anxiety and suspense. For whom was the Queen to send? On whom was she to impose the task and the responsibility of forming a new administration? Mr. Gladstone was merely, in the official sense, an ordinary Liberal Member of the House of Commons. Lord Hartington was



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE
From a photograph by Mr. Rupert Potter taken in 1884.

the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and Lord Granville was the leader in the House of Lords. The Queen sent in the first instance for Lord Granville, and afterwards for Lord Hartington. But, of course, Lord Granville and Lord Hartington perfectly well knew that neither of them had led the Liberal party to victory. One name, if we may so put it, came out of the Liberal polling-booth, and that was the name of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Granville and Lord Hartington alike declared that on Mr. Gladstone's shoulders alone could rest the responsibility of forming a new administration. "They both assured the Queen," says Mr. George Russell, "that the victory was Mr. Gladstone's, that the Liberal party would be satisfied with no other leader, and that he was the inevitable Prime Minister. They returned to London in the afternoon and called on Mr. Gladstone in Harley Street. He was expecting them and the message which they brought, and he went down to Windsor without a moment's delay. That evening he kissed hands, and returned to London as Prime Minister for the second time. Truly his enemies had been made his footstool." Mr. Disraeli's Eastern policy and Mr. Disraeli's speeches on the Bulgarian question had forced Mr. Gladstone to the front, and made him Prime Minister once again.

[To be continued in the Magazine Number for October]

In Three Languages

By Madeleine Yale Wynne

THERE was once a mighty city, vast in its proportions and tumultuous with life. Its spires divided the clouds, and its domes were like iridescent bubbles in the sky.

Beneath the feet of the dwellers in this city subways had burrowed the earth into intricate and wonderful ramifications, as if some huge earthworm had coiled and wriggled till it had of its own motion made itself a labyrinthine dwelling.

Two rivers flowed by the city, one at the north and one at the south; meeting at the east, they bore on their strong tide the ships to and from the sea.

To the west of the mighty city the sun set behind a mysterious swamp, in the midst of which was a subterranean lake on which floated a moss carpet. Trees grew on the floating moss, drawing sap and strength from unknown sources, till in course of time each tree sank by its own weight of greenness into the depths of the lake below, its blanched tips standing above the moss, mute monuments to its own burial-place.

Around this lake stretched miles of yellow marsh-grass, a home for all the creeping things that live in the half-land, neither of earth nor of water, but with divided natures. The strong city coveted this waste and mysterious place. In council it determined to send forth three of its wisest men, reputed to be each in his own line the greatest of all his fellows. They were to meet together and to devise a way to subjugate and make subservient to man's use this burial-place of trees, this haunt of the creatures of the half-land. This committee of three wise men met at the edge of the lake by agreement. One was a Business Man, one was a Scientific Man, and one was a Poet. After greeting each other, each went on his way alone to explore the region. A secretary waited at the lake to write out the report.

The Business Man came back first. The Man of Science came next. They waited long for the Poet to return; at last it was discovered that he had not left the spot, but that a few paces from them he had lain all day on a mat of marsh-grass watching the clouds.

The Business Man spoke first; he held his watch in his hand and said: "Gentlemen, I have a business engagement of importance in just forty-five minutes; my horses are waiting to carry me back to the city. I can meet my engagement if our reports are brief. I beg to be allowed, however, to present my report first in case I am not able to remain till the end." As there was no reply to this, he continued: "I came out here at seven, sharp. I have been over every acre of land that is accessible to the foot of man. My suggestions are, in brief, as follows: First, that the marsh be drained—an obvious fact that cannot have escaped your notice. [The Business Man was, fortunately, the President of the International Drainage Co., Limited.] Secondly, that a railroad, electric preferred, be built connecting by a short cut the Texan and New Zealand R. R. with the Purgatory and Underland R. R. [The Business Man was also General Manager of these two lines, and knew of what he spoke.] Thirdly, that the water once drained from this lake will leave the trees that are now submerged free to be used as ties in building these roads; by bringing here a portable sawmill the work can be expeditiously and cheaply done. [No man knew more about portable sawmills than the Business Man, as he was at the head of a Combine of all portable sawmills, although it was not called a Combine.]

"Gentlemen, this is, in brief, an outline of my scheme, and I will offer, as a guarantee of my good faith, either to take the carrying out of the whole scheme on my shoulders, the profit or loss to be mine, or I will be contractor for the city. This, gentlemen, is my report in brief." The Secretary wrote all this down in his note-book.

The Scientist rose and said: "I regret more than I can say to be obliged to acknowledge that, though the gentleman who has just been speaking is a fellow-countryman, even a townsman of mine, still, strange as it may seem, unaccountable even, yet I have not been able to understand his report. I have not even understood his language. I doubt not he has spoken ably and to the point, and it is my misfortune not to have been able to follow him. Therefore, I beg of you to receive my report and judge it entirely on its own merits, and not at all as being intentionally in opposition to anything he may have said.

"I have a deep interest in this most singular manifestation of nature as expressed in the land lying before us. I find here an unexampled opportunity for our city to advance science at one stroke beyond the computation of man, beyond what might, in the ordinary course of events, take a century to accomplish. And all this can be done at the slight cost of two or three millions of dollars, which is as a mere bagatelle in comparison to the advancement of scientific knowledge.

"Let us build here a bacteriological hothouse; let us utilize this natural and unparalleled breeding-place for microbes, malarial and other varieties. Let us send here as subjects for experiment all the ill-born and evil-inheriting portion of the city's population, and carefully note the development and progress in their systems of the malarial and other bacteria, under strict scientific regulations. We shall thus at one blow weaken or kill off all of our undesirable population. The city will grow stronger by elimination, while we at the same time get data for the future well-being of the race. Gentlemen, as a guarantee of my disinterestedness, I myself will live here and personally conduct the bacteriological department, free of expense to the city and at my own personal risk of infection, for the sake of Science."

H M Stanley of Alderley
1894 Æt 86

LADY STANLEY, OF ALDERLEY

Mother of the Hon. Maude Stanley, and herself also a leader in educational and social movements.

The Poet stood apart; it was evident from the expression of his face that he had not understood one word that had been spoken either by the Business Man or by the Scientific Man. They waited some moments for the Poet to speak. The Secretary had completed the notes of the reports which had gone before, and now tapped his note-book impatiently. The Business Man watched the hands of his watch. The sun sent shafts of light through the mist that was gathering over the lake. A heron slipped like a shadow from its covert in the reeds and flitted to a pool, where she became two—herself and her reflection. Said the Poet then, with a whimsical shrug of his shoulders, "First, I should say you must get a quitclaim from the Heron." Then he paused, but finally added, "I have no plan. I know nothing about it all. I could not understand one word that either of these two gentlemen said." And then he was heard to murmur something to himself that sounded like this:

> "The tawny coat of Lion
>   Or the spotted Leopard's hide
> Were pale beside the Marsh at noon,
>   In the burning August-tide."

The Secretary was puzzled; he tried to write something in his note-book, but could get no coherent version of the Poet's words. He looked at the Business Man, who significantly tapped his forehead and winked at the Scientist.

Thus it came to pass that the committee of three came to no agreement, and the city still has the problem of the submerged lake on its hands. The Business Man could not understand the Scientist; the Scientist did not understand the Business Man; and the Poet understood neither. And as for the last, everybody knows a poet's language is no language at all, so of course nobody was to blame for not understanding him. And the Heron still possesses the marsh.

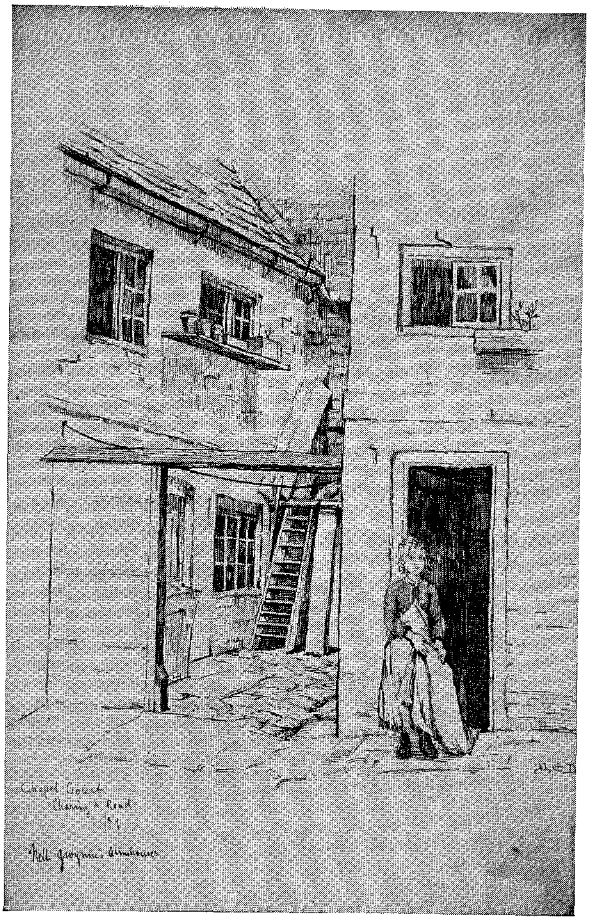
The First Working-Girls' Club

By the Hon. Maude Stanley

THIS work is of but a few years' growth, but so much has it filled a want of the working classes that it is now widespread and far-reaching, and it must, in Great Britain and the United States of America, have come in touch with millions of girls and have been carried on by thousands of earnest, loving, sympathetic women.

Its success and its need in our crowded towns is as much appreciated by the parents of the members as by the members themselves, or by the ladies who conduct, teach, and work in the clubs. The first club was started in Soho, London, in 1880; it was begun because the want was felt by the girls of some place where they could meet after work-time during the summer months, when the evening school was closed. I had carried on such a school under the Education Office Regulations for two years, meeting three times a week from October to April, and the girls who had come regularly felt the want of interest in their lives when the classes ceased, and they told me how much they would miss these pleasant evenings. The girls all lived with their parents about the Five and Seven Dials, mostly in two, sometimes three, rooms to each family; they knew that no occupation could be carried on in the crowded homes, with many children about them, where the living-room served as wash-house, kitchen, parlor, and often besides as bedroom; and what alternative was there for this but to walk about in the streets with their companions, sometimes girls, sometimes boys, making too often undesirable acquaintances which might or might not drift into early marriages at sixteen or seventeen—the bane of a town population?

I had been working about eleven years in Soho before this idea formed itself in my mind, so that I was well acquainted with the lives of the working classes in Soho, having had Sunday and evening schools for the roughest of the boys. I knew also the fathers and mothers as well as the girls, and at the same time was well known in the parish, so that what was undertaken was looked upon with favor by those whose children I wished to bring to the club. It was a tentative work, and I had not much money to start with, so the first floor of a house in Porter Street was cleaned and fitted to receive the girls. The street is now demolished, and has made room for the Shaftesbury Theater and Shaftesbury Avenue. This was well, for the street was



ONE OF THE OLD COURTS IN CHARING CROSS ROAD

one of the most overcrowded in London—four, five, or six families in each small house; in this street of twenty-six houses 448 persons were living. Some of the houses had formerly been occupied by people in a better condition, as was shown by the good staircases and paneled rooms. In fact, Soho was the aristocratic part of London in the days of the Stuarts. Macaulay talks of all the great families having left their mansions in Soho to go to their country homes. In Soho Square were the houses of the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Falconberg. Close by were the houses of the Dukes of Grafton, the Earls of Carlisle, and Lord Gerard; and later Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Joshua Reynolds lived close by. As the aristocracy left the neighborhood, by degrees the houses were turned into dwellings for the working people. They have not the modern sanitary arrangements of large industrial dwellings, but they have an attractive beauty about them of old staircases, of paneling, and of good-sized rooms.

The house in which I started the club belonged to me. I had bought it in one of the poorest streets, so as to try to improve the dwellings of some of my poor friends; and the club-room, which was ten feet by nine feet, had not much to boast of in appearance; but there was a warm welcome, a kindly lady was always there as superintendent, a few classes were held and the girls taught to play games, and the room was always open to receive the members.

The room was once visited by a lady who thought of helping in the work, but her views were evidently objective and not subjective, as she said it would be impossible for her to do anything for girls who met in such an inartistic room with such poor surroundings. But to make small beginnings appears to me far better, and to build up by degrees is more conducive to success than to have a grand building before the members are found. Circumstances caused this to be the way I set to work. I know clubs cannot always be started thus, but I have attributed some of the bright aspects of our club to the fact that we grew slowly and that our decorations came by degrees, gifts from many friends, which gives to our club-room a bright, homelike look.

Over the fireplace are the names of the members who have married and who are still members of the club; their names and those of their husbands are encircled by a lovely bower of roses, painted by one of our Associates, Lady Cecilia Roberts. Next to this picture hang the names of our ten years' members, and on the other side the award of merit for the art needlework done by our girls, given them by the Home Art and Industries Association.

There are several frames around the room containing photographs of ladies and gentlemen who have helped in the work of the club and are known to the girls; side by side with these are portraits of the members. A large oil painting of myself hangs over the fireplace, and several nice pictures and china plates adorn the walls. A good lending library of books is seen at the end of the room, and the six windows to the street are hung with bright red turkey twill curtains. Rents are excessive in this part of London, but we have a freehold on which the house was built specially for the club, and the arrangements are all most convenient.

I have so far spoken of the building up of the material edifice, but still more essential is the building up of our club life; the gradual development of grace, of strength, of responsibility, and of earnestness of purpose in our members—that can be attained only by years of patient labor and wise work.

Working people in large cities live such isolated lives, they seem such atoms in the vast universe, they appear to be so unnoticed, that there is no public feeling around them, there is not the support of the esteem and friendship which is such a help in our lives; nor is there the deterrent influence of the critical eye of our acquaintances, which may often prevent the overpassing of the bounds of prudence, so important in the lives of women. Well! in the club we create this support; we make a public opinion, for we give them the friends above and among themselves; here they find friends, companions, advisers, counselors; they have loving commendation for good work, and, when needful, equally loving reproofs for faults which they can try to correct. This could be done for them only by friends whom they know and trust and love.

I have always considered that small means may be of great help in forming the character; and we must remember that our working-girls have not had the advantage of the early training of courteous kindness that those in easier circumstances have had. They must be taught much of what seems to us to have come by nature. So I have often used the blackboard as an educator, and have written out "Thank you," "Good-evening," when the neglect of these little courtesies has seemed very apparent. I once told our girls how every member of Parliament as he came into the House had to catch the Speaker's eye and bow before he sat down, and that they should do the same to their superintendent. Years after, one of the girls told me that this small fact had much impressed her, and kept in her memory this act of courtesy. If, after years of kindly intercourse at the club, a girl has left us without word or sign of farewell, her photograph has been taken out of the picture in the club-room and put in one on the staircase. By degrees good manners have become so much the habit of our members that when girls have been admitted who were rough, noisy, and boisterous, they have soon toned down and followed the example of those already in the club. We can be sure that any little party of ten to twenty girls who are asked out to tea at

A DELEGATION FROM MISS STANLEY'S GIRLS' CLUB OFF FOR A HOLIDAY

HAROLD HAVEN BROWN
AFTER PHOTO

MISS STANLEY IN HER STUDY

a lady's house will behave as well as we could wish them to do. Refinement is as contagious as rudeness, and the value of possessing this quality is fully appreciated by our members, who are now quite as much shocked as we could be at loud talking and vulgar laughing from other girls. What we have aimed at, and what all say we have attained, has been that our girls should be at their ease among us, or any visitors who may come to the club; that they should have no foolish diffidence or shyness when spoken to, or, on the other hand, pushing forwardness; in fact, that they should be natural, pleasant, and kindly, and that the old word "gentlewoman" should in one sense be applicable to every member of our club. I feel that we have this refinement in our girls because through the long years, now fifteen, since our club was started, ladies have come so much to us, some as voluntary teachers, some as helpers in social work. They have been exceptionally delightful people, very different in some ways to one another; but all have been natural and simple, as well-bred people must be, so that affectation and pride, the two attributes that working people are apt to ascribe to those above them in position, have never been seen by our girls.

In England we are now governed, to a certain extent, by democracy, and the men of the working classes are getting power into their own hands, which is to many a new sensation. They sit side by side on Boards with Dukes and Peers of the realm; they are joined also with ladies on Committees and Boards; but, in so much as these ladies are really high-bred women, they have always found as graceful a recognition of their position from their democratic colleagues as they could have received from any aristocratic ones; and in many instances have they been found to temper the debates and soften the manners of those with whom they have been associated. Some may think I lay too much stress on manners, but what says the motto of our oldest public school at Winchester? "Manners maketh man;" and as we know that manners denote the inner man, so are we glad to see in our girls the softness of voice of Cornelia, the gentleness of St. Agnes, and the kindly service of Dorcas.

We have a white metal brooch in our club; in the center is our badge, a snowdrop, and underneath is written "The Soho Club." When a girl has been one year in the club, she has this brooch given to her; when she has been five years, a pendant consisting of a chain with a ball in the center is added to the brooch; after ten years a second ball and chain is added; and after fifteen there are three chains and balls. Five of our members have this last brooch. After they marry, if they have continued members of the club, they receive the additional pendant when they are entitled to it. The members over seventeen years of age pay one shilling entrance fee; those under seventeen years of age have no entrance fee to pay; they all pay two shillings a quarter to the club; one shilling a quarter for singing lessons; sixpence a quarter for musical drill and gymnastics; and one shilling and sixpence for the cooking class; the rest of the classes are free. Members for over ten years and married members pay two shillings and sixpence a year; servants pay one shilling a quarter, for they can come less often to the club, though they are often better off than the other members.

No better work can be done by ladies outside the daily working of the club than by the invitations which they give sometimes to the girls to come to tea at their own houses. My mother, whose memory is revered by all our girls who saw her, as well as by so many in England who have known her through her many years of work for the higher education of women, gave many invitations to our girls; and if a married member brought her baby to see me, she was always sure of a kind reception, an affectionate interest in her little one from the great-grandmother who sat in her chair with such a kind welcome to all, and who to her last days, at eighty-seven, had ever a keen interest in the welfare of all who came in contact with her. Her portrait was painted by W. Richmond, R.A., and is in every one of the schools of the Day School Company, for which she worked since its foundation.

Other kind friends have invited parties of from six to twenty girls on Saturdays to tea with them, giving them a rest after their many days of incessant toil. These tea-parties sent them back to their work on Monday with a lighter heart and more cheerful spirit, for what will not sympathy do in lightening the load of care which so weighs down the toilers of our large towns! Besides the social work of our club, the tea-parties, the excursions, the visits to museums and places of interest, we have much to say about the voluntary teachers of our classes. The first of our teachers was Miss Sellers, a graduate of

Girton College, who lectured on Greek heroines to a class of factory and work girls. They listened eagerly to those beautiful classical stories, and two of them told me that, as they were working together in the factory, they would often discourse with each other on the stories of Iphigenia, Electra, and Antigone. Miss Macdonald, M.A. and Fellow of the London University, gave her pupils a course of English History, and Lady Morpeth taught her class History and Composition; Mr. Arthur Davies, occupied during the daytime in the city, has come every evening for eight months of the year for the last ten years to teach a class in our club gymnastics and musical drill.

Of the visits to country houses I have not space to speak at present. As I said, our members are many of them occupying the houses lived in in former days by the great people of England; now they often go forth from these houses to the country homes of the rich and noble as visitors for a week or a fortnight. One especially enchanting visit was made by me with eighteen girls to Losely Hall by the invitation of Lady Sligo. The girls filled the guest-rooms, and were supremely happy. Of very many more happy days and weeks spent in castles or manors or smaller houses we cannot write. Times and views of life have indeed changed in the last one hundred years, and work for the poor is not carried on as formerly in the Lady Bountiful fashion, but in a friendliness of spirit, with a warmheartedness and a wise discretion, that do still more than the ways of old to give happiness and to brighten the lives of toil. A very large proportion of England's children from many classes are working together for the benefit of the Fatherland. The intimation of the party cry, "The classes against the masses," is not fair, and is growing less true daily. More truly could we say, "The classes for the masses;" and may we not hope soon to say, "The masses with the classes"?

The Real Isaiah

By Clifton H. Levy

ASK ten readers of the Bible which book is their favorite, and nine, if not ten, of them will reply, "The Book of Isaiah." It is appreciated as being both powerful and poetic, thrilling and inspiring. It is full of appeals to lofty idealism, and unsparing in rebuking the materialism of that age. It is because it is so real and genuine, so spiritual in its teachings, that it has retained its power over men, even in our day. Yet the very fact of its popularity has led to many abuses and misapprehensions. The real Isaiah is a literature, and is to be comprehended only as the production of no single individual.

Behind the book stand several personalities. That tradition attributed prophetic utterances and lyrical productions of three centuries to the great "Isaiah of Jerusalem" is not at all surprising to the student of Oriental literature. Isaiah was in fact and by repute the greatest of the prophets surrounded by the halo of a nation's tender recollections of its own apparent dissolution. He who had faced king and people with divine denunciation, with announcements of the "Impending Day of the Lord" (ii., 11),

The haughtiness of humankind shall be bowed down,
And the loftiness of man brought low,
And in that day shall JHVH[1] alone be exalted,

rightfully became the most commanding figure in the memory of the exiles. The greatest of his successors were called Isaianic; the most inspiring orations or stirring oracles were associated with his name in the minds of the people. This was in the long ago when tradition and history were one, when the line between fact and fancy was as yet indistinct, if drawn at all.

The demand of to-day is different. Before us lies the Book of Isaiah, and just because it is the most remarkable book in the Bible we want to comprehend it clearly. Not for its theological value, great as that may be, not for its moral power; but if we would make any proper use of this book religiously or ethically, we must first have it adequately presented in literary form.

Literature is more than the forms of prose and poetry, more than ode, lyric, or blank verse. The literary study of any production is inextricably interwoven with the conditions under which it was produced. Matthew Arnold appreciated this point fully when he prefaced his "study" of Isaiah of Jerusalem by a lengthy historical introduction. He knew, as we should know, that we cannot appreciate the words of Isaiah unless we are conversant with the conditions under which they were uttered. We require the historical setting to understand his pregnant orations. That we must know American history to understand Daniel Webster's reply to Hayne requires no long argument, yet it is just as needful to know the prevailing conditions in Palestine and Babylon to comprehend Isaiah. That this fact has been obscured is largely due to the misapprehension of the function of the Hebrew prophet. He was not a foreteller of the future, save incidentally. His speeches bear a fixed relation to the history of his times, and his predictions are but the forecast of the results which are to follow existent causes.

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[1] Pronounced Yahwé.

PAUL HAUPT
Professor of Semitic Languages in the Johns Hopkins University.

With the keen insight of the literary critic, Matthew Arnold felt that "the requisite for a full enjoyment of Isaiah is to have the book so arranged that we can read his prophecies in their right order and in their right connection;" and he saw, as the best scholars do, that the book as it is found in existing and accepted versions is incomprehensible.

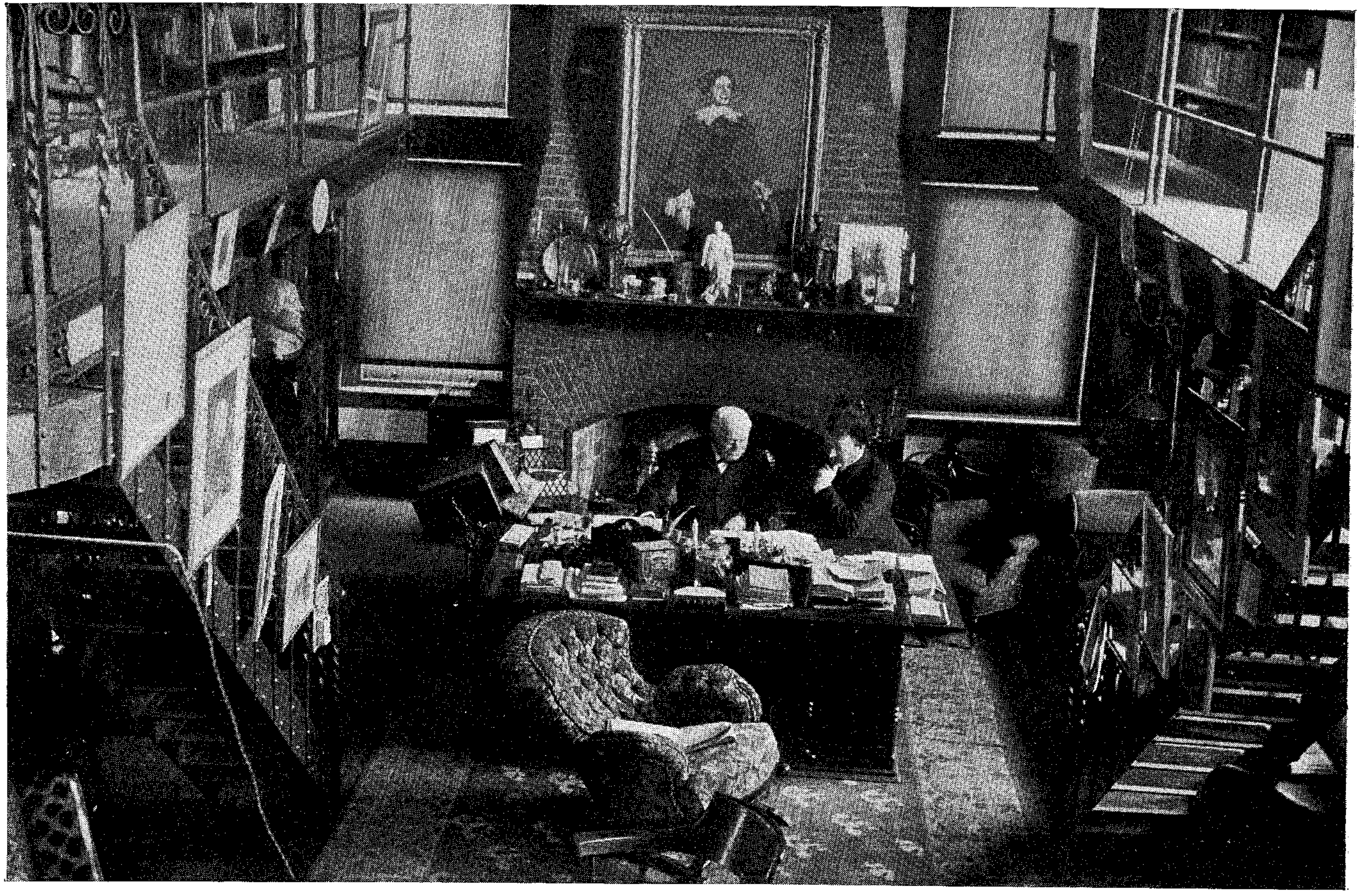
We want to get the most we can from any great book, and cannot be satisfied with the misty, jumbled conception which is the only possible one to be carried away from the sixty-six chapters as they are heaped together in the "Accepted Version."

Besides the lack of proper arrangement, there is another desideratum not supplied by the old version. Dryden said somewhere: "No man is capable of translating poetry who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language and of his own; nor must we understand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish and, as it were, individuate him from all other writers." What is true of the poet is just as true of the prophet, who is a religious poet in elevation of style and thought, even in rhythm. It is unfortunate that such a man as Matthew Arnold was not a Hebrew scholar with critical training—he would have given us the real Isaiah. For one not a Hebrew scholar, no matter how expert in other tongues, to attempt to give us a version of Isaiah, is as if Jowett had translated Plato from some other English translation of the Greek. He cannot even appreciate the forms of language used in the original; he lowers poetry into prose, and misses altogether the rhythmic cadences of Hebrew prophecy, comparable to nothing so well as to Shakespearean blank verse. Some German might just as well write a version of "Hamlet" in prose.

To get at the real Isaiah, scholarship and literary power are alike necessary, coupled with lifelong study. If we are to have the book both well arranged and sympathetically translated, it must be done by no ordinary men. Hebrew lexicon and grammar must have been long outgrown—a man must have lived into Isaiah to interpret it.

The book becomes not less effective, but more powerful, by being correctly divided, arranged, and translated; for these make it intelligible—and is not understanding the chief aim of every real student of literature?

It is true that there are prejudices to be put aside, misconceptions to be dissipated,



PROFESSOR HAUPT AND DR. FURNESS AT WORK

From a photograph taken expressly for this article by Dr. W. H. Furness (son of Dr. H. H. Furness).

We have so long taken it for granted that Isaiah wrote the whole book which bears his name, we have become attached to a phrase here and another phrase there, and it is somewhat of a shock to learn that the very first chapter, for instance, was delivered thirty-nine years later than the second, and properly refers to the time when Sennacherib's army was about to besiege Jerusalem. We may be surprised to learn that even the more advanced theory of a first and second Isaiah which was beginning to be accepted does not cover the book as we have it; that chapters xxiv.–xxvii., for instance, are the last part of the book, having been composed between 334 and 332 B.C. Where, then, shall we find the "Real Isaiah" arranged in chronological order and reproduced in fitting English literary form? I believe it will be found in the Book of Isaiah of the "Polychrome Edition of the Old Testament" just about to appear. This edition of the Bible is under the general editorship of Professor Paul Haupt, of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. The associate editor is Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the famous Shakespearean scholar, editor of the "Variorum Shakespeare." Dr. Haupt and Dr. Furness revise the English translation of this Bible in conference, but Dr. Furness's special work is the arrangement of all the poetical or rhythmical portions metrically or rhythmically. His long-continued study of our greatest English poet makes him especially competent for this undertaking, and his rhythmical rendering of certain passages in Isaiah is almost an inspiration. Canon T. K. Cheyne, the man who contributes the Book of Isaiah to this edition, is probably the most eminent living authority upon that book. In 1870 he published his first study of the book in the shape of a new translation chronologically arranged. Later he published a revised translation and exhaustive commentary in two volumes, and in 1895 he sent forth a thick volume, "Introduction to Isaiah," discussing the book thoroughly and at length. The version of which advance sheets have been placed before me by the courtesy of Professor Haupt, the general editor, represents the result of more than thirty years' devotion and labor. It is illustrative, exact, scientific, yet clear and far more open to popular comprehension than any other version that I have seen. But the public will soon have an opportunity to judge for itself; here only a few indications of the method and matter can be given. Canon Cheyne (who, by the way, will lecture in the United States in November) has divided Isaiah into five books, rearranging the matter whenever it is found necessary. Backgrounds of different colors are used to indicate the various authors. Passages written by the editors of the Book of Isaiah are printed on a light blue background; prophetic or poetic passages written neither by Isaiah nor by the editors, on light red; and the passages (xliv., 1–4, etc.) in which the "Servant of JHVH" speaks appear on a ground of light purple. Subsequent additions to the text are relegated to the foot of the pages. Notes bearing on historical and archæological points are appended.

Canon Cheyne holds that chapters i.–xxxix., when provisionally completed (about 400 B.C.), were the only book of Isaiah then known. He dwells upon the fact, as exemplified also in Jeremiah and Zechariah, that "it was a practice of the later editors to insure the preservation of anonymous prophecies by inserting them in the acknowledged works of well-known prophetic writers." But where these additions appear to be in touch with the genuine portions of Isaiah, they are retained, though marked off by separate headings and dates. For example, we read (iii., 16ff.) under the heading "Punishment of the Proud Ladies of Jerusalem" (735 B.C.): "And JHVH said,

Because Zion's daughters are haughty,
And walk with neck thrown back and leering eyes,
Tripping along as they go, and making a chime with their ankles.
With scabs will the Lord encrust the crowns of their heads,
JHVH will expose their shames;
Instead of perfume there shall be rottenness, and instead of a girdle a rope,
Instead of artful curls, baldness, and instead of a flowing mantle, girding of sackcloth.

In that day seven women will seize upon one man, saying:
Our own bread will we eat, and with our own garments will we be clad; only let us be called by thy name, take thou away our disgrace.
—*Messianic Appendix. (Post-Exilic.)*

In that day, to those of Israel who have escaped, etc.," to verse 6.

Why does Canon Cheyne mark the passage iv., 1–6, "Messianic Appendix"? Because in style and ideas it bears no resemblance whatever to the preceding passage, and does not even pursue its thought.

If we would see in how far this version

catches the spirit of Isaiah and presents it to eye and mind, we could not have a happier instance than the famous "Parable of the Vineyard." The prophet, remarkable for the many-sidedness of his genius, assumes the character of a popular singer, catches the attention of his audience by a lyric, chanted, perhaps, to some melody of the day (v., 1–7):

A song will I sing of my friend,
A love-song touching his vineyard.

A vineyard belongs to my friend,
On a hill that is fruitful and sunny.
He digged it, and cleared it of stones,
And planted there vines that are choice;
A tower he built in the midst,
And hewed also therein a wine-vat;
And he looked to find grapes that are good,
Alas! it bore grapes that are wild.

Ye, in Jerusalem dwelling,
And ye, who are freemen of Judah,
Judge ye, I pray, between me
And my cherished vineyard.
What could have been done for my vineyard
That I had not done?
When I looked to find grapes that are good,
Why bore it grapes that are wild?

And now let me give you to know
What I purpose to do to my vineyard:
I will take away its hedge,
That it be eaten up,
I will break through its walls,
That it be trodden down;
Yea, I will make it a waste,
Neither pruned nor weeded;

It shall shoot up in thorns and briars,
And the clouds will I enjoin that they rain not upon it.
For the vineyard of JHVH Sabaoth is the House of Israel,
And the men of Judah His cherished plantation;
And He looked for justice, but behold! bloodshed,
For righteousness, but behold! an outcry.

The indignation of the prophet bursts the bounds of the lyrical before his parable is quite finished, and he adopts the long, swinging prophetic rhythm. Now, if the "King James" or "Revised Version" be placed by the side of this poem, the difference may be noted. Here we have the height of poetic art, appreciable by even the cursory reader; there, is a prosaic presentation in which the point of the prophet's method is obscured, if not entirely lost.

Canon Cheyne finds that the *Genuine Prophecies of Isaiah* (of Jerusalem) were occasioned by three great national crises—the Syro-Israelitish invasion (734), the siege and fall of Samaria (722), and the western campaign of Sennacherib. In connection with the first of these we read "Sixfold Denunciation," which begins:

> Woe unto those who join house to house, who add field to field, till there is no more room.
>
> And ye are settled alone in the midst of the land! (v., 8).

Prophecy 3 and Prophecy 4 discuss the "Successive Stages of the Judgment upon Israel" (ix., 8, etc.), with that powerful refrain:

For all this His anger turned not away,
And still was His hand outstretched.

This editor believes that a "Second Prophetic Collection" of Isaianic Prophecies opens with the "Vision of his Consecration;" and here prose and prophetic rhythm appear so unmistakably that it is comparatively easy to see how much is lost by the usual prosaic rendering (vi., 8):

> And I heard the voice of JHVH saying: Whom shall I send? and who will go for us? And I said: Here am I send me. And he said: Go, and say to this people:

Hear on, but understand not! See on, but perceive not!
Make fat this people's heart, make dull their ears, and besmear their eyes,

Lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears,
And their heart understand, and their health be restored.

The "Oracle on Tyre" may be partially Isaianic, but if so, it bears the mark of late editing, and has a Post-Exilic Appendix (xxiii., 15, 16):

> In that day Tyre will pass into oblivion for seventy years, during the reign of one line of kings; at the end of seventy years Tyre will fare like the Harlot in the song:

Take thy lute, and go about the city,
Harlot, forgotten now by men!
Play thou with skill, sing many a ditty,
To win remembrance then.

> For at the end of seventy years JHVH will take notice of Tyre, so that she will return to her hive, and play the harlot with all, etc.

Professor Cheyne, after the completing of the first book of genuine Isaianic prophecies, collects the "Narratives founded on the acts of Isaiah" and the prophecies and songs of disputed origin in the second book (chapters xxxvi.–xxxix)., while the third book contains "Appendices to the Genuine Isaiah," including Isaianic fragments. Book 4 contains "Prophecies on the Fall of Babylon" by unknown writers at the close of the exile, opening with the "Exile's Vision" (B.C. 550–545), the Oracle on Chaldea, xxi., 1–10, and the Fall of Babylon, xiii., 1–xiv., 23. The heading of the latter, "Oracle on Babylon which Isaiah ben-Amoz saw," is due to the fact that it is a compilation containing several Isaianic fragments. Four reasons are given why the Oracle on Babylon cannot be the work of Isaiah: "(*a*) It has neither been proved, nor is it provable, that a return of a large body of Israelitish exiles was expected by Isaiah, whose attention (even when he is exceptionally hopeful) is absorbed by the actual people of Judah (xi., 11–16, is, on various grounds, not Isaiah's). (*b*) No prediction of a Babylonian Exile can be safely indicated in the prophecies of this period. Is. xxxix., 5–7, comes to us from a late hand, and the reference to Babylon in Mic. iv., 10 (if no more), is undoubtedly due to an interpolator. (*c*) The writer of xiii., 2–xiv., 23, does not assume the historical position of Isaiah. Read the Prophecy, and judge. The Medes are described in it as already crossing the *mountains of the frontier*. Soon they will begin their appointed work of destruction, and the palaces of Babylon will become awful desolation (xiii.). Can Isaiah have written in this way? It was long after Isaiah's time that the power of the Medes became formidable; and if that prophet could have foreseen such a gathering of the Medes and the subject Iranian people as chapter xiii. describes, he would have represented the Babylonians, not as their foes, but as their allies. To say that *King of Babylon* in xiv., 4=*King of Assyria* is only possible by a deplorable misuse of archæology. And as for Babylon itself, the city which Isaiah knew under this name was one which contended at a disadvantage with the colossal might of Assyria. (*d*) The balance of the evidence from ideas, phraseology, and style is in favor of a late date, and very decidedly opposed to the traditional theory of Isaiah's authorship." This rather lengthy quotation from Canon Cheyne's notes is presented to give an adequate idea of his method of criticism; and it is certainly convincing.

The third prophecy of the fourth book begins with chapter xl., usually assigned to the second or Deutero-Isaiah; but the editor is not satisfied to attribute this and the succeeding chapters to any single individual—it is enough for him that they were not written by Isaiah of Jerusalem. He believes that this prophecy is to be divided into several sections, the second of which is headed: "The Creature first humbled and then encouraged by true thoughts of JHVH." The arrangement and translation of xl., 6–8, 12–16, is most happy:

Hark! a voice says: Proclaim! and I say: What shall I proclaim?

All flesh is grass, and all the strength thereof like the flowers of the field;
The grass withers, the flowers fade, because the breath of JHVH has blown thereon.
The grass withers, the flowers fade, but the word of our God stands for ever.
Who has measured the waters with the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span,
And comprehended the dust of the earth in one-third of an ephah,
And weighed mountains with scales, and hills with a balance?
Who has meted out the mind of JHVH, and who, as His counselor, gives Him knowledge?
With whom has He taken counsel, that He might obtain insight,
And be taught as to the path of right, and be shown the way of understanding?
Behold, the nations are like a drop on a bucket, and as fine dust on a balance are they reckoned;
Behold, He lifts up the islands like a mote;
And Lebanon is not sufficient for fuel, nor its beasts enough for burnt offerings.

The old translation "a drop in a bucket" is absolutely incorrect, for a literal rendering is "a drop *from* a bucket," the figure being that of a drop trickling down the side of a bucket of water, and not that of one drop as compared to a bucketful, which is implied by the former rendering. This is but one instance, of many that might be cited, of the great alteration of the significance of a passage by the change of so small a word as *in* to *on*.

If we would find this Prophet of the Exile at his strongest, we are tempted at times to quote his words of consolation, at others to dwell upon his condemnatory speeches. The "Song of Derision upon Babylon," for example (xlvii., 1ff.):

Come down, and sit in the dust, O virgin Babylon!
Throneless, sit on the ground, O maiden Chaldea!
For thou shalt be called never more The Tender, The Dainty.
Take the millstones, and grind meal; put back thy veil,
Lift up the train, bare the leg, wade through streams.
Irreversible vengeance will I take, says our redeemer—
JHVH Sabaoth is His name, Israel's Holy One.

Sit silent, be closed in darkness, O maiden Chaldea!
For thou shalt be called never more The Mistress of Kingdoms.
I was wroth with my people and profaned my heritage,

I gave them to thee, but thou showedst them no compassion,
On the aged thou madest thy yoke to press heavily.
And thou saidst: I shall last forever, yea, be Mistress perpetually.
Thou didst not lay this to thy heart, nor think of the future.

But when he strikes the note of hope and encouragement, his words are wonderful. His "Words of Cheer to Prostrate Zion" cover but a few verses, li., 17ff., yet they must have stirred the hearts of his hearers to their innermost depths:

Rouse thee! Rouse thee! Stand up, O Jerusalem,
Who hast drunken at JHVH's hand the cup of his fury!
The goblet of bewilderment thou hast drunken and drained.
A double curse befell thee; who can fitly condole with thee?
Storming and destruction, famine and sword; who can comfort thee?
Thy sons lie fainting, as an antelope in a net,
So full are they of the fury of JHVH, of the rebuke of thy God.
Therefore hear now this, thou afflicted one, and drunken, but not with wine,
Thus says JHVH, thy God, who befriends the cause of His people,
Behold, I take out of thy hand the cup of bewilderment;
The goblet of my fury—thou shalt not drink it again.

The fourth book contains also those famous passages relating to the "Servant of JHVH" which have been so long interpreted as predictive of the coming of the Messiah. Canon Cheyne is a firm believer in Christianity and in the divinity of Jesus, but he does not believe that these passages, especially the famous fifty-second and fifty-third chapters, were intended by the composer to foretell the coming of the Messiah. It may be that unconsciously he wrote that which should afterwards become the basis for Messianic hopes, but the idea of the writer was far different. Touching upon verse 13 of chapter lii., "Verily, my Servant will deal wisely, He will rise, be exalted and be very high," Canon Cheyne states in a note: "This is the climax of the poetic oracles on the Servant. A fuller description than before is given of the sufferings of the Servant. The chief stress, however, is not laid upon these, but upon the announcement of His glorification. . . . It refers not to Israel as a whole, but to the prophetic teachers (*e. g.*, Jeremiah) and their disciples. These noble Israelites were not indeed perfect, but the Genius which inspired them was perfect, and it was in virtue of this that they could prevail. In them, to the eye of faith, the Genius of Israel preached and suffered, and, in spite of appearances, overcame. Their sufferings, meekly borne, were profitable to the whole community. They prepared the way for others to fulfill Israel's grand mission to the world at large."

In the fifth and last book Professor Cheyne has collected all of the passages written after the fall of Babylon. Here is chapter xix. on the downfall of Egypt; here is that remarkable section, lvi., 9–12—lvii., 1–21. "Against the evil rulers of Jerusalem, and against the Samaritans (444 B.C.):

All ye wild beasts in field and forest, come hither to devour!
My watchmen are all blind, and know not how to give heed;
They are all dumb dogs which cannot bark,
Crouching and lying down, loving to slumber.
And the dogs are greedy, they know not how to be satisfied,
They all turn to their own way, each for his own lucre.
Come, they say, let me fetch wine, let us carouse with mead,
And to-morrow shall be as to-day, an exceeding high day.

The righteous perishes, and no man lays it to heart,
Men of piety are taken, but none considers
That for the wickedness of the time the righteous is taken, entering into peace:
Let them rest on their beds—every one who walked in a straight path."

Under the general heading "Prospects of the end of 'this Age'" we find "The Last Judgment and the Kingdom of God" (334 B.C.), xxiv., 1ff. "Behold, JHVH makes the earth desert and desolate, He turns it upside down, and scatters its inhabitants. It shall be, as with the people, so with the priest; as with the servant, so with his master; as with the maid, so with her mistress; as with the buyer, so with the seller; as with the lender, so with the borrower; as with the debtor, so with the creditor. The earth shall be utterly desert and clean despoiled, for JHVH has spoken the word.

The earth faints, it fades away,
The world fails, it fades away,
High heaven like the earth fails," etc., etc.

The latest fragments (332 B.C.) Professor Cheyne finds to be three songs. They are well worthy of quotation for both the contents and the present poetic rendition, xxv., 1–5:

My God, O JHVH, Thou art,
Thee I exalt, Thy Name will I praise;

Wonderful deeds hast Thou wrought,
Old prophetic counsels fulfilled.

A citadel Thou hast turned to a mound,
To ruin a fenced city falls,
Where stood towers of insolence no city is found,
Nor shall men ever build up its walls.

Hence to Thee they give honor and praise,
Yea, men in the fierce heathenland;
The tyrants fear Thee all their days,
Because Thou hast shown Thy right hand.

As a fortress to the weak Thou art made,
A fortress to the poor in his woe,
A refuge from storms, at noontide a shade;
But insolent pride Thou laidst low.

Another song (xxv., 9–11):

And it will be said in that day:
Behold, here is our God,
For whom we waited
That He should deliver us,
Let us exult and rejoice in His deliverance.

For the hand of JHVH will rest
Upon this mountain,
But Moab will be trodden down in her place,
As straw is trodden down in the water of a dung-hill.

And if she spread forth her hands therein,
As he who swims
Spreads forth his hands to swim,
Her pride will be subdued, together with the tricks of her hands.

A third song (xxvii., 2–5):

It will be said too in that day:
Of the fair vineyard sing a lay,
I, JHVH, hold it close in ward,
Each hour I give it water clear,
Lest any harm should happen there;
Night and day am I its guard,
And wrath I never bear.

Oh, that before me might appear
Briars and the prickly thorn!
War would I wage against them there,
Together would I burn them there!
Or let them to my shelter flee,
And let them there make peace with me!

It is admittedly unsatisfactory to have to quote mere fragments from so remarkable a book as Isaiah. Yet perhaps these hints of the rearrangement and retranslation of that great literary production may offer some slight idea of the scope and purpose of the scholars editing this version. We may conceive that the ancient notion of one man having written the whole book is a narrow one. Not only was it impossible from the point of view of historico-literary criticism, but the universal power of an ancient Shakespeare could never have produced such widely varying poems and speeches. The broader conception that in the Book of Isaiah we have some of the greatest products of prophetic and poetic skill of the people whose genius reached out for the "Power not ourselves that works for righteousness" is no mean idea. Instead of one inconsistent, self-contradictory man we have the best and deepest thought of a whole series of men dedicated to the lofty ideals and holy purposes of JHVH. This must be something like the Real Isaiah, as nearly as we can reach it, and the rounded whole presents a striking unity of purpose, if not of authorship. The Real Isaiah, read in the light of modern scholarship, is an enlightening, stirring, vivifying book.

The Growth of London

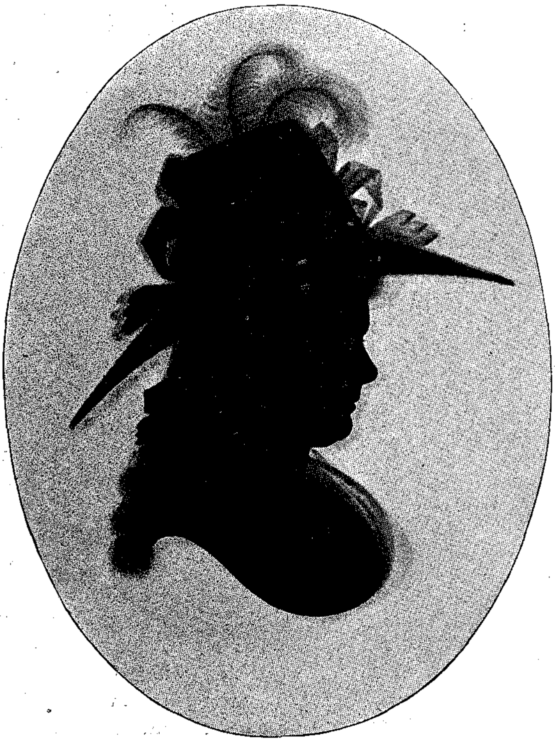
The recent census shows that during the past five years the population of London has increased at a less rapid ratio than during the ten years preceding. The number of people resident in the great city in 1896 was 15,000 less than it would have been had the old rate of increase been maintained.

The problem of the growth of London has been interesting to speculative statisticians at any time during the past 200 years. In 1686 Sir William Petty, justly regarded as the founder of the science of vital statistics, wrote in his famous tractate upon "The Multiplication of Mankind" that if London should continue to grow at the same rate that it had grown during his lifetime its population would be 10,000,000 by 1840. He, however, predicted that occult but natural causes would intervene to prevent the attainment of such an unwieldy growth, and he fixed upon the year 1800, by which time, as he reckoned, the population would be about 5,000,000, as the beginning of the era of recedence. As a matter of fact, the causes began to work much earlier than he had anticipated, so that in 1800 the population was but little more than 1,000,000. Indeed, the year that he predicted as that of the beginning of retrogression was the beginning of fabulous progression; the impulse of the great wars made London the center of the world from 1800 to 1815; after that the application of steam, gas, and electricity to the commercial and mechanic arts made it a loadstone to the luxurious, the avaricious, the ambitious, and the unemployed. Yet Petty was not far from guessing rightly. He estimated 5,000,000 as the largest number of souls that Nature would tolerate in one civic bond. The 5,000,000 limit is nearly reached in London, and the resilient wave is perceptible.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Before the Photograph

By Myrta L. Avary

IN the early part of this century and in the latter half of the eighteenth, silhouetting was very fashionable. In 1826, when Daguerre and Niepce put their "heliograph pictures," as the first specimens of photography were called, before the people, the silhouette was superseded by a more rapid and accurate art. Doubtless the popularity of the silhouette portrait and the demand for it spurred on the development of photography.



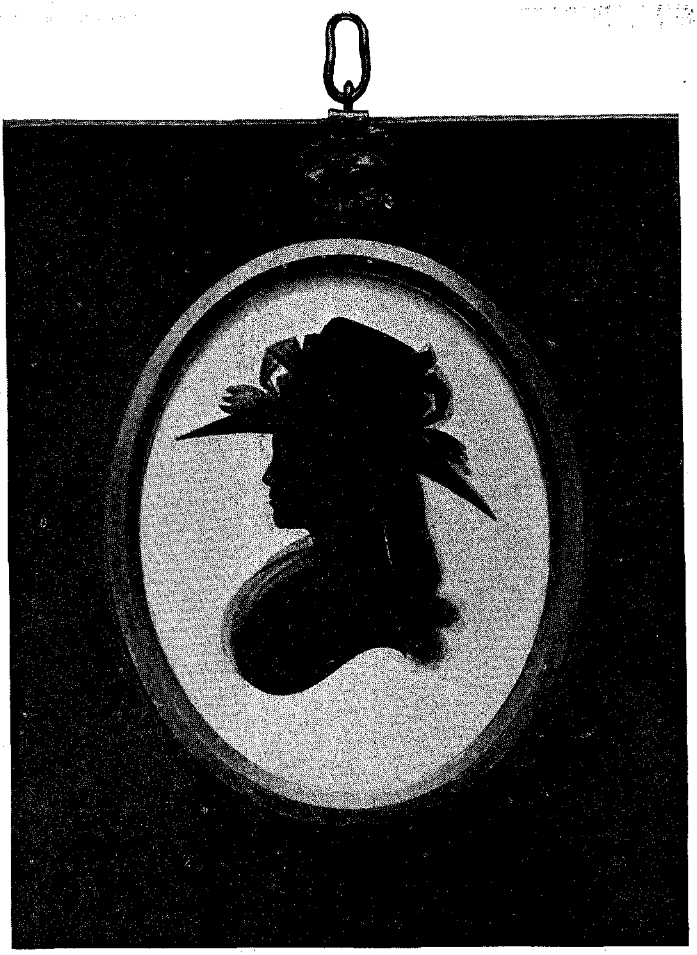
MISS MARY GORDON, AFTERWARDS MRS. BABINGTON
Born 1767. Married June, 1788.

During the period mentioned, silhouetting reached a high degree of perfection. It put excellent profile likenesses within reach of the many who could not pay for the work of a painter or a draughtsman. The traveling artist, with his scissors or his tent, candle, and pantograph, as the case might be, was everywhere; he was an attraction of the watering-place, of the boating excursion, and of every fair. Sixpence was his price. For sixpence he would cut you out of black paper, paste you on white pasteboard, and put you in a frame; if that were not enough, he would cut out all your family and paste them in a row behind you, beginning with the next tallest person to yourself, and ending the picture with the family pet for vanishing point—unless the pet was a cat, in which case you would have to borrow a dog or go without, as cats always turned out goats when cut out of paper.

But the silhouette artist was not limited to the man with a light purse, nor to the habitat of the fakir. He had his studio in towns and cities, did beautiful work, and had "art exhibitions," as, for instance, that of J. P. Tussaud, of Mme. Tussaud & Son, who in an Announcement "respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general that he has a Machine by which he takes Profile Likenesses. Price 2s. to 7s., correct style. . . . Biography and Descriptive Sketches of the Whole Length, Composition Figures and other works of art, forming the Unrivalled Collection of Mme. Tussaud, J. P. Tussaud & Son. Printed by R. Wroghston, New Street. 1823."

My lady of quality who sat for Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, or Gainsborough, as the case might be, did not disdain the good office of the silhouetter. Many a noble and lovely outline has come down to us through the magic of the Black Art. Exquisite specimens in plenty lurk in the quiet corners of old English homes, and America is not without her treasury of quaint "shades" of ancestors and ancestresses who lived and died across the water.

From one shilling up was the charge of the silhouettist of repute. Édouart, the greatest artist in this line, never charged less than five shillings. During the days of the first Napoleon he was silhouettist to the French Royal Family. The British Museum has a copy of his very interesting and now very rare book upon the subject of his art; it is full of illustrations in his own exquisite work. Neither Édouart nor the other artists in his line limited themselves to the mere production of portraits.



MISS CATHERINE GORDON

Born 1770.

Groups, conversation and fancy pieces, buildings, and scenery were outlined with skill and grace, details being given with marvelous minuteness, as facile scissors turned out delicate degrees with accuracy and tenderness.

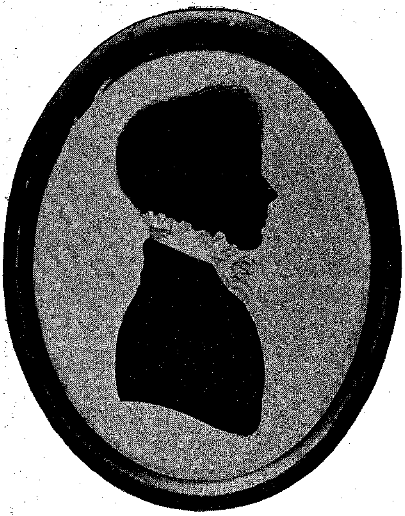
As examples of silhouetting brought to the measure of a fine art, Konewka's Shakespearean illustrations hardly need mention. Konewka is said to have depended absolutely upon a pair of scissors for his beautiful results, being an indifferent draughtsman.

The methods by which silhouetting was accomplished were many. The best artists followed that method which the kindergartner of to-day would call "free cutting;" that is, he carved out his sitter's profile without other aid than that afforded by his eye, hand, scissors, and piece of paper. Yet machine-cutting —which Édouart condemned heartily—became very popular. Every artist advertising to do "reduced *Shades*" advertised to do them by an "entirely new process, method, or machine."

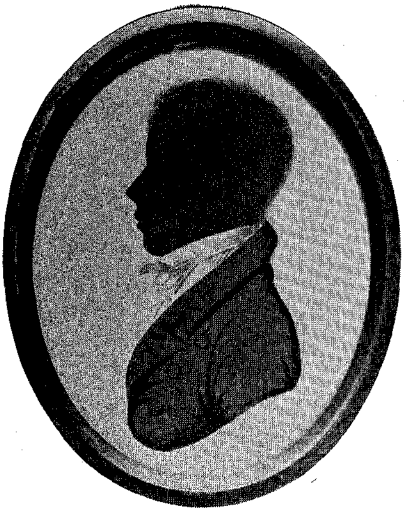
Traveling fakirs had an automaton which they said did the work. The automaton was a mystical or ridiculous-looking figure in flowing garments, seated with a stylus in its hand; by some internal machinery the hand moved and the stylus scratched away. The sitter would be placed near a wall or curtain, and there were observant people who thought they saw a hole in the wall or curtain and a man's eye at the hole; so that many who accepted the automaton's work were inclined to believe that the eye at the hole deserved credit rather than the automaton.

Various silhouetting processes of the time mentioned may be described as follows: (1) Cutting the portrait out of white paper, then laying the paper over a black surface either of wood or paper, so that the white margins described the outline (1774). (2) Cutting the profile out of black and imposing it on white or tinted grounds. (3) By means of a candle casting profile of subject on a white surface, drawing the outline full size, reducing it by pantograph or other mechanical process, and then filling in with black ink. (4) Ornamental work on prints thus obtained, such as penciling and shading the dress, hat, headdress, and doing the earrings or other jewels in gold. Very delicate and beautiful work was accomplished in this direction. (5) Outline on concave glass filled in with black ink, shaded and touched in gold; the whole coated over thinly with wax, obtaining thus a soft effect somewhat similar to that of the modern ivorytype. (6) Etching outline on copperplate. (7) Portraits in black on a white substance like plaster of Paris.

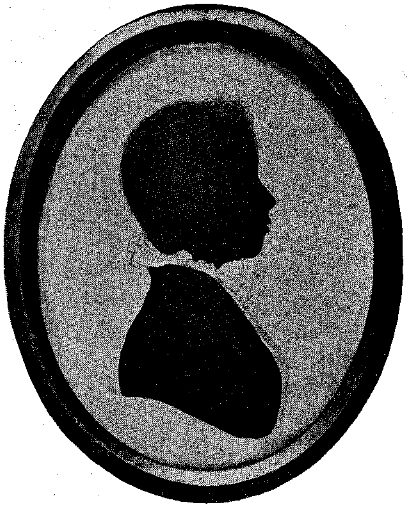
The pretty black oval frames in which specimens of this old-time silhouetting are usually found are of very dainty workmanship. Our modern craze for the antique has brought about modern imitations, but the manufacture of the genuine "black oval" died



JOHN PONSONBY GORDON
Born 1801.



GILBERT GORDON
Born 179-. Picture taken 1812.



ARCHIBALD GORDON
Born 1800. Died 1848.

out a good fifty years ago, and the modern specimen suffers much by a comparison with the older model. These old frames are oval margins in square frames of black pasteboard polished and delicately and accurately turned; they are hung by a brass ring which has for device an oak-leaf and an acorn.

In recent years the silhouettist has been in evidence at Coney Island, Atlantic City, Saratoga, and other places, practicing a clumsy art for the entertainment of summer idlers. But he is out of joint with the times of the kodak fiend and the summer resort photographer.

Though we see that silhouetting was a fine art and a fad among the wealthy nobles and gentry, its very name embodied reproach, since it came through public derision for a French Minister of Finance, Étienne de Silhouette, famous for parsimonious methods. The young gallants of his day, 1757, cut their coats short, affected wooden snuff-boxes, and presented friends with rude outlined pictures of themselves done on cheap paper, describing their cheap substitutes for elegant articles by the term *à la Silhouette.* The shortened coats and the wooden snuff-boxes were transitory; the picture developed beyond its original intent, filled a public want, and stuck, and its name stuck to it.

Yet the silhouette is older than the eighteenth century. The bare profile outline is the oldest art; in its extreme simplicity it is older than writing; indeed, it was the first writing, when a rude outline of the object to be named stood for written word. From the earliest times people have wanted pictures of themselves and of their loved ones. Thus, the first portraits, a pupil of Lavater tells us, were drawn by the shepherds of Arcadie, who "in happy simplicity traced shades of their beloved on the sand to console them in absence."

Old Etrurian vases show fine specimens of silhouetting. Tradition has it that a fair Etrurian maiden is responsible for giving the potter's art this grace. She traced the shadow of her swan on the wall, and her father, who was a potter, caught in it a suggestion for beautifying his work.

Still another poetic legend lends itself to the history of the silhouette portrait. A lover finds his mistress dead; he longs for some way in which to preserve even a semblance of her dear features; the shadow of her profile on the wall suggests a method, and, lo! the first portrait comes.

Of our illustrations, the two young women in hats are done in ink on a material which looks like plaster of Paris; and, with due deference to Édouart, these are specimens of a silhouetting which secured exquisite results without employment of scissors. The glass over these is of a pale-green tint. On the back of them appears the following inscription in the print of the day:

> Perfect Likenesses in miniature Profile, taken by J. Miers Leeds and reduced on a plan entirely new, which preserves the most exact Symmetry and animated expression of the Features. Superior to any other method. Time of sitting one minute. N. B. He keeps the original Shades, and can supply those he has once taken with any number of Copies. Those who have Shades by them, may have them reduced to any Size, and dressed in the present Taste. Orders (at any Time) addressed to him at Leeds in Yorkshire will be punctually dispatched.

The miniatures of Mrs. Gilbert Gordon and her three grandsons are cut out of very thin white paper, laid on a background of heavier quality, filled in with ink, and finished in delicate pencilings. It is probable that there was a family party at the silhouettist's, and that these four pictures were taken at the same time and by the same artist.

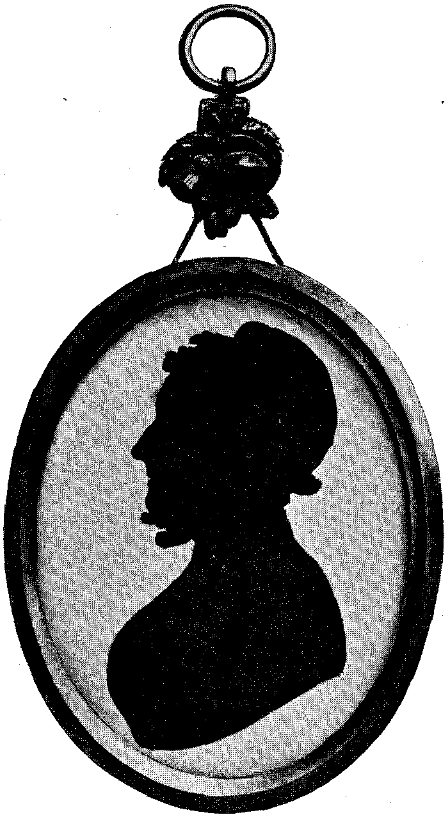
Perhaps it may interest the reader to know that these winsome young ladies and dainty young gentlemen, preserved for the delight of our eyes by the black magic of the silhouettist's art, were of that famous house which figures so largely in Scotch history, romance, and balladry—those fighting "Gay Gordons" of whom novelists from Scott to Crockett have loved to write; of whom one old ballad sings in "waefu'" measure:

The gule, the Gordon, and the hoodie-craw,
Are the three worst things that Scotland ever saw!

And another sings "brawly:"

There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blood,
  Nor yet o' Gordon's line!

These pretty lads, who were at once Stuart, Gordon, and Ponsonby, look as if, should the time come, they might e'en be brave and bonny enough to bear away a fair Ellen from the bridegroom, "dangling his bonnet and plume," as did their gallant cousin, Gordon of Lochinvar.



MRS. GILBERT GORDON

Born 1740. Died 1832.

The Archibald of our picture was great-great-grandson to that doughty Bull of Earlstoun whose doings made such a stir in Scotch history and such lively reading in "The Men of the Moss-Hags." This Archibald came to America and married Sarah Anne Tompkins, daughter of the Vice-President of the United States. He died on Staten Island, 1848, the last Gordon of Halleaths. Through the courtesy of his granddaughter, Mary Gordon, of New York City, these pictures are here reproduced.

⁂

Let thy day be to thy night
A letter of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up, that when they wake
Shake off the dew and soar. So take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her.
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

Aids to the Devout Life

II.—"The Imitation of Christ"

By the Right Rev. Frederic D. Huntington, D.D., LL.D., L.H.D.

Bishop of Central New York

NEITHER superstition nor ecclesiastical politics, in that period when they most misrepresented the Christianity of the New Testament, hid the Face of Christ. Even when the darkness comprehended it not the Light shined on, and saintly hearts rejoiced in it. The facts of history, no less clearly than inspired prophets and the testimony of the Spirit in the consciousness of believers, have demonstrated that, in the divine purpose and the everlasting order, the Person Jesus could no more disappear from the spiritual universe after his manifestation than the solar system in nature could survive without the sun. His own words, given by St. John, form the first sentence of the first chapter of the "Imitation," "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."

In the domain of personal piety the strength was more and more with the Mystics, both before and some time after the Continental Reformation. But the genius and the passion for organization, naturally taking shape in political devices, and ripening and over-ripening in the hierarchy, absorbed, in the West, even more ambitiously than in the East, intellectual ability and activity. Monastic orders and institutions must be governments. Powers of administration were united with devotional self-discipline. Spiritual masters, Anselm, Gerson, and Bernard, were known and consulted in the councils of statesmen and princes. They recognized Christ as King, while they adored him as Saviour and besought his pardon for their sins. There was a twofold development in religion. The idea of Christ's kingdom would have degenerated into a secular and semi-idolatrous loyalty to a captaincy among courts and armies, but for the prayers, penitence, and meditations of men and women who knew the Christ formed within them the Hope of glory hereafter.

If the discussion of the authorship of the great treatise before us appears, in its literary interest, to be somewhat more voluminous than was necessary, it is, nevertheless, one of many certificates to the high and wide eminence it has held, and must continue to hold, among books. Why the circumstance that Thomas Hemercker, born at Kempen near the close of the fourteenth century, and professed at the Monastery of Mount St. Agnes at the age of twenty-six, a pious transcriber of sacred writings, appended to his folio copy of the Bible and to this work the same note, *per manus fratris Thomæ Kempis*, should have sent abroad all over Europe the notion that he produced the one any more than the other, is not clear.

A prevalent belief that the author was John Gerson, a contemporary of Hemercker, Chancellor of the University of Paris, rests, in the judgment of Dean Milman and others, on no stronger ground. A family of Defenders of the Church, afterwards bearing the title *De Avocatis*, distinguished also by scientific and episcopal honors, was known by documentary proofs, especially by a diary of Count Gustavus, to have been in possession of a manuscript of the "Imitation" some time, probably for several generations, before the middle of the fourteenth century. Gerson died 1429. Autograph inscriptions were discovered in Paris in a wooden-bound edition of the "Imitation," by one of the *De Avocatis*, The Gerson in question seems to have been one Abbot John, a Benedictine of Vercelli. Further traditions are obscure.[1]

From what is known, and all that can reasonably be conjectured, it may be concluded to have pleased God in his Providence that the most widely read and highly valued uninspired composition of all the ages should proceed from a mind and heart not named with any certainty during the last five hundred years. Not a few of the indisputable messages of the Eternal Father to his children, some of them in the Scriptures, which in their substance, origin, and history are pre-eminently his word, have been anonymous, save as they carried with them the Name that is above every name. The voice is rather the more august in solemnity and more impressive to reverent feeling as coming out of the impersonal wisdom, of which we are sure only by its burden of meaning that it is "from on high." That was felt by this very interpreter of divine mysteries, who writes, in his chapter on "The Reading of Holy Scripture," "Search not who spoke this or that, but attend to what is spoken," as if to undesignedly sanction the secret in which his own power is concealed.

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[1] It has not become known universally, even among contemporary readers of the "Imitation," that a versified or rhythmic version was published a few years since, with a preface by Canon Liddon, on the theory that the rhythm was originally intended, the English being from the Latin version, by Hirscher, at Berlin. The theory is favored by the old title "Ecclesiastica Musica." The American edition was issued by Randolph & Co., in 1889

A question arises as respects the title of this marvelous creation, a question not only pertaining to language, but reaching into the region of spiritual laws. That the reproduction of the life of Jesus Christ in all his followers is to be the purpose and aim of every one of them, and that in some finite measure it is possible, there can be no doubt. We hear it on his own affirmation, and in all the teaching of his Church. But is the reproduction to be by *imitation?* Is it in the way of resemblance, or by a birth of grace? by copy, or by regeneration? In the process of imitation, in art, the "original" stands off from the copy, and a likeness is produced by conscious and voluntary effort on the artist's part. An identity of nature and life can there hardly be predicated. Form, color, mode, may be represented, but, however strict or successful the similitude may be, the objective reality is not found in the productive operation. Is a Christian character created in that way? Is the loftiest and purest style of Christian living so brought into being, as it were *ab extra?* Can character be said to be an operation at all? Is it not a moral growth from a vital germ, nurtured through the inwrought action of a conscientious will under the "means of grace"? In ordinary affairs the term "imitation" is derogatory. If it loses that quality in things spiritual, it must be because the pattern or model imitated is perfect and divine.

Distinct from this consideration is that of the possible imitableness of the Infinite One. Though the expression "followers of God" is Scriptural, yet Christian literature betrays something like a sense of unfitness, to say the least, in demanding an imitation of God the Father. Logically this point touches metaphysical and theological problems of the divine personality and the Trinity. May it not be that a somewhat modified doctrine of the divine immanence has affected also the prevailing conception of the manner in which the Christian life is related to its Source, and the disciple to the Saviour, and the Church to its Head? A pantheism that abolishes the distinction between the nature of God and the nature of man will necessarily modify all exhortations to pattern our lives after the example of Christ.

Neither of these queries, it is evident, perplexed the mind of the devotee who sat humbly at his Master's feet, looked with a penetrating and unclouded vision into the revelation of his countenance, and drank deep draughts of his Spirit. Here and there a difference might be traced between the type of theology reflected on his pages and that which characterizes present Confessions of Faith, Protestant or Nicene. The most scrupulous ultra-Protestant must acknowledge that here a cloistered monk, living, thinking, writing, and daily worshiping in all the surroundings of conventual asceticism, when papal authority was least in dispute, when ritual regularity and ritual splendor held unresisted sway, dealing freely and most earnestly with all the details of the soul's inner and outer intercourse with Heaven, scarcely turns his eyes from the single glory of his Lord, or from the inward righteousness with which He clothes His saints; rarely mentions religion as a public ceremonial, and seldom insists on sacramental offices more explicitly than would many a reverent anti-Romanist in Germany, England, or the United States. No more thoroughly practical manual of Christian duty can be found in any tongue. Nor, on the other hand, may it be denied that to our own time the loyal leaders of the Roman obedience keep this volume in the foremost list of its guides to piety and virtue, placing it in the hands of catechumens and scholars, servants, artisans, all classes, in all conditions. It is as dear to the better New England Unitarians as to the best Irish priest. It is more Catholic than the Vatican, and more exacting of holiness than the Ultramontanes, and a good deal more abstinent from the world than the Jesuits. It is counted as worthy to stand on a Cardinal's book-shelf as any volume of St. Augustine, Fénelon, or St. Francis; as fit for a Presbyterian's or Methodist's parsonage as "The Saint's Rest," the "Holy Living and Dying," or the "Pilgrim's Progress." Frederick Denison Maurice praised it as highly as Dr. Pusey.

On the score of its other-worldliness and individual self-absorption modern critics have based their chief complaints. Unexpectedly we find in Dean Milman alone, with qualified commendations, a censorship amounting to bitterness. Here is only a section of his arraignment: "The Imitation of Christ begins in self, terminates in self. The simple sentence, 'He went about doing good,' is wanting in the monastic Gospel of this pious zealot. Of feeding the hungry, of clothing the naked, of visiting the prisoner, even of preaching, there is profound, total silence. That which distinguishes Christ—Christ's religion—the love of man, is entirely and absolutely left out. Had this been the whole of Christianity, our Lord himself, with reverence be it said, would have lived like an Essene, working out or displaying his own sinless perfection by the Dead Sea, neither on the Mount, nor in the Temple, nor even at the Cross. Christianity had been without any exquisite precept for the purity, the happiness of social or domestic life, without self-sacrifice for the good of others, without the higher Christian patriotism, devotion on evangelic principles to the public need; without even the devotion of the missionary to the dissemination of Gospel truth; without the humbler and gentler daily self-sacrifice for relatives, for the wife, the parent, the child. Christianity had never soared to be the civilizer of the world. 'Let the world perish, so the single soul can escape on its solitary plank from the general wreck;' such had been its final axiom."

With a more carefully balanced judgment, the historian of the papal schism might have pronounced a sentence less derogatory but more judicial, and in better accordance with the verdict of fourteen generations. Had the unknown author's design been to present an epitome or a transcript of the Christian Revelation, the critique might have been as fair as it actually is acrid. Surely it has not been held as an offense to truth, in sacred letters, within the Bible or without, to set before the world a portion of the comprehensive whole without a pretension to completeness. In every department of that literature are there not productions of genius, learning, and profound contemplation, and most nutritious food for the soul, which yet offer no claim to exhibit every aspect or every element of the will of God or of the duty of man? How would the "preaching" of the Dean's day bear the test he applies? Right and reasonable indeed is the demand upon press and pulpit for a braver and heartier prophesying of the brotherhood of man, of the coming of the kingdom of heaven on the earth and not only in the sky, of the healing of human disorder, the purifying of political corruption, civic virtue, the sanctity of wedlock, the overthrow of industrial, commercial, and financial oppressions, the reconciling of classes, the enfranchisement of labor, the atonement between man and man as part and parcel of the atonement of the children with the Father. In which of the three great ecclesiastical parties of the Dean's Establishment, in how many of the popular pulpits of modern "civilization," is this half of the everlasting Gospel so delivered as to be understood, or so that tyrants tremble, and justice is either honored or feared, or wicked wealth is made to feel its curse? Notwithstanding, at this very time, in the face of all the moral abuses and neglects, we venture a confession of belief that in our popular Christianity the need of a deeper and more firmly spoken spirituality is as urgent and as widespread as the need of any social reform. In the vibration of persistent forces, in religion as elsewhere, opposite tendencies seem to limit and check one another. Five centuries ago the modern reaction from supernaturalism had hardly begun. At this moment a good strong infusion of that *other-worldliness* into the secularism, rationalism, and materialism of a thousand sermons and Sunday lectures every year would do no harm. This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Humanity still depends upon Heaven; men upon their Maker and Saviour; the seen, which now is, upon the unseen, which abides forever.

Whoever studies searchingly the "Imitation" will find few pages which do not direct the student to the fountains of living water for the ethical no less than the devotional reformation of mankind. That will be a distant age of "civilization," philanthropy, good government, and social order, where these stern lessons of humility, self-sacrifice, chastity, the solemn overshadowing of an unseen world, the sanctities of prayer, the gracious nearness of "angels and archangels and all the company of heaven," will not be needed to yield their fruit in the lives of the people, and where the "Christ formed within" will not be the only power to fashion the lives of rich and poor, rulers and subjects, young men and maidens, men of action and men of thought, into His likeness.

The Basis of Belief[1]

By Lyman Abbott

For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.—Deut. xxx., 11-14.

THE writer of this book—the second giving of the law—declares, then, that the law is primarily in the heart of man. It is not outside of him—brought to him; it is within him. It does not come down from heaven to him; it does not come from across the sea to him; it is in his heart—that is, in his consciousness; it is in his mouth—that is, it is recognized by him, and, consciously or unconsciously, is testified to by him. As the printer takes the white sheet of paper, on which nothing is written, and presses it against the bosom of the type and lifts it off, and there is written what was on the type, so the heart of man is pressed against the bosom of Almighty God, and on the heart of humanity itself is written the divine law transferred thereto. It is within us that we are to look for the law of God, and, without, only for those testimonies which awaken in us the consciousness that was there, in what the philosophers call our subconsciousness. And what is true of the law of God is true of the Gospel of God and of all really religious truth. Not all the truth that is educed from religion, not all the truth that concerns itself with religion, but all religious truth, is in the heart of humanity, and brought out from the heart of humanity by the providence, the influence, or the ministry of God. Let me illustrate.

We know some things by reason of our external observation. They are not proved to us, they are brought to us by our senses. When they are brought, we analyze, we examine, we classify them. But all that science can do is to examine, to classify, to investigate, to arrange, to study the phenomena that are thus brought to us by our observation. Our eyes bring to us the trees and the flowers: out of them science makes botany. Our observation brings to us the stars: out of them science educes astronomy. Our observation brings to us the past history of the world, the testimony of others, their observation, as our own: then out of that testimony science forms its philosophy of human develment. But science does not create the stars, the trees, the historical events. In an analogous method, the soul's eyes bring to us knowledge of great, transcendent facts which lie in the inner world. Theology (which is the science of religion) cannot create them, any more than natural science can create natural phenomena. All that theology can do is to examine, to investigate, to compare, to collate the phenomena which are brought to us by inward vision. We know the facts of the inner life by the inner testimony, as we know the facts of the outer life by the outer testimony. If we do not know, it is because we are dead. If a man does not know there are trees and flowers, he is blind. What he wants is not argument, but an oculist. If a man does not know color, he needs color education—the development within himself of the capacity to perceive color. If he does not know—as some men do not know—"Old Hundred" from "Old Folks at Home," what he requires is education of a musical faculty. You cannot prove to him what he does not see. All that the logical faculty can do is to deal with the facts which the observation without or the observation within brings to our cognizance.

It is thus that we know that there is a difference between right and wrong. We know that there is righteousness and unrighteousness, as we know that there is the beautiful and the ugly, the true and the false. This is a fundamental fact. It is not brought to us by any external revelation; it is not in the heaven above and brought down to us; it is not across the sea and brought over to us: it is within the soul and heart of man—he knows it. Knowing this, he may analyze, he may study the nature of the difference. He may conclude that we have inherited the belief from our parents; or that we have learned it by experience—we have seen that certain things produce misery, and certain other things produce happiness, and have concluded that things which produce misery are wrong, and things which produce happiness are right; or he may regard it is an ultimate fact—he may believe that right is right whether it produces happiness or misery, that the right produces happiness because it is right, not that it is right because it produces happiness. He may hold one theory or another theory. But, whatever theory he holds, he knows that there is a difference between the right and the wrong. If he does not, he belongs, as Professor Huxley says, to the blind and the lame and the halt of humanity. This is the anchor-ground of religion—we know that there is righteousness. It is the foundation on which everything else is built. It is right to do right whether there is a God or not. It is right to do right whether there is a future life or not. It is right to do right whether there is a good God or an evil God. If the devil is God, if as the result of right doing a man is going to be plunged into eternal misery, still if he is a man he will wish to do right. Righteousness is the fundamental fact; and we know righteousness. A man who does not know the difference between righteousness and wrong, who has only the conception of honesty that it is a best policy, he belongs in a moral idiot asylum. I shall pass him.

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[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans and revised by the author.

In precisely the same way, the great majority of men have some inward consciousness of God. That is, they have some inward consciousness of what Matthew Arnold calls "a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." They have some inward consciousness of a help on which they can lay hold and by which they can be aided. This consciousness does not define God to them. It does not even go so far in definition as to declare whether he is or is not a person. It does not declare what are his attributes. It certainly does not go so far as to declare whether he exists in three persons or in one person. But in the heart of humanity there is the sense of a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. Substantially all nations are worshiping nations; substantially all peoples are reverent peoples. The reverence may be degraded into superstition, it may be so impregnated with forces as to pull men down rather than to lift them up; but the sense of superior beings or a superior being, the sense of superior powers or a superior power, the sense of a some one or somewhat outside one on whom humanity may lay hold, and who lays hold on humanity—that is as universal as the sense of music or of art.

This consciousness of God within us we analyze, we examine, we investigate, and the result of our investigation, our analyses, our examinations, we call theology. It is our creed. It may be right. It may be wrong. In fact, it is partly right and partly wrong. In the intellectual development of man, the philosophical conclusions from the phenomena of life, whether external or internal, are irregular and entangled. But the life itself is something different from the definition. As a tree is something different from a definition of a tree, and a flower is something different from a definition of a flower, and a star is something different from the description of a star, so God is different from our theological definitions of God. And we have not to go back four thousand years to get the testimony of Moses that there was a God; we have not to go back eighteen centuries to get the testimony of Christ that there was a God. That we may do, that we may buttress our faith. But, in the last analysis, God dwells in the heart of humanity.

How do I know? How do I know that there is a God? How do you know that you have a mother? You have seen your mother? I beg your pardon, you never saw your mother. You have seen her eyes, her forehead, her face, but that is not mother. If that is mother, then why, when the eyes are closed and the face is marble, why do you kneel and cry with clasped hands for mother? Because you know mother is not there. Mother is invisible. The faith, the hope, the love, the nursing care, the illuminating faith—that makes mother. And you know that has existed, because your own life has been entwined with that, and that life has flowed into your life, and that life has illuminated your vision, and that life has inspired your courage, and that life has clarified and strengthened your faith. And so I know there is a God. I do not know who He is. I cannot define, nor interpret, nor explain Him; but it would be easier to convince me that I have not a wife than it would be to convince me that I have not a God.

Our belief in Christ is something more than a historical or theological belief. We open our Bible and we read the story of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, and as we read that life we see the quality and character which shines through it. We believe in righteousness, and when we read this life of Christ we see there righteousness luminous and eloquent. We believe in God, and as we read this life we see the masked God withdrawing his mask, and letting his own face shine through. We may not believe the ecclesiastical definitions of Christ, as we may not believe the ecclesiastical definitions of God; but deeper than ecclesiastical definitions lies this transcendent fact, that in that life and character of Christ shines forth what we mean by righteousness in its highest form.

The world thought power was divine, majesty was divine, justice was divine, greatness was divine; and then there came One upon the earth, without power, and without external majesty, and without the signs and symbols of greatness; but he was patient, gentle, heroic, sympathetic—nay, more, he rejoiced to bear not only the sorrows but the sins of others. And when that life was held up before humanity, humanity said, That is the divinest yet; there is more majesty in love than in power, there is more strength in patience than in force. The heart of humanity answered to the portraiture of Christ, and responded to it. We believe in Christ because Christ brings out from us that which was before within us, unconscious and unknown. One may take that story and read it through and wonder whether Jesus ever lived, and still believe in Christ. He may take that story and read it through and deny all the ecclesiastical deductions that have been drawn from it, and still believe in Christ. For to believe in Christ is this: To see a true manhood and a real divineness in that kind of life. And that belief is in the heart of humanity. If, when that life is held up before a man, he says, "I do not see anything beautiful in that life; there is nothing in it that attracts me. I would have liked him better if he had made a fortune; I would have thought more of him if he had organized an army; I should have some admiration for him if he had lived the life of a statesman; I do not care for Christ; give me Napoleon Bonaparte," you cannot argue with him. In him is lacking moral life, not understanding.

There are not a few in our time who are asking for the evidence of immortality. They study nature, and evolution, and the Scriptures, and buttress, by these methods, a frail faith in immortality. I have never heard a better argument for immortality than that attributed by some writer to a French Christian, whose friend concluded a long argument to prove that the soul is not immortal. To whom the Christian replied, "Probably you are right; probably you are not immortal; but I AM." The witness is in ourselves. Not a witness that we are going to live forever. That is not immortality. The witness is in ourselves that we are something more than the physical organization which we inhabit. What is the fundamental evidence of immortality? To live a life that is worth being immortal. That is the evidence. Let a man give himself up to his appetite, let him indulge himself in pleasure, let him make a god of his belly, as Paul says; or let him stand on a little higher plane than that, let him live simply for what he can make out of the world, let him make the dollar his god, let him live for the material things and putting his whole life into material things—to that man you cannot prove the immortality of the soul. He who has not immortality never understands it. Immortality is not proved, it is experienced. If we are living in the sphere of the immortal, we know where we are living. We may accept or we may reject the Bible pictures of immortality. We may take them as literal truth, or we may take them as impassioned and imaginative utterances. We may rejoice in them, or we may not care for them. These all lie outside the realm of interior spiritual faith. We know what we are if we are living in the realm of faith and hope and love. We know that this spiritual life does not depend on the physical organization. That is, we know that we are more than the house we live in and the tools we use.

So our faith in the Bible, in its foundation, is this: There is that in us which answers to that which is in the Bible. If there is nothing in us which answers to that which is in the Bible, we shall not get a faith in the Bible by argument. We need a new life. If a man can take this Bible and read it, and in the courage of an Abraham, who goes out into an unknown land not knowing whither he goeth, he can find nothing to admire; nothing to admire in the equipoise and calmness of a Joseph, neither depressed in sorrow nor exalted in prosperity; nothing in the patience of a Moses, bearing on his shoulders the burdens of an apostate, ignorant, superstitious, and ungodly people; nothing in the enterprise of a Joshua, the great soldier; nothing in the self-denial of a Samuel, putting aside all thought of his own aggrandizement so that he may serve the State; nothing in the experiences of penitence and prayer and praise interpreted in the Psalms of David, and attributed to him—if he can see nothing in these qualities of being that inspire him to a devouter life, to a more patient life, to a more heroic courage, a more self-sacrificing service, a devouter experience, a greater love, he is spiritually a corpse. Either he has not read the Bible, and it needs to be opened to him, or else he has no eyes to read the Bible, and the eyes need to be opened in him.

We believe in the Bible because we believe in righteousness, and in God, and in Christ, and in our own souls—in the Bible because we believe in God, not in God because we believe in the Bible. We believe in the Ten Commandments because we believe in righteousness, not in righteousness because we believe in the Ten Commandments. The moral life in us responds to the record of the moral life in this Old Testament and this New Testament; and if there is nothing in us which does respond, it is life that is lacking. We are not to go up into the heavens to bring down the message, nor to cross the sea to search for it. In our own hearts we are to find the witness of God. Our creeds are conclusions from our faith—faith in righteousness, in God, in Christ, in our own souls, and in the Biblical stories of the experiences wrought in the souls of men by the Spirit of God.

Those of us who have this faith ought to be very patient with those who have it not. If a man's faith in God, in Christ, in immortality, and in righteousness is all based on the Bible, it is not strange that he is now in a panic and now in a great state of wrath if anything comes to shake his faith in the Bible. If anything comes to give it a new interpretation, or to throw doubt upon it or anything in it, he says, They are taking away my God, they are taking my Christ, they are taking away my immortality, they are taking everything away. No wonder he is in a panic. Let us have patience with him. Let us also remember that in this time in which creeds and theologies are being shaken, in this time which has formed a new botany and a new astronomy and a new chemistry and a new philosophy of history, and which is forming a new philosophy of religion—that is, a new theology—let us remember that our first duty, as parents, as teachers, as preachers, is to carry the faith of humanity down to the great facts of religion. For the facts are one thing, and the theories about the facts something very different. Some of us disbelieve the story of the Fall as it is recorded in the third chapter of Genesis. Let us see to it that we do not lose our sense of the enormity of sin because we have a different conception of the way in which sin entered into the world. Some of us are no longer able to accept the old definitions of God on which we were brought up in our childhood. Let us see to it that we do not lose our sense of the sovereignty and the majesty and the universal presence of the Eternal. It seems to us that all psychologies and interpretations of Jesus Christ are inadequate and unsatisfactory. Let us not fall into the error of denying the incomprehensible and the transcendent in Jesus Christ, in order that we may more easily classify him—among sinful men. Let us distinguish in our own thought between the great facts of religion—sin, salvation, God, life—and the philosophies which men have made about these facts. And when we try to do this, let us not wonder or be overmuch disturbed if we are misunderstood.

In another sermon I tried to tell you that the Trinity is rooted in the spiritual experience, that we know the threefold manifestation of God in our own heart-life, that the Trinity is more than a definition—three persons in one God—that it is the threefold experience of God as the Father and the Redeemer and the Comforter and Life-giver; and the next morning I read in the morning papers that I had declared that the doctrine of the Trinity was an old, archaic doctrine which the Church had outgrown, and which I had thrown away. Of course I am sorry. I do not like to be misinterpreted, and I do not like to have myself reported as rejecting a faith which has its roots in the foundations of my being, and which is vital to my spiritual life. None the less, I see no other way to do the work which the Christian ministry is appointed to do in this close of the nineteenth century than to mark over and over again the distinction between definitions and realities, between ecclesiastical theologies and life, between archaic expressions in creeds (which have to be explained away, and when they are explained still are not understood) and the vital faith in God as our Father, and in Christ as our Saviour, and in the Holy Spirit as our Life-giver—one God, blessed evermore. Finally, if there are any of you who, in this transition of creeds and theologies, find the old definitions slipping away, find the old beliefs disappearing, find what you thought was mountain-top appearing to be only cloud, evanescent and changeful, I bring you back this Sunday morning to the eternal verities.

There are some things we KNOW. Lay aside the creed, lay aside the theology, fight not to hold the shell—no matter about that. I bring you back to the eternal verities—faith in righteousness, faith in a God who counsels and guides and inspires and vivifies; faith in a Christ who makes clear what righteousness means, and what divineness is; faith in immortality because faith in your own higher, diviner self; and faith in the Bible because it quickens and feeds and inspires that religion which is the life of God in the soul of man.

Books and Authors

The Philosophy of Life[1]

The question with which the Westminster Shorter Catechism begins, "What is the chief end of man?" Mr. Merriam here answers out of his own experience. This is the charm and power of his book. Its philosophy of life has been evolved through the grapple of a rich and strong nature with the puzzling and painful problems of life. It is the discourse of a thoughtful, manly man to men, full of sympathy and courage, pointing the way through the foggy, thorny maze up to the heights where he has found vision and rest. But it is no new way. It is the way which the good of all the ages, however they phrased their experience, have ever trod: fidelity to the best we know, with constant search for the best. The great spiritual laws are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Our author's interest is in the illustration of them.

In this illustration he brings the whole field of history into an ever-shifting bird's-eye view. He interrogates the great leaders of ethical and religious thought, Hebrew, Greek, and Christian. He listens critically to the poets, from Homer to Tennyson, and extracts the wisdom both of ancient and present masters. Of metaphysics he will have none. History and biography give clearer light: "the touch of a great soul is a natural sacrament." And yet, as he warns us, "no version of history simply as history gives an adequate basis for the higher life. That life must be worked out by each for himself," in fidelity to the ideals of character which experience has consecrated.

The old religious sanctions of personal virtue and the social order which depends on it seem to have been undermined by modern knowledge. Is there a God? Many doubt it. Is it safe to sin? Many think so. To men in this eclipse of faith our author addresses himself. Experience has testified to man in his darkest moments that, as Robertson said, "it is better to be true than to be false, to be pure than to be sensual, to be brave than to be a coward." Though a man cannot understand how the universe goes, he can live his own life at the best that is open to him. This is his real business. As he does it in doing the best that is possible to him, he enters into true relations with the whole of which he is a part, and secures at once his own best good and the truest vision of the reality of things. By fidelity to the best we know our eyes are opened, our manhood grows, a revelation opens of the divine harmony and unity of a cosmos of beauty and of love. This is in Kant's line of thought. God, undiscoverable by the mere intellect, is revealed through the process of the moral life.

With a touch of pathos that reveals the painful struggle through which he himself gained light and peace, our author writes: "The world is crossing the flood that divides the old form of faith from the new. The rising water strikes cold to many a heart. . . . The suffering we may not decline, but safety, utter safety, we may keep through all. *Life* is always possible to us. Fidelity, purity, self-sacrifice—these may always be ours. Are we baffled in our search for a divine plan in the universe? Let us look nearer home; can we not find the clue to a divine plan in our own lives? Yes, there never need fail to us an immediate token of divinity. There is always at the lowest a duty to be done," etc. "It is in a right interplay with mankind that we get closest to the heart of things."

It is not a form of thought about God that is essential, says Mr. Merriam, but a way of living access to the Highest. His philosophy of life is a moral philosophy. It is the Stoicism of Epictetus infused with the human sympathies imbibed from Jesus. It opens the way out of skepticism at its lowest. It opens into practical Christianity at its highest. Mr. Merriam says, indeed, that "Christianity has been brought to the level of a natural religion." It seems closer to the facts to say that thought has reached a higher level, at which natural religion and Christianity are each more truly conceived. The essential truths which Jesus taught and exemplified are seen to be so inwrought in the nature of things that the normal life according to nature, which was the Stoic ideal, is also that life of natural religion which, as inculcated by Christ, is genuine Christianity.

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[1] *The Chief End of Man.* By George S. Merriam. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. $1.50.

Mr. Merriam's pages are profusely strewn with brilliant if not always convincing generalizations, and keen, terse, but sympathetic criticism of the contributions of ancient and modern thinkers to the practical philosophy of life. Thus a large and diversified charm pervades his discourse, so serious that there is but a single gleam of humor in it from first to last (p. 290). His special concern is "with the birth-periods of the vital and lasting principles of man's higher life." If anywhere he is less felicitous, it is in his reading of the New Testament records, in which the soundest judgment of Christian scholars does not seem to us always to sustain his report. The baneful confusion between intellectual assent and moral conviction, which infects the modern religious use of the word "faith," has been read into the New Testament, but cannot truly be read out of it. Its "faith" is the faith of conscience and loyal affection centered in the beloved Master. Intellectual credence, believing *that*, is clearly distinguished from moral fidelity, believing *in*; to the latter only, with perhaps a late exception in Jude 3, the name of "faith" is given. Then, as to Jesus's resurrection, for which Mr. Merriam finds no objective basis, but simply the birth of a profound conviction that the beloved Master was still alive; surely something more than such a conviction, which was held also in regard to Abraham, was needed to generate the belief that Jesus had been uniquely exalted above the conditions of Abraham's life among the faithful in Sheol, or Hades. Something objective must have happened; else the unprecedented conviction that Jesus had emerged from the Sheol life of the pious dead had no sufficient cause.

We have space only for this final remark: while Mr. Merriam abjures speculative philosophy and its mazy paths, he reaches by the track of history and the lights of experience the conclusion to which the acutest metaphysic leads. Mere knowledge does not conduct to the hidden realities. Action lights and holds the torch over the abyss of being. This was Jesus's thought: "He who wills to do shall come to know." Thus Mr. Merriam concludes: "Right living and clear vision blend constantly and intimately." "Through the true exercise of our own nature we know Life—the one Life—and know it to be divine."

Roger Sherman[1]

It seems strange that the American Statesmen Series did not include the life of one whose work was vital in the formation of our constitutional government; and it seems strange that up to the present no adequate life of Roger Sherman has been written. We have now, however, Mr. Boutell's excellent treatment. It is a biography and a history in one, since Roger Sherman's career extended from the beginning of the French and Indian War to the close of Washington's first administration.

In a singularly lucid but unvivacious style, Mr. Boutell describes Roger Sherman's boyhood in Massachusetts and his early days there. From his father Roger learned the trade of a shoemaker, and he worked beside him in the shop and on the farm. The common country schools furnished his only assistance in education; by far the largest amount of knowledge the boy acquired himself in such slight intervals as he could secure. When the family moved into Connecticut, Roger performed the journey on foot, carrying his shoemaker's tools with him. But he had already qualified himself for a different business, and in 1745 was appointed surveyor of lands for the county of New Haven. The family had settled at New Milford, and Roger succeeded so well that he ultimately became one of the largest buyers and sellers of land in that town. In this connection Mr. Boutell gives us a good, though not too lively, picture of colonial life. Roger Sherman had also started the business of a general country merchant, and in 1750 he began the publication of a series of almanacs. He held all sorts of town offices, and in 1754 was admitted to practice at the bar. He was chosen to represent the town of New Milford in the General Assembly, and was re-elected to that office until he removed to New Haven in 1761. He was elected a deputy from New Haven to the Legislature, was re-elected, and the experience of some years in State legislation fitted him for the important part which he took in the Continental Congress. He was a delegate from Connecticut to the first Continental Congress, was a member of the Committee of the Declaration of Rights, and was again sent to Philadelphia as a member of the second Continental Congress. He was appointed on the Committee to devise Ways and Means to raise $10,000,000, on the Committee to concert plans with General Washington for the ensuing campaign, on the Committee of Five to draft the Declaration of Independence, and on the Committee to prepare Articles of Confederation.

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[1] *The Life of Roger Sherman.* By Lewis Henry Boutell. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $2.

It is not alone these great distinctions (especially that of being a signer of the Declaration of Independence) which entitled Mr. Sherman to a great place in the early history of our country, but the fact that his course in the preparation of the Articles of Confederation outlined in advance his later course in the Constitutional Convention—a course which ultimately secured to us a peaceful political settlement. In John Adams's diary, commenting on the Articles of Confederation, we read: "Roger thinks we ought not to vote according to numbers. We are representatives of States, not individuals. The votes should be taken two ways: call the colonies and call the individuals, and have a majority of both." Roger Sherman served in Congress from 1774 to 1781, and in 1783 he was again elected for another year. He and Richard Low were then appointed as a Committee by the General Assembly of Connecticut to revise the statute laws of the State, and their revision was adopted. With James Wadsworth he was authorized to convey to the United States all the land claimed by Connecticut lying westward of the west line of Pennsylvania, excepting a certain tract reserved for the use of the State. This tract withheld has been known ever since as the Western Reserve of Ohio. In 1784 Roger Sherman was elected first Mayor of New Haven, and he continued in that office as long as he lived. In 1787, however, Mr. Sherman's greatest work began—his labors in the Constitutional Convention—labors excelled by no man's. From Mr. Boutell's book we see that while others, and especially Ellsworth, Dickinson, and Johnson, supported the compromise measure, Roger Sherman was its introducer. It was substantially the same plan as he had proposed eleven years before in the Continental Congress. The struggle was between the Nationalists and the Confederates regarding the question of representation. It was only after a long debate that Mr. Sherman's plan was adopted: that the proportion of suffrage in the House of Representatives should be according to the respective numbers of free inhabitants, and that in the Senate each State should be represented by equal votes; in other words, in one house the National principle must prevail, and in the other the Confederate. Had not this point been carried, either the Convention would have adjourned without voting, or, as we are reminded, it would have provided for the election of members of both houses according to population, in which event the proposed Constitution would have been rejected by the States.

Mr. Boutell has had valuable aid in his book from the grandsons of Roger Sherman; among these have been such eminent men as Roger Sherman Baldwin, the Connecticut Governor and Senator; William M. Evarts, late Secretary of State; Judge Rockwood Hoar, late Attorney-General of the United States; and the present Senator Hoar. The volume is not enlivened with too many anecdotes, but among them there is one which is worth repeating. When General Washington was about to leave the house of Roger Sherman on one occasion, Roger's young daughter Mehetabel opened the door for him. The General put his hand on her head and said: "You deserve a better office, my little lady." "Yes, sir," she replied with a courtesy—"to let you in."

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending August 21. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

HISTORY AND ECONOMICS

English Local Government of To-Day, by Milo Roy Maltbie, Ph.D., sometime University Fellow in Administrative Law in the School of Political Science at Columbia, will further extend the reputation of that institution for securing scholarly work from its young alumni. This study, which is an octavo volume of nearly three hundred pages, is almost encyclopædic regarding the development of English local government in its relation to the national government during the last two generations. While the subject is further removed from American concerns than any other volume, with a single exception, edited by the Faculty of Political Science, the method of treatment is always from the standpoint of suggesting reforms in our own administration of municipal affairs. The author's principal thesis is not one we are inclined to indorse, but is most welcome at a time when the desirability of "home rule" is being assumed as an axiom of universal application. The author shows that as regards the supervision of the poor, the promotion of public health, and the broadening of popular education, the line of progress in England has been through the extension of State control, and his whole book is a plea for a centralized administration. While the author often does not seem to us to go to the bottom of the reasons for the inefficiency of the local administrations, his essay must convince every home ruler that the question of local control or State control is not to be settled by any hard universalization, but by the nature of the public service to be rendered, and the character of the State and local administrating bodies. (Columbia University, New York.)

Beside Old Hearthstones, by Abram English Brown, is a volume of antiquarian studies in some of the towns of eastern Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire. It is full of trivial incidents connected with the families of those who took part in the Revolutionary struggles. Among other illustrations there is an exceptionally charming photograph of the Prescott homestead at Pepperell. The purpose of the book is so good that we could wish that more of the incidents had historical significance or interest. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

The year 1897 not only commemorates the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign, but also the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot. In the present year, therefore, the appearance of a book by the Rev. Dr. M. Harvey, entitled *Newfoundland in 1897*, is appropriate enough, and the author gives us in a small compass a comprehensive account of the first British colony. The volume is especially noteworthy by reason of its description of the natural resources, capabilities, and scenery of the island. The illustrations are many and graphic; there is an excellent map, and an adequate index. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London.)

NOVELS AND TALES

Mr. Bertram Mitford has published, through R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, *The King's Assegai*, a Matabele story. Mr. Stanley Wood has illustrated this lurid tale with some even more lurid illustrations, but the volume may be of value in popularizing information about the Basutu kraals of South Africa.

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

The Rev. Dr. J. A. Hodge has published, through the A. D. F. Randolph Company, New York, a small book entitled *The Ruling Elder at Work*. The author personates a ruling elder under a pastor qualified to develop his efficiency. While the treatise was prepared for elders, it will probably be of equal aid to pastors.

SCHOOL-BOOKS, ETC.

A judicious selection of Emerson's *Poems and Essays* has been made for the Riverside School Library, and the introduction and notes are admirably done by George H. Browne. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) ——From the same publishers comes an edition of William Cullen Bryant's *The Iliad of Homer*, which, from its cheapness and convenience of form (two volumes in one), is particularly well adapted for school use, though it will doubtless meet with a large sale among the general reading public.

Dr. Albert F. Blaisdell's *Practical Physiology* is designed for the higher grades of public schools. It treats of hygiene as well as physiology, and fulfills the promise of its title by practical instruction about such matters as exercise, the sick-room, special emergencies, etc., etc. Its physiological teaching is clear and simple. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

A book that will be found useful by the librarians of Sunday-school libraries has just been published by Eaton & Mains, New York, entitled *The Librarian of the Sunday-School.*

The Plant Baby and Its Friends is the attractive title of an attractive book by Kate Louise Brown (Silver, Burdett & Co., New York), intended for the lower primary grades. It is carefully illustrated, and the text is in the form of questions and answers. The children are taught to use the names of the parts of a plant, "radicle," "plumule," "cotyledons," etc., in the first lesson. The idea is not only that the children shall know flowers and plant life, but how to express themselves intelligently when speaking of them. The poetry interspersed is not equal to the prose.

The number of kindergarten song-books

is now legion. The difficulty that a kindergartner finds is that no one book is sufficient to meet the needs of her work; each book presents two or three favorites at the most, and the music of the kindergarten suffers because of this. Kindergarten music-books are expensive, and few kindergartners can indulge in a new book of songs to obtain one or two that appeal to her intelligence and her love of harmony. A second serious drawback is that most of the music is written in too high a key for children's voices. Where the kindergartner has had thorough musical instruction, she can transpose the music and keep it within the natural range of children's voices. The author of *A Dozen and Two*, Louise P. Warner (Oliver Ditson Company, New York), has recognized this difficulty and others, and has written and composed the music of the kindergarten songs to which she has given the above title with this in view.

A book full of interest to the lay reader as well as to the student is Professor A. E. Dolbear's *Modes of Motion*. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) The volume shows how one kind of energy is converted into another kind, and the conditions needed for transforming it. Professor Dolbear also points out the necessity for assuming a source of energy behind both ordinary matter and the luminiferous ether in order to account for physical phenomena.

Literary Notes

—General James Grant Wilson has been editing "General Grant's Letters to a Friend," and they will shortly be published. The volume will contain a number of letters in addition to those which have appeared in the "North American Review."

—The London "Academy" informs us that an interesting experiment in the illustration of Dickens is being made by Mr. C. D. Gibson and Mr. Phil May. Mr. Gibson is now at work on "Martin Chuzzlewit," Mr. May on "David Copperfield." "The result is certain to be interesting, although it is difficult to think of Mr. Gibson's presentment of Sairey Gamp."

—The writings of the late Professor Frederick De Forest Allen, of Harvard, included a revised edition of Hadley's Greek Grammar, a work on Greek Versification in Inscriptions, published in 1884, and a large number of editions of the ancient classics. His editions were widely used. Though only fifty-three years old, Dr. Allen had filled the chair of classical philology at Harvard for seventeen years.

—A copyright performance of the play which Mr. Hall Caine has founded on his last novel, "The Christian," has just taken place at Douglass, Isle of Man. Mr. Hall Caine took the part of John Storm, Miss Hall Caine was Glory Quayle, Mrs. Hall Caine was Polly Love, Master Ralph Caine was Brother Andrew, and Mr. William Heinemann enacted the Father Superior.

—"Shortly before his death," says the London "Chronicle," "Edmond de Goncourt, the French novelist, met at a dinner M. Raymond Poincaré, the well-known advocate and politician. M. Poincaré was thinking at the time of abandoning politics and devoting himself exclusively to the bar. He discussed his intentions with Goncourt, who protested: 'What! You mean going back to that wretched barrister business?' M. Poincaré defended his projects, but Goncourt was not to be persuaded, and ended by saying: 'Avocasser, avocasser, that will be a nice way of spending your time!' The irony of fate has willed it that it should be M. Poincaré who has defended Edmond de Goncourt's will in court and secured its validation."

Books Received

For the week ending August 20

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK

Maltbie, Milo Roy, Ph.D. English Local Government of To-Day. Vol. IX., No. 1.

OLIVER DITSON CO., NEW YORK

Warner, Louise P. A Dozen and Two Songs for the Kindergarten and Nursery.

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK

Foote, Louisa E., A.B., B.L.S. The Librarian of the Sunday-School. 35 cts.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Mitford, Bertram. The King's Assegai. $1.25.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Blaisdell, Albert F., M.D. A Practical Physiology.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Selected Poems. (The Riverside Literature Series.) 15 cts.

Browning, Robert. The Pied Piper of Hamelin and Other Poems. (The Riverside Literature Series.) 15 cts.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Poems and Essays.

Bryant, William Cullen. The Iliad of Homer.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON

Brown, Abram English. Beside Old Hearthstones. $1.50.

Dolbear, A. E. Modes of Motion. 75 cts.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH CO., NEW YORK

Hodge, Rev. J. Aspinwall, D.D. The Ruling Elder at Work. 75 cts.

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., FETTER LANE, FLEET ST., E. C., LONDON

Harvey, Rev. M., LL.D., F.R.S.C. Newfoundland in 1897.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., NEW YORK

Brown, Kate Louise. The Plant Baby and Its Friends.

The Religious World

Improved Methods of Sunday-School Teaching

By Ellen Kenyon Warner

An interesting address on the above subject was given at one of the Sunday sessions of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute by its President, Dr. William A. Mowry. Dr. Mowry's recommendations were substantially as follows:

The Sunday-school has for its object to teach a high morality and a true religion. Its text-book is the Bible. The Bible is a history of the best development of the race. Its concrete moral teachings are always of interest to the young. About twenty-five years ago a uniform plan for Bible study in the Sunday-schools originated in this country and spread to Canada and England. The advantages that have been realized in the use of this plan can hardly be overestimated. But the scheme should be broadened, so as to take in practical subjects; and the methods of teaching in the Sunday-school should follow true pedagogic principles. The laws of psychology, too, should be observed in the government of the Sunday-school.

The kindergarten system, where once introduced under competent teachers, is never abandoned. It should have a place in every Sunday-school where there are five or six children of the right age. This lowest class should have the best teacher in the school. A large class with a superior teacher is better than smaller classes with poor teachers. This primary class should not follow the International Lessons. They should have placed before them in a graphic manner the stories of the Bible, especially those of the New Testament. The Golden Rule should be so paraphrased for them as to bring it within their easy comprehension, and then should be learned. Suitable memory gems should be studied and learned.

Children of the ages between five or six and nine or ten should constitute a junior department. These classes should take up the International Lessons. The classes should be small, and the question of discipline should receive careful attention. The most tactful teachers available should be secured, and the classes should have separate rooms. This is provided for in some Sunday-schools by having the class-rooms ranged around the assembly-room and cut off from it by rolling doors, which can be slid back, throwing all the rooms into one for general purposes.

A senior department, corresponding with the high school, and composed of the pupils from fourteen to eighteen years of age, should also pursue the International course, but upon a higher plane of study. The personality of the pupils should be studied. Above this grade a great change is needed. A variety of subjects adapting the Sunday-school instruction to adults of all ages, tastes, and interests should be compassed. A critical study of the life of Christ by all authors should be made. Particular books and chapters of the Bible may receive the same critical study. The literature of the Bible; recent Oriental explorations; a comparative study of sacred and profane history—these and other subjects are suitable for adult attendants upon the Sunday-school, and would interest and draw in great numbers of those who now leave its classes because the instruction falls below their level of study. This department for general higher study might be called the collegiate department. There should also be a theological department. Each of these departments should be found in every Sunday-school that has five or six persons for each.

The Sunday-school should give a course in the Christian doctrine, teaching the technical and fundamental principles of the Christian religion. It should take up a study of ethics, dwelling upon those virtues that especially belong to the teachings of Christ. The development of religion from a world standpoint; the history of the Jewish Church; the founding and subsequent history of the Christian Church—some one at least of these or kindred subjects might be taken up in almost any Sunday-school. In larger towns more than one of these subjects might be followed. There is no lack of literature. Teachers may be found among the townsmen and women who have read in these several lines until they have developed enthusiasm for special subjects or characters within the proper scope of Sunday-school work. Here a lawyer may be found who has made a special study of the Book of Job; there a doctor who believes that no other such man ever lived as Paul. Enlist these people in the work of the Sunday-school. The present system drives them out.

Every Sunday-school should have courses of lectures on how to control and interest children. All the Sunday-schools in one place should have classes in pedagogy, under the teaching of a paid expert. These classes should make a special study of discipline.

Expulsion of British Missionaries from Madagascar

The latest outcome of the French war of conquest, which was described in The Outlook two years ago as "The Crime Against Madagascar," is the rooting out from the capital city of Antananarivo of the schools of the London Missionary Society, to whose work whatever of Christianity or civilization there is in that country is largely due. Foreseeing that missionary work there must, in future, be in French hands, the directors of the London Missionary Society had come to an understanding with the Paris Missionary Society to hand the work over to them so soon as they were prepared to undertake it. The Paris Missionary Society has already ten missionaries either on the way thither or on the ground, and more are to follow. But the French Governor, being in no mind to wait, forced the London Missionary Society to give up their College and Normal School at a price barely one-half their valuation. On the arrival of the first party of the French missionaries, he presented them with the school on the condition that no Englishman should ever enter it, saying, "Their influence is so great it is necessary to crush it." The dispossessed British teachers, looking unselfishly upon their French Protestant brethren as the hope of Christianizing Madagascar, promptly yielded to ejectment, and joined in removing, as required, everything from the school that was in the proscribed English tongue. This summary expulsion is due to the belief on the part of the French that the British missionary will somehow promote British interests in French territory. The London Missionary Society is the first to suffer, because of its great influence earned by past success. Other societies have not yet been interfered with. But the intense Anglophobia which animates the French army of occupation is illustrated by numerous petty acts of animosity. A little girl was reading a New Testament bearing the imprint of the British Bible Society, when a sergeant seized and destroyed it. A pair of spectacles belonging to a native pastor were destroyed by a French officer because they were English, etc. Between the British and French missionaries, however, there is said to be cordial sympathy. The French Protestants are so cordially responding to the call of the Paris Missionary Society for men and means to take up the work which the British are forced to leave that the latter do not think that Christian interests in Madagascar will ultimately suffer by the enforced change.

Missions in Asia

The Young People's Christian Union Convention of the United Presbyterian Church at Indianapolis listened to a strong speech on "The Christian Conquest of Asia," by Dr. John H. Barrows, who on that subject can speak from personal observation better than most men. Referring to the disparaging terms in which some speak of missionary work in Asia, Dr. Barrows declared it to be due either to ignorance of the facts or to disbelief in the superiority of Christianity to the religions of Asia. After a vigorous exposure of the baselessness of many false reports, he said:

> I have seen enough of the practical workings of Hinduism, Buddhism, and Islam to crystallize into adamantine firmness my previous conviction of their futility to give the soul peace with God, to remove the weight of guilt and grief, to lay the foundation of a vigorous individual and national morality, and to brighten earth with the light of a blessed immortality. The notion that Asia does not need the Gospel of Christ because of the refined and lofty moral sentiments in the sacred books of the East, or because Oriental speakers trained in Christian schools and shaped by Christian environments are able to make an agreeable impression expounding their faith on Christian platforms, is born of ignorance.

After refuting the allegation that Christianity gains no converts from Brahminism, and sketching the great variety of educational and philanthropic work of missionaries in India, Dr. Barrows said:

> Let one renew his acquaintance with the monstrous usages which prevailed eighty years ago, and which Christian civilization in India has swept away; let him note the hundred signs that the old Hinduism is decadent and doomed; let him study the reformatory movements which the presence and power of Christianity have started into life; let him remember that, with all the forces which keep people back from open confession, the membership of native churches in India has increased more rapidly during the last twenty years than has the population, and he will have seen and learned enough to dispel the error

contained in the remark that Indian missions are a failure.

A collection of $4,000 was taken up on this occasion.

The meeting of the International Missionary Alliance at Old Orchard, Maine, was attended by a multitude variously reported as from ten to twenty thousand people. A collection of $70,000 is said to have been raised for the work.

A Historic Church Threatened

There are fears in Boston lest the Park Street Church, endeared as it is by historical associations, may not stand much longer on a site so valuable to investors for business purposes. It was founded in the outbreak of the schism, in the early part of the century, which divided Massachusetts Congregationalists into Trinitarians and Unitarians, and was from the outset a rallying-point for the orthodox party. Sulphur matches, it is said, were strewn on the stone steps in derision after Dr. Griffin's strong presentations of "the terror of the Lord," and the nickname then given to it of "Brimstone Corner" is not yet obsolete in Boston. The theological acrimony of that day is a thing of the past, and Unitarians now join with Trinitarians in wishing that this stately, old-fashioned meeting-house may be preserved. But it proved a difficult task to preserve the Old South Meeting-House from demolition, consecrated though it was by memories of the Revolution, and it is doubtful if a similar endeavor can save its less ancient neighbor.

Black Mountain Retreat

The International Christian Workers' Association lately held a pleasant and profitable series of special meetings on the grounds of the Mountain Retreat Association at Black Mountain, N. C. Hundreds of Christian people from various parts of the South seaboard States were in attendance at this assembly, which was intended for all persons interested in Bible study and special phases of Christian work. The intelligent and tireless efforts of the Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins, Jr., rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Providence, R. I., President of International Christian Workers' Association, the Rev. John C. Collins, of New Haven, Conn., Secretary, and Mr. E. C. Ingersoll, Assistant Manager, did much to make the Convention a success. The Retreat is about three miles to the northeast of the Black Mountain station on the Southern Railway, and one mile west of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and is 2,600 feet above the level of the sea. The Mountain Retreat Association has purchased a tract here on the mountain consisting of 4,324 acres of land. This tract is to be sold in lots on which cottages will be erected. Speculation in lots will be forbidden. The location is an ideal one for summer and winter alike. The objects of the Association are: (1) It is designed as a health resort for all sections of the country. (2) For the intermingling of all denominations and workers from all parts of the country, in order to ascertain the best methods of Christian work in the church, the Sunday-school, the family, and the secular schools of the country in both the primary and the higher grades. (3) The general moral, educational, and religious benefit of Appalachian America, and especially for the good of the sections immediately around the Mountain Retreat. In order to carry out these ends, lectures, concerts, talks, and services of various kinds—religious and otherwise—will be conducted by the best available men in the country. It is the purpose of the Association to employ specialists in each line.

The Missouri Christian Lectureship

The Missouri Christian Lectureship is an institution among the three hundred Disciple preachers of that State, which meets annually for the free and friendly discussion of many of the current questions agitating the Church at large. It met this year in July at Centralia, and was one of the largest and best in the history of the association. President J. B. Jones, of Fulton, delivered a thoughtful lecture on "Christ the Disturber and the Harmonizer of Society," showing that man cannot be reconciled to man or to God in selfishness and sin. Christ had to break in upon the wickedness of the age, which he could not do without being a disturber. Jesus could not leave sin alone and save the world. But in making peace by the cross he gave beautiful harmony and rest through his truth. Dr. D. R. Lucas, of Indianapolis, delivered one of the chief lectures of the course on "The Purposes of the Disciples of Christ." He said the Disciples plead for: (1) The unity of all God's people; (2) the restoration of the Scriptures to their lawful authority; (3) the correct translation and interpretation of the Bible; (4) a vigorous defense of the Scriptures against all kinds of infidel attacks;

(5) the teachings of the inspired Apostles on the subject of conversion to Christ; and (6) the church life and ordinances of the Lord's house as taught by the Spirit and accepted by the Church 1,800 years ago. Another strong lecture was that by the Rev. Dr. Levi Marshall, of Hannibal, Mo., on the "Ultimate Source of Authority in Religion," in which he took the position that God is the ultimate source of authority, and argued that if we hear God we must hear Christ, and if we hear Christ we must hear his Apostles, as they speak to us in God's Word. He also said that our reason is not our authority, it is simply our means of knowing what authority is, and what is the meaning of the communications made to us from authoritative sources. Dr. D. R. Dungan, of St. Louis, read two fine lectures, one on "The Great Religious Teachers of the World Compared with Jesus" and the other on "How was God Manifest in the Flesh?" In proof of the proposition that Jesus was both human and divine he quoted and applied over two hundred verses of Scripture. The subjects selected for discussion in the lectureship next year, at Carrollton, are: (1) Changes in Theological Thought and Expression; (2) The Creed of the Church; (3) The Development of the Idea of God as at Present Known; (4) The Uses of the Old Testament in the New; (5) The True Solution of Present Sociological Disturbances; (6) Does the New Testament Teach a Definite Form of Church Organization and Polity?

Dr. W. G. Ballantine at Springfield

The Trustees of the Y. M. C. A. Training School in Springfield, Mass., are to be congratulated on the accession to the Faculty of the School of the Rev. W. G. Ballantine, D.D., LL.D., recently the President of Oberlin College, and previously a professor there. Dr. Ballantine is a scholar of varied attainments in natural science and languages as well as in theology, which he studied with Delitzsch at Leipsic. Since his resignation at Oberlin in June, 1896, he has spent a year in Europe in rest and study. The special work which he is to undertake at Springfield is instruction in the English Bible. The city as well as the school is fortunate in the entrance of such a man on such a work.

Correspondence

"A Reasonable Liberty of Utterance"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The phrase used by President Andrews in his terse reply to the Corporation of Brown University suggests an inquiry. It is claimed that the head of an institution is a representative of the institution in a measure which pertains to no other member of it. This we grant. It is further claimed that his utterances as an individual citizen upon controverted topics should not go beyond or contrary to the personal opinions of those whom in his official capacity he represents, but among whom as citizens he stands as an equal. Is this true? Other members of the institution may freely express their opinions, because their positions are not so influential or so representative. As these gain in ability or as they go on to the highest positions of influence, their freedom of utterance should be abridged, until, when they have reached the highest degree of influence and of fitness to discuss the large topics of the day, they should cease to have any individuality, and become merely the mouthpiece of a majority of those whom in their official capacity they represent, or of the community in which they dwell!

Baldly stated, the proposition is that a man's liberty of utterance should be in inverse ratio to his fitness to speak. The proposition is absurd. But the head of an institution, of a church, or of a corporation is employed to attend to the affairs of that corporation, institution, or church. The college president should be the executive head or the financial agent of the college, and nothing more. The minister should minister in spiritual things only, and leave matters of state to the statesmen, politics to the politicians. Again we ask, is this true?

The fitness which places a man in charge of great interests unfits him for the discussion of those matters in which we are all interested. The capacity which makes him a leader in great enterprises incapacitates him for leadership in common affairs. The minister who is, so to speak, an expert in moral questions should not speak in reference to the right or wrong of public men or measures, lest his great fitness carry therewith too great influence. The student of economics and of history, of ethics and of politics, should not throw the weight of his influence upon either side in a political contest, lest his very character as an expert in such matters should carry an undue weight of influence with those who look to him, and rightly too, as a leader in other matters. Again we are led into an absurdity. But is there any logical stopping-place between these propositions and the affirmation for and by such men of the largest possible freedom of speech? We do not believe that there is.

The freedom of utterance accorded to any man in an unrepresentative capacity should unhesitatingly be accorded that same man when his abilities and character have placed him in a representative position. The man who has been called because of his ability and character to a high position should not be asked, in virtue of that high calling, to become less of a man than he was before. Yet this is precisely what is asked of a man by those who claim that the large abilities which fit him for leadership in a large enterprise should be subordinated to the commercial needs of that enterprise—that of all those elements of power, intellectual and spiritual, which have fitted the man for the place, those should be suppressed, when once the man is in place, which minister to anything outside of his official position.

While it is true that the position may give weight to the opinions of the man, it should not be forgotten that the large man conspicuously enlarges the influence of the position—that he contributes vastly more to the position than the position does to him; and for that very reason more, rather than less, liberty of utterance is his by right. S.

Moses Stuart on Degrees

To the Editors of The Outlook:

To the names of Albert Barnes and Henry Ward Beecher, mentioned recently in your columns as having declined the degree of Doctor of Divinity, permit me to add another, the peer of either of these distinguished men, viz., Moses Stuart, pastor of the First Congregational Church in New Haven, Conn., and for thirty-eight years the eminent Professor of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary. While commenting in the lecture-room on such matters, he used to say, "Be ye not called Rabbi." "If any one wishes red feathers in his cap, let him have them; I don't." J. R. B.

Theology, Religion, and Science

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your correspondent "J. S. H." challenges my statement [see "Religion Among Men of Science," The Outlook, July 31] that a quarrel between theology and science never has existed nor will exist, and thinks that the statement should be amended by substituting for the word theology the word religion. It is curious, however, that in the very quotation from Luther which he introduces in his letter, the antagonism is stated to be between *religion* and science.

I cannot accept the change in wording. Religion, being either a "belief" or a "practice," may be more or less false. Science can have no truce with the false. With a false religion, or with a false part of any religion, science is ever at war. But theology is a branch of science in general—that branch "that treats of God and the relation of God and man," or, as I should amend the definition, of God in all his relations.

If such a science exists—and I think that "J. S. H.," The Outlook, and myself will agree on that point—if we can know anything truly of God, such a science cannot war with any other, for truth cannot contradict itself. Followers of different branches of science may err, and may see subjects from different sides; the branches of science themselves, we may rest assured, do not clash. Here is a pointed and recent illustration. Lord Kelvin, from the data of astronomical physics, formed a conception of the age of the earth quite different from that entertained previously by Darwin, Huxley, or the elder geological biologists. There has been not a little controversy on the subject, but that does not mean that geology is at war with mathematics or physics. A more complete mathematical analysis, a greater knowledge of physical laws, or a deeper insight into the factors and rate of physical evolution of life, will show that the facts, apparently discrepant, are at one.

Men err, their knowledge and the expression of their knowledge pass away, but the truth which they really knew, though partially, and expressed more or less imperfectly, remains. The main object of my previous article was to suggest, not to prove (which would be beyond the range of a magazine article), that the discussions have been between individual men, and not between sciences, though it frequently has happened that the majority of the chief exponents of different branches of science will see the shield from different sides. But though the theolog*ians* who thought that their knowledge of God required them to believe that the earth was not round know more now, and though the geolog*ists* whose conception of the progress of the life-history of the earth enabled them to see no trace of a beginning nor prospect of an end have to so revise their conceptions as to see that beginning not many tens of millions of years back, none the less will the science of geology have gained from the discussion started by Lord Kelvin, and none the less has the science of theology grown in many of the discussions in which her votaries have been routed.

ALFRED C. LANE.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the inpediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

The recent discovery in Egypt of a writing which has excited so much attention seems to me to prove what has always been affirmed, viz., that in the accounts which have come down to us of Jesus Christ there has been a great deal of editing. It makes it doubtful whether we have got any reporter-like statement of the sayings and doings of that mysterious personage. One fact seems to me very certain, and that is that on that first day of the week when the Lord arose there were formed in Jerusalem two parties, which have remained to this day, and will remain forever —the believers in and the disbelievers of Christ's resurrection. Why are we left in such profound ignorance concerning the first and longest period —almost thirty years—of his life? Was a history of this ever written, and was it suppressed by the dominant party? Perhaps more light may come from Egypt. But, at any rate, the lesson to be learned by the orthodox believers in the divinity of Christ is the profoundest charity for the increasing host who cannot believe.

J. G. W.

More or less of the "editing" you speak of has been recognized by scholars ere now. At the same time, the historical trustworthiness of the Gospels for the most part is pretty well admitted. Even in the Fourth Gospel, where there has been the most "editing," critics find many "reporter-like statements" of an eye-witness. The Gospels are all of earlier date than "the recent discovery in Egypt," which bears to them a relation like that which the stories of President Lincoln bear to his authentic biographies. An apocryphal "gospel of the infancy" was early written to make up for the lack of a record of Jesus's early years; but its fabulous character is so self-evident that it did not need to be "suppressed." Considering that so little is known of the story of such a life as Shakespeare's, near our own time and in our mother country, it is not strange that nothing is known of the early years of the carpenter's son in an obscure village of ancient Galilee. There may be, as you say, an "increasing host of those who cannot believe" in the divinity of Christ, if by "divinity" is meant something essentially unlike a perfect humanity. But if, as we should hold, moral nature, whether in man or God, is essentially one and the same kind of nature, then the perfectness of humanity *is* divinity. Of the divinity of Christ, so conceived, we think there is a growing, not a declining, belief. In general, see the article on "New Testament Criticism" in The Outlook of August 21.

It has seemed strange to me that ministers so often request their congregation to omit a portion of the hymn in singing.

The hymns have been carefully edited as regards their meaning, so that usually an omission impairs their moral effect. They have also been abbreviated by their editor, so as to be sufficiently short. No hymn is long enough to fatigue any healthy singer.

The time saved by omitting a verse is very trifling. It is seldom that the singing of one stanza occupies as much as one minute. Even long stanzas, like those in "Rock of Ages," will usually be sung in less than a minute.

I think that if pastors will note the exact length of time required by their congregations to sing a hymn completely, they will not regard omissions as very great time-savers. I think that omitting is a mere habit. Sometimes a pastor will say, apologetically, "Please sing the whole hymn," but as a general thing, according to my experience, the reverse is the rule. In the interest of good music and good worship I think that the whole hymn should be sung.

A HEARER.

Stanzas are omitted in the singing for divers reasons. If it is to save time, it is generally a mistake, as our correspondent thinks. It is a peculiarly American habit. In England, where the service of song is better developed than in America, not only are many hymns longer, but the omission of stanzas in the singing is much rarer. Our people are in too much of a hurry even in worship. It is peculiarly offensive for the choir to shorten the hymn without request from the pulpit. On the other hand, many hymn-books are poorly edited, and contain stanzas that never should have been printed, because either inappropriate for congregational use, or containing something positively false. Hymns thus objectionable had better be avoided, or, if used, the objectionable stanzas ought to be omitted both in reading and singing. We shall print, before long, an article bearing upon this.

1. What does the Church hold as to the order of faith, repentance, and regeneration in human experience? Is there diversity of opinion as to which comes first? 2. Can you recommend a few books on *(a)* Study of Poetry, *(b)* Christian Nurture? J. G. M.

1. We think there is but one opinion, viz., that repentance and faith are the first expression of a regenerate heart. They are coupled in the New Testament (Acts xx., 21) as the first act of the new obedience required by the Gospel, and because so involved in each other that they must coexist, if existing at all. 2. *(a)* E. C. Stedman's "Victorian Poets," "Nature and Elements of Poetry," and "Poets of America;" *(b)* Bushnell's "Christian Nurture."

August Necrology

August 1.—Adam Asnyk. Born 1836. A Polish poet.

August 5.—Dr. James Hammond Trumbull. Born 1822. One of the best-known scholars in America. See page 963, Vol. 56.

August 7.—Dr. Frederick De Forest Allen. Born 1844. For the past seventeen years Professor of Classical Philology at Harvard.

August 10.—The Rt. Rev. William Walsham How, D.D. Born 1823. Bishop of Wakefield, England. See page 1009, Vol. 56.

August 13.—Sir Isaac Holden, Bart. Born 1806. The inventor of the lucifer match. See next column.

August 13.—Pom Kwang Soh. Born 1849. President of the Privy Council of Korea and formerly Korean Minister to this country. See next column.

August 14.—James Z. George. Born 1826. United States Senator from Mississippi.

August 15.—Johnson Marchent Mundy. Born 1833. A well-known blind sculptor.

August 15.—The Rev. Peter Randolph. Born 1825. The oldest colored clergyman in New England in both age and service. See page 1054, Vol. 56.

August 17.—David G. Swaim. Born 1834. Late Judge-Advocate-General.

August 25.—Count Mutsu. Formerly Minister for Foreign Affairs of Japan. See page 3.

August 25.—Idiarte Borda. Born 1840. President of Uruguay. See page 3.

August 26.—Sir George Osborne Morgan, Bart. Born 1826. Ex-Judge-Advocate-General of Great Britain and a distinguished Member of Parliament.

About People

—Last week The Outlook mentioned the fact that Sir John Evans, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, started out in life as a paper-manufacturer. There is a parallel case in that of Sir John Lubbock, who was at first a banker.

—Associate Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, has broken the record for continuous service on the Supreme Bench. He has served thirty-four years, five months, and six days, or one day longer than Chief Justice Marshall, whose record has hitherto been the longest.

—Sir Isaac Holden, the inventor of the lucifer match, died a few days since, in his ninety-first year. He was one of the patriarchs of Parliament, and had long been a pillar of the Liberal party. In early life he was a bookkeeper for the Messrs. Townend, wool combers and spinners. While keeping books he found time to study mechanics. He invented a carding-machine, and became so important that his employers were glad enough to take him into partnership.

—The late Pom Kwang Soh, President of the Privy Council of Korea and formerly Korean Minister to this country, was a comparatively young man, but few have had a more varied career. As a result of the political troubles in Korea, he was long exiled from that country. He came to the United States and settled in Washington, at one time holding a low-grade place in one of the departments of the Government. He then became a clerk, and afterwards was employed as a translator in the Bureau of Education. When a change came in his own country the ban against him was removed, and the King emphasized matters still more by appointing him as Minister of Justice. Later he was Minister of Education. Later still he represented Korea in this country, and last autumn was appointed to the head of the King's Privy Council.

—Major G. M. Walsh, who has been wisely selected by the Dominion Government as the

Administrative Officer of the Canadian Yukon, is as straight as an arrow and a great athlete. The Northwest mounted police owes its organization to him, and its bravery and discipline have come from his personal characteristics. His fame as a suppressor of lawlessness and his just dealings with the Indians were well known among the early settlers in Manitoba and British Columbia. Fort Walsh was named after him. It is said that, if his advice had been taken, there would have been no Riel rebellion in Manitoba. It was Major Walsh who rounded up Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors and made them surrender, after our General Miles had chased them out of the Little Big Horn region across the border into British Columbia. At that time Major Walsh became acquainted with General Miles, and they have since been fast friends. The new Yukon Administrator will have three hundred selected men, properly armed and equipped, and several Maxim guns, as a force under his command.

Bits of Fun

"How would you define 'ennui'?" "It's when you're tired of doing nothing and too lazy to do something."—*Exchange.*

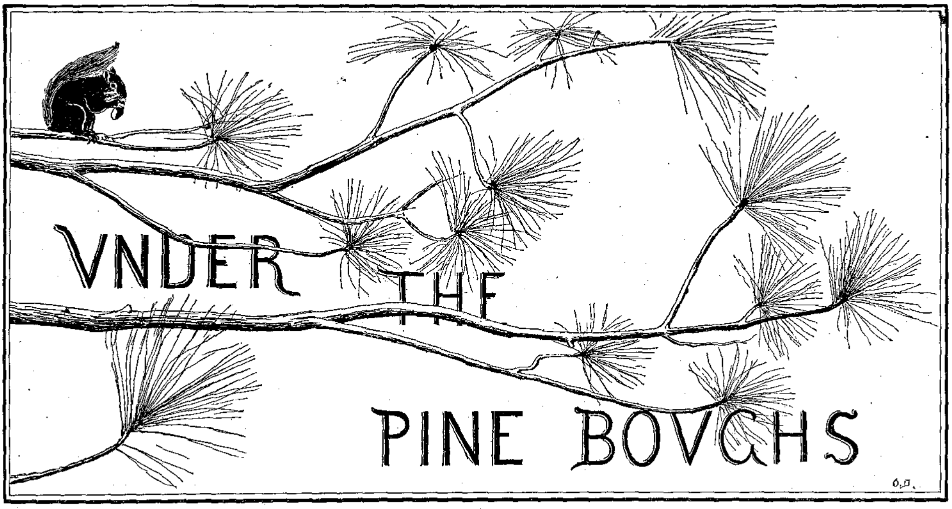
Professor—Margaret, please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it? Margaret—Why, sir, you are sitting on it.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Mr. Cross—That baby over across the way seems to inherit its voice from both its parents. Mrs. Cross—How so? Mr. Cross—It makes a great noise like its father, and keeps it up like its mother.—*Exchange.*

Scene: German art-gallery.—Peasant Woman (noticing an artist copying one of the old masters)—Why do they paint this picture twice? Her Husband—Why, that's quite plain. When the new picture is done, they hang that on the wall and throw the old one away.—*Tit-Bits.*

A bookkeeper in a San Francisco wholesale house has been spending sleepless nights for three weeks in fruitless efforts to make his books balance. There was an apparent shortage of nine hundred dollars that could not be accounted for. He added up columns and struck balances until he was almost insane. He finally worked himself into the frame of mind that usually lands a man in Canada, the insane asylum, or a suicide's grave, when the manager of the house invited his confidence. Then they went over the books together, but the nine hundred dollars shortage was still there. The head of the house was called in, and the work of overhauling accounts commenced again. They had not gone far before they came to an entry of nineteen hundred dollars. "Why, that should be one thousand dollars!" declared the employer. "How did it happen to be entered nineteen hundred dollars?" A careful examination showed that a fly had been crushed between the pages of the cash-book, and one of its legs made a tail of the first cipher of the one-thousand-dollar entry, converting it into a nine.—*San Francisco Post.*

An amusing story is told of Bishop Barry. On the first occasion of his leaving for boarding-school, his mother, after the usual motherly advice, gave him a £10 note which was to last him as pocket-money for the whole term, and, in order that he might learn thriftiness early in life, she requested him to keep a daily account of his expenditure; which he agreed to do, and he also promised to produce the detailed accounts, when the holidays came, for his mother's inspection. For the first few weeks of term he religiously stuck to his agreement, but as the term passed by he became somewhat lax in his accounts, omitting many times and often to post the items for three or four days together. Then came the difficulty of recalling them. On one such occasion, being utterly at a loss to account for the money spent, he appealed to his bosom friend to assist him in recalling the expenditure of the last few days. Needless to say, their joint efforts were futile; but they hit on a happy idea. Every penny they could not account for must be entered against "S.P.G.' On his return home his mother, after examining his account-book, asked him why he had taken so great an interest in the missionary cause during the past term. "Missionary cause, mother?" replied he; "why, I have not given a penny to the missionaries the whole term." "But surely," said his mother, "'The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel' is missionary work, and I find that more than half your money has been given in small amounts to the 'S.P.G.'" "'S.P.G.,' mother," replied he, "does not mean 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,' but when I could not remember on what I had spent my money, I put 'S.P.G.,' meaning, 'Something—probably grub.'"—*Christian Commonwealth.*



VNDER THE PINE BOVGHS

A Story for Little People

By Mary Allaire

I WISH you could have seen this house under the pine boughs. It was built on a point of land with water on three sides. The deep woods and the swamp where the Jacks-in-the-pulpit grew were on the other side. To get to the point you had to go in a boat; and perhaps this was the reason that it became the day camp of two little girls and their mother. Every morning they got into a boat and rowed over to the point, and settled there until it was time to go back to dinner. After dinner back they came to stay until tea-time. There was an old shed on the point, which was cleaned out for the children. It made a delightful place to store camp treasures and the many things they liked to keep at the camp. A turkey-red curtain was at the window, and shelves held the treasures. Big flat stones had been carried in, and a pine-bough bed had been made for each of the dolls. When Helen had nothing else to do, she swept the shed with a broom of leaves the boatmen had made for her. Getting this beautiful place in order had taken Helen's and Larry's time for many days. At last it was in order, and the children looked for new worlds to conquer. Helen and Larry were rambling through the woods one day, not far from this play-house, when they found a beautiful dell, surrounded by tall pine-trees. In the middle of this dell was a beautiful flat stone covered with moss that made the softest kind of a carpet as you walked over it. When the children saw this dell, with the sunlight glittering over it through the branches of the trees, Helen exclaimed, "We have found it!"

"Found what?" asked Larry, looking about.

"The fairies' ball-room! Here is where they dance when the moon is up. O Larry! what a lovely place!" She was so excited that she rushed down to the soft-carpeted rock, and, catching her dress-skirts in her hand, waltzed about on her toes to the low, soft lullaby she sang to her dollies.

Every day the place seemed more beautiful. "How I wish I could see them!" she would say to herself, sitting on the root of a tree in her favorite spot in the woods. One day Larry came running up from the lake where she had been sailing boats, and found Helen looking straight before her, her chubby chin in her chubby hands.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Well, you are thinking something," persisted Larry. For Helen was never found doing nothing.

Helen nodded.

"What?" asked Larry, eagerly.

"Larry, would it spoil the fairies' ball-room if we should build a house?"

"No; it would make it prettier. We will build the best, the prettiest house we ever built," responded Larry, with shining eyes, bounding into the dell to begin work, lake and sail-boats forgotten.

"Let's do it," said Helen, as though there were not a minute to lose. Just then the soft note of mamma's whistle told them to get ready to go to the hotel. Both stood up, looking at the place where they were to accomplish new triumphs. Mamma's second whistle, which meant "Come," sounded, and they ran, leaving the lovely dell to the fairies until the next morning.

They were awake early that next morning, and when mamma came to call them she found them both dressed and a number of boxes tied with strings on the floor.

"Well, are my daughters going to move?" asked mamma, as they clung to her skirts and hands.

"No," they cried, holding faster.

"We are going to build," said Helen.

"Where—in the dell?"

"How did you know?" exclaimed the children.

"I thought it was just the place to build your prettiest house." That was the way with this mamma. She was so young, so full of fun, that she was like a bigger girl in their games.

The breakfast was not ready nearly as quickly as Helen, Larry, and mamma. The boxes were carried to the boat, with shawls, books, the dolls, and the box of paper dolls. At last the gong sounded, and the children flew to the dining-room.

Away they went when breakfast was over, mamma pulling round to the short cut to the dell, that the boxes and dolls might be easily carried. Then the children ran to the shed on the point and got out mamma's hammock, her pillows and shawls. How they wished they were bigger, for then they could hang the hammock for their dear mamma! The fat, willing arms were too short. But they could hold the pillows while she was getting in, and spread the shawl over her, and fix her books down by her side where she could reach them easily. Mamma's hammock hung so that she could see the two little girls in their red and blue dresses and their red hats through the trees when they were in the dell.

Away they went, skipping over stones and jumping over the roots of trees.

Helen and Larry stood on the little knoll making plans. The sunlight flecked the moss here and there. The birds flew far above their heads in the trees, while the squirrels and chipmunks skipped about from branch to branch, so used to these two little friends in red hats who shared their lunch with them that they chirped merrily when they came. Larry and Helen were soon at work. Every leaf, every twig, was picked from the moss, and then began the building of the house.

The skirts of their dresses were filled many times that day with stones that were picked up because they were pretty.

How carefully they worked! The stones were laid side by side, and soon the ball-room of the fairies had become a house of many rooms. The beauty of this house was that you could see it all at once, and at any moment the shape of the house, or any room in it, could be changed. The doors were sticks of wood laid down where there were no stones; the windows were spaces where there were no stones or twigs. Rude people would not remember this, and Helen and Larry often felt hurt when they had visitors, because the latter stepped over the walls and did not use the doors. They were careless people who did not know the difference between a table and a chair. The children had built many houses under the pines, and they had had their own troubles, like all housekeepers. At last the house, to the last window and door, was finished, and the furnishing began. Down by the lake boards were found, and bits of wood; twigs of many sizes were found in the woods. Some tables, bedsteads, bureaus, closets, were in their places, the legs stuck into the ground to hold them. But every leg of table and bedstead was carefully covered with gilt or silver paper, or had bands of both about them. The tables were covered with bits of ribbon for table-covers, while beautiful spreads of green moss covered the beds, and one bed had lace pillows. The chairs were moss-covered stones, and in the closets were dainty acorn cups and saucers.

Such a dainty, pretty house had never been in the dell before. The sunlight touched the gilded tables and brightened the covers on the table, and if you watched the glinting sunlight you felt sure it must be the fairies, who could not wait for the moonlight to dance in the pretty house under the pine boughs.

The ribbon table-covers were carefully put in boxes at night, and left in the play-house. When the moss grew dry, or prettier moss was found, it made new bedspreads, or cushions, or rugs for the floor. After a rain the house was refurnished, and each time it was prettier.

The squirrels came down for the crumbs and the nuts the children had left over after their tea-parties, and every morning the birds made a foraging expedition for the remains of the feasts. If you had asked them, they would have declared the house was made for them at night, when the soft silver moon hung high in the sky, lighting every corner of the pretty house; the fairies floated about to the music of the cricket band, assisted by the trombones of the frogs; and if you had asked them, they would have declared the house was made for them. Over in the hotel, across the shining waters, two little girls fast asleep would, if you had asked, have answered dreamily, "It is made for our friends, of course."

The Home Club

Two Kindergarten Questions

The introduction of the kindergarten into the school system of Brooklyn has brought up the usual discussion as to the age of the children for whom the State should provide education. The majority of people will doubtless agree that to put a baby three years old into a kindergarten, which is a part of a system which must be maintained with due regard to all that comes above it, is a species of cruelty for which this country is now too civilized to be responsible. The Free Kindergarten Associations have now their largest and best opportunity in every city where the kindergarten has become a part of the public-school system. It is their office and privilege to take the children at three years of age, if the child is mentally and physically developed to justify it, and keep the child until it is six years of age, if its development is slow. A serious mistake that we are making in the education of our children is to put what might be called the age period at every step of the ladder, so that the child is held back or pushed forward irrespective of the degree of development which it has reached. Every observer of children knows that there are children who at three years of age could be admitted to the kindergarten with positive benefit to them, and to the country at large, because of the increased years of education made possible. And the same observers know with equal positiveness that it would be positively brutal to put other children in the kindergarten at that age. The Free Kindergarten Associations can consider the individual child; they can select; they can discriminate; but when a child enters a public-school kindergarten, it soon must pass in regular order to the next step, for there are hundreds of children clamoring for admission.

Every year witnesses a higher degree of intelligence on the part of the general public as to the office and place of the kindergarten; so that discussions about it will soon cease to follow the line that they have been following for the past five or ten years. It will always be impossible for the public schools to hold the same relation to the mothers of the children of kindergarten age that the kindergartens in the Free Kindergarten Associations can hold. Always the majority of the children of kindergarten age in our public schools will come from the poorer classes. The kindergartner in the public school cannot be expected to give as much time outside of her school work as the Free Kindergarten Associations are justified in demanding, because they pay salaries that more nearly approximate justice. The Free Kindergarten Association's kindergartner is usually housed so that she can be present in an attractive room once a week, if she so chooses to meet the mothers of her children; to give them the social opportunity of getting outside of their homes in new surroundings; to get a new point of view as to their relations to their children, their homes, and their country. The day is going to come when no kindergartner will be required to visit in the homes of the children. It puts an unreasonable tax on her strength, and the percentage of good secured for the expenditure of force does not justify the demand. We will yet learn that the poor are best helped by always touching them at their highest point. No mother ever holds the right relation to a kindergartner if the kindergartner comes into her home when it is dirty and disorderly, and she and her children match it in appearance. But let that woman dress up once a week and dress up her baby and go out to have a pleasant hour and a half in a new room, with some women who are her neighbors, with others who are not, to meet the kindergartner as a social equal, and you have touched her when her soul is most alive and she is not bowed down by a sense of degradation which she cannot analyze. More than that, the day is going to come when the kindergarten mothers will be members of a club, of which the kindergartner will be president, and the kindergarten meeting will not only be her social opportunity, but it will be a social opportunity which she can extend to a neighbor who has less than she has.

It is paralyzing to see the calm assumption with which the homes of the poor are invaded; and while we have high-sounding names as the causes for this invasion, the fact remains that no poor woman ever submits to this and is still her true self in the presence of the invader, whether she realizes the change in her position to society or not. Trained nurses, or those who have conducted her work on about the same lines, are the only ones who are justified in entering the homes of the poor, unless they have established social relations outside of these homes, and have received invitations to call. We are going to lose the idea that the code of manners for our social equals can differ from the code of manners we establish for those who stand to us in the relation of poor. There is a certain amount of dramatic pleasure, a certain gratification of a sense of the picturesque, in visiting poor people in the guise of the Lady Bountiful, material or ethical, but its evil results are both objective and subjective. When we reach a higher stage of development, we shall be ashamed for the years in which we have lost sight of the true relation of men and women to each other. The kindergarten, because it represents a high degree of culture and a close study of this whole question, will be the first to stand on the new order, and the Free Kindergarten Associations must be not only the educators of the children and their mothers, but the educators of the whole country, as to the social relations that should exist between the educators and the people who need what the Associations have to give.

Another Answer

Dear Outlook: The little girl who cannot happily be a third at play has been very well understood as a sensitive child by your correspondent of June 26. But the comment and question appended call for some notice. Is it as well apprehended that she is a supersensitive child as her parentage gives perfect right for her to be? Simply the sensitive natures of two people have united to intensify the trait to a point of disease in the child, and she needs help. A non-sensitive nature is so, largely, through lack of imagination, and in the excess the imaginative faculty is abnormally developed. The child imagines her playmates do not want her; also her imagination runs riot in anticipation of Christmas, fed unconsciously by all about her, until no realization but must seem dull to her over-vivid brain. Bear with her; a child's mind is immature, and consistency is the last demand to be made upon it. Realizing her infirmity, gently get in touch with her mind, in no case directing her thought toward herself. Have her imagination fed, but on facts as far as possible, avoiding mere stories, and, above all, in her case, fairy tales. Direct her to the wonder stories of nature; try to stimulate a special interest in animal, plant, or bird life. Try Æsop's Fables to train her to form logical conclusions. If only her mind can be brought into right perspective, she will cease to suffer and to render herself uncomfortable to those around her.

Child life is coming more and more to be considered a laboratory—a place of study, for work. Happily so if the child be not put into the crucible, and she be left in a measure to Nature. She used to bring these things out all right, usually, left to herself, when green fields and simple intercourse of child with child were assured—all conditions less complex. But life is more artificial now, and, if the child be trained from infancy, it is of vital importance that each special need be well understood, and the training fitted to the child, and not the child held to account that it does not fit the method.

CHILD ADVOCATE.

The most striking thing to the observer is that when a problem like that of the little girl who has been the subject of much correspondence in this department is discussed, the suggestions for help presuppose ideal conditions. Probably the little one would never have had the morbid condition of mind developed had the ideal conditions existed about her in infancy. The truth is, the child has grown up without any direct attempt on the part of either parent to study the child and form the conditions about her which would tend to eliminate that which was weak and morbid and strengthen that which should be strengthened in her character. She has been let alone too long, and probably all her life will be found measuring herself up with other people, counting favors received against favors given, giving and taking offense for the most trivial causes. The conditions in the average home do not develop the ideal child. It is only when people realize the effect of their every-day example, language, spirit, and the environment of the home, both in its dress and undress uniform, that we can hope to have the average child of the average parent develop toward the ideal child, that he may become the ideal parent.

A State Contribution

The report of the New York State Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1897 should be in the possession of every intelligent mother in the State, whether she has children in the public school or not. In addition to the information the report contains of the school affairs of the State, the school laws, the standards for teachers, the conditions that limit the teachers and the department, the rural schools, and the evil effects of the school district system which controls them, a large part of Vol. II. of the report contains the best of the papers presented to the department of Child Study now organized and conducted under this department of the State.

Another valuable division of the work is the report of the annual meeting of the School Commissioners and Superintendents. This report presents the school problem from the supervisor's standpoint, a standpoint which every fair-minded mother will try to grasp.

The subject of education should not be decided from the family standpoint. It is the widest range of testimony that conveys the fullest intelligence. To know what other communities are doing; to know what other families are doing; to contrast methods and results—this it is which justifies the individual in holding to educational standards. The parent who does not have this range of contrast is not justified in holding views on the subject of education, even as it relates to his own family.

These two volumes of the Department of Public Instruction should be in every home library. They can be obtained by writing to the Department at Albany.

Slipshod Speech

Dear Outlook: I have been greatly interested in the articles which have been appearing of late in The Outlook on the English language as it is spoken in America. I wish in particular to express my sympathy with one of the thoughts in the paper by Kenyon West in The Outlook of the 14th of August. It is this: "We err, not so much because we do not know better, but because we are careless and do not stop to think." A truer word could not be spoken.

Without doubt our instructors both at home and at school were largely responsible for the language we used in our childhood. But there comes a time in our lives when most of us know good English in spite of our early influences; and when once our eyes have been opened to our own individual mistakes in speaking, we have only ourselves to thank if our language is slipshod.

I am sure that I have used the expression "it don't" every day for forty years. Only the other day was my attention first called to the error. Now, if I still insist that "it don't," I must shoulder all the blame.

The following instances of offense against good English (or English of any sort) are related in the hope that some one as careless as I was with my "it don't" may find among them a shoe that fits: A young graduate of one of our largest universities, in relating her experience in disciplining a refractory pupil, said, "And I said, '*Now, look a-here.*'" And she was such a nice girl, too! A woman who has been for many years a teacher of young children in country towns said: "Well, I guess I'll have to *take a holt* and earn enough money to go to Paris in 1900. I can get $50 a month any time." The irony of it! And the same woman informed me that "she couldn't stand that, no how." An intelligent reading young person of my acquaintance invariably says "to you and I." Never a day passes that I do not hear the expressions "that there" and "this here."

If once the attention of intelligent people is called to their incorrect speaking, there should be no more excuse for its continuance than there will be for me if I still say "it don't." If I *care* enough, I can soon correct my habit; and if in a few weeks from now my "it" still "don't," I ought to be branded a willful blunderer.

A READER.

English Again

Dear Outlook: I have read with great interest the article "Children and Good English," by Kenyon West, in The Outlook for the August 14. I was especially pleased with suggestion that too much of the fiction of the day is made up of the dialect of common people.

For several months I have been reading quite thoroughly one of the best of children's papers, and have wondered what effect the dialect would have on a child's English.

One day a boy of eleven, of more than average intellect, came to me with a story which he was reading, and asked me what f-u-s-t spelled. I found that the New England dialect was causing him no little trouble. It added nothing to the humor or interest of the story for him. Does the ordinary child see the fun in the realism, or does he look at the incorrectly spelled words and ungrammatical expressions as something new which he unconsciously, perhaps, adopts? Is it wise to put before the child's eye anything but the best when so much incorrect language comes to his ear?

I should like to know the opinion of teachers and parents on this point.

R. D. L.

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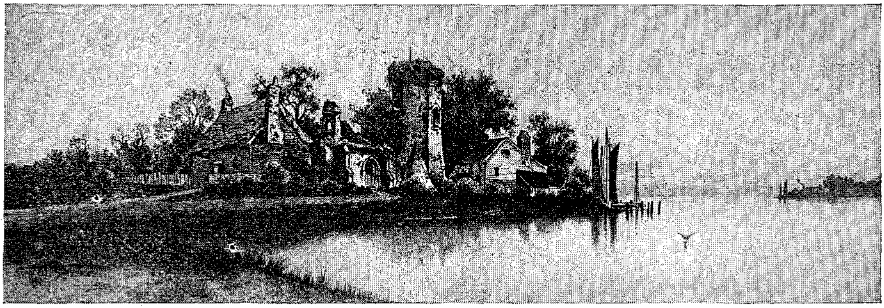

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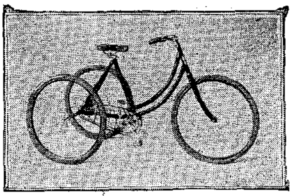

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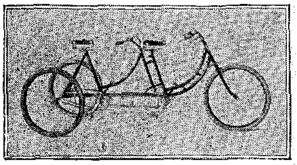

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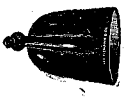

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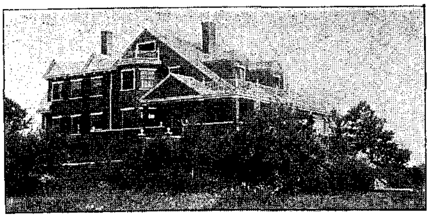

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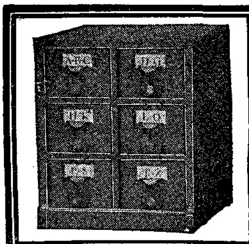

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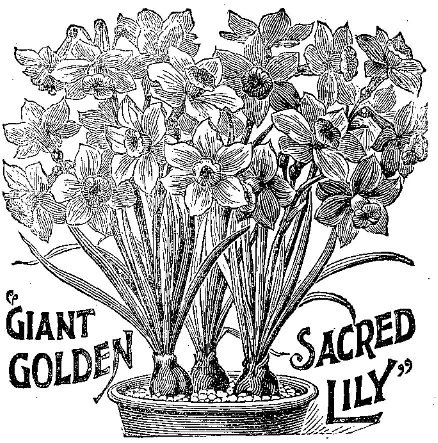

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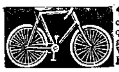

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A quiet home; plenty shade and comfort. SIMEON DECKER. Terms moderate.

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Open the Year Round. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Reuben D. Wenrich, M.D., **WERNERSVILLE, PENN.**

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A YOUNG LADY with good musical education desires to give piano instruction to beginners. Will also play for kindergarten and physical culture classes. Terms moderate. For particulars address C. T., No. 4,268, care The Outlook.

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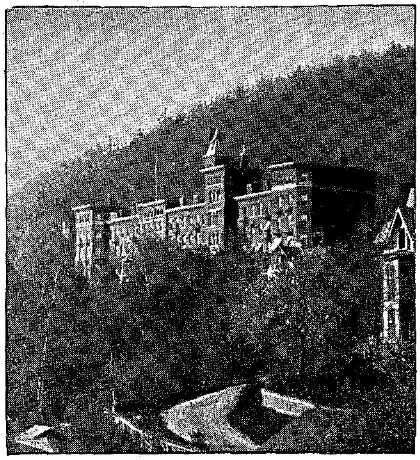

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Among the many forms of **hydro-therapeutic applications** which are used at **this institution,** the **Moliere Bath** is of the first importance in treating very many diseases.

As a means of eliminating retained waste or poisonous matter from the system, equalizing the circulation by thoroughly surcharging the capillary vessels of the skin, and of increasing metabolism, no other bath is its equal. A degree of perspiration, from gentle to profuse, is easily and speedily produced by a combination of electricity and gentle heat. A thermal current of electricity of considerable quantity, but of low intensity, is applied to the skin by electrodes at back and feet. The intensity of this current is so low that only extremely sensitive persons feel it, and yet it will decompose water. It is generated by heating and cooling, alternately, zinc and copper plates in apposition. This is done by passing steam and cold water alternately through a coil of pipes which lies between a series of zinc and copper plates on the floor of the cabinet.

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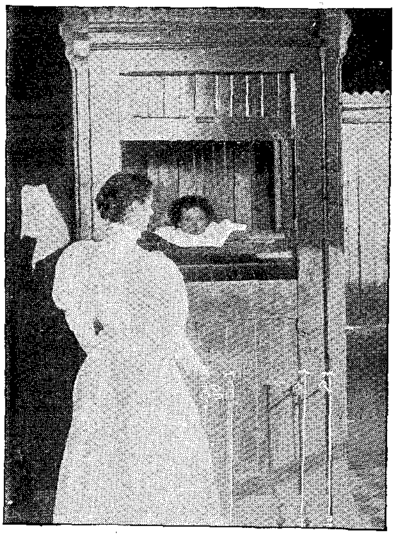

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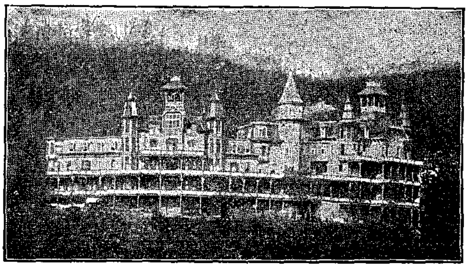

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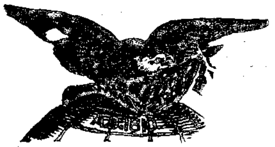

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HOME

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Office: No. 119 Broadway.

Eighty-Eighth Semi-Annual Statement, July, 1897

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

	Par Value.	Market Value.
Cash in Banks		$ 447,104 64
Real Estate		1,750,076 34
United States Stocks	$1,500,000 00	1,687,450 00
State Bonds	25,000 00	25,000 00
City Bonds	823,561 05	827,874 81
Rail Road Bonds	1,552,000 00	1,629,870 00
Water Bonds	108,000 00	83,500 00
Gas Stocks and Bonds	120,500 00	138,050 00
Rail Road Stocks	1,576,650 00	2,620,852 50
Bank Stocks	160,000 00	311,200 00
Trust Co. Stocks	51,000 00	85,170 00
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate		388,845 03
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand		138,150 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents		571,582 11
Interest due and accrued on 1st July, 1897		58,994 69
		$10,763,720 12

LIABILITIES:

Cash Capital	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund	4,164,313 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims	630,839 75
Net Surplus	2,968,567 37
	$10,763,720 12

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New York, July 8, 1897.

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Made of Pure Olive-Oil.
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For delicious, refreshing beef tea

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VOLUME 55

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One Hundred Dollars

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Fifty Dollars

The prizes will be awarded upon the combined merits of the articles themselves and of the accompanying illustrations. The Outlook reserves the right to print in its Ninth Annual Recreation Number, to be published June 1, 1898, in addition to the articles which receive prizes, others of those submitted which appear worthy and attractive. Payment will be made at ordinary rates for any articles thus printed in addition to the prize articles.

In making this offer of prizes The Outlook has a double object: to furnish its readers in its next Recreation Number with attractive illustrated articles which shall be original and out of the usual order; and, secondly, to encourage in its readers the love of outdoor pleasures, and the seeking of nature in its choicest summer aspects. The welcome which has been given yearly to these distinctively summer and out-of-door numbers has convinced us that they have appealed to a large audience of readers and that they have a special mission. In particular, the success which attended the offer by The Outlook two years ago of special prizes for the best specimens of amateur photography makes it certain that the present offer, which combines incentives to both literary and pictorial effort, will arouse wide interest and produce interesting and admirable results.

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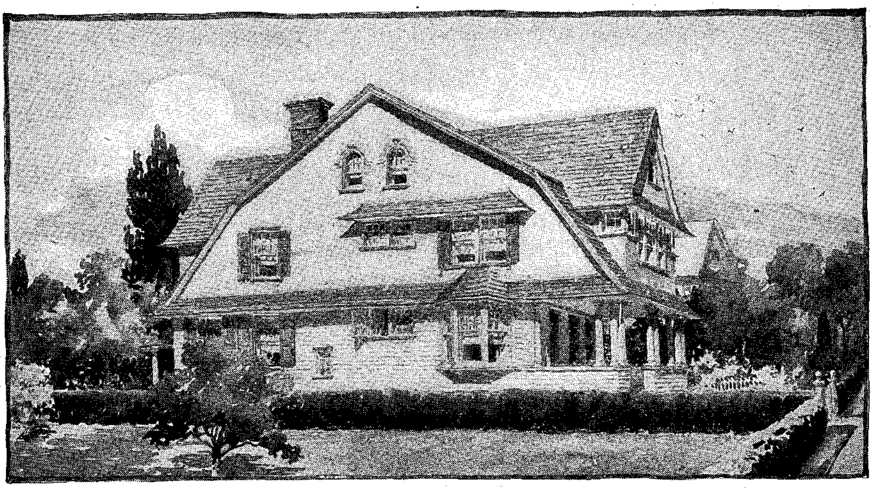

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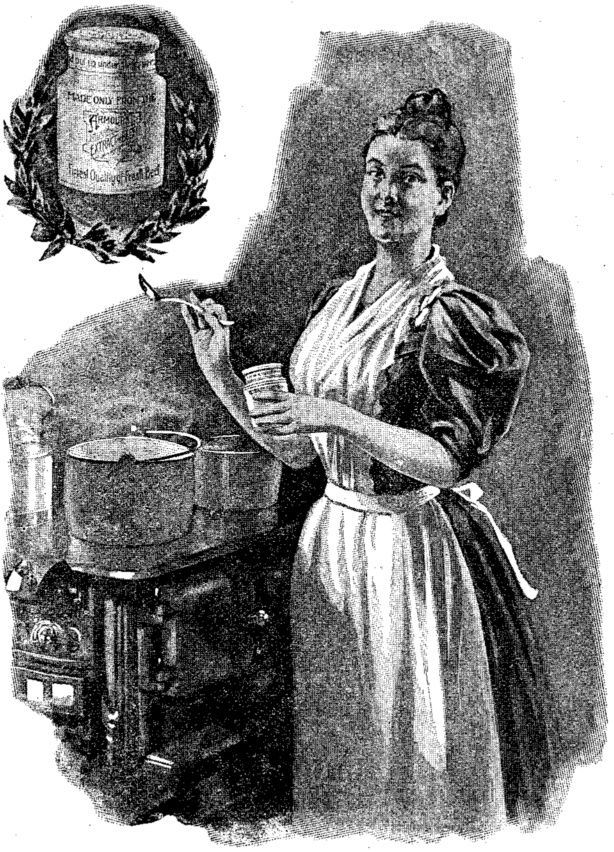
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